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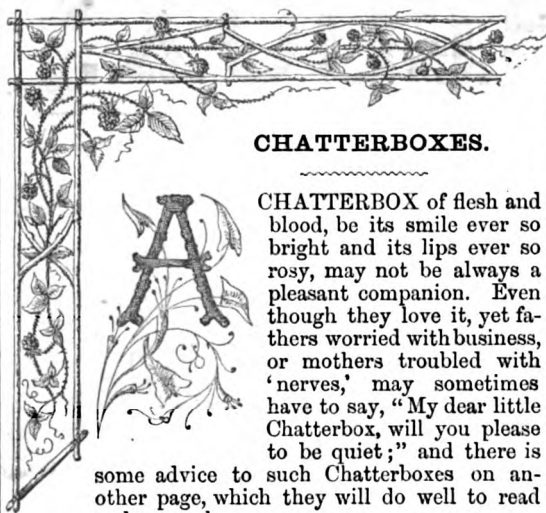
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# Chatterbox.





### CHATTERBOXES.

**A** CHATTERBOX of flesh and blood, be its smile ever so bright and its lips ever so rosy, may not be always a pleasant companion. Even though they love it, yet fathers worried with business, or mothers troubled with 'nerves,' may sometimes have to say, "My dear little Chatterbox, will you please to be quiet;" and there is some advice to such Chatterboxes on another page, which they will do well to read and remember.

But a Chatterbox with a paper-white face and inky lips can never be tiresome, for it will not speak to anybody who leaves it alone. And though you cannot always 'put down' a living Chatterbox, you can always 'put down' a paper one; indeed, it will not complain if you even put it in the fire, though it hopes to deserve a welcome not quite so warm as that.

It is quite true that a Chatterbox often chatters about what is silly or mischievous, but there is many a chat and 'good talk' of young ones with each other, which older folk might think to be nothing but chatter, when really it was the happy, harmless interchange of loving companionship. We hope that our Chatterbox will never be silly, but that it will always have something bright and pleasant to say to those who honour it with a corner in their homes, and that it will often give to both young and older readers something interesting and useful to chat about.

At the same time, as life is not all laughter, even for the young; as there are tears as well as smiles on the cheeks even of children, so, in spite of its lightsome name, this Chatterbox will from week to week whisper a few words about the solemn lessons we must learn from our Bibles, and the duties we must try to do to God and to those around us, if we would be happy here, and happy in the great For-Ever!

J. E. C.

### EVIL-SPEAKING.

**T**HE following is related of the late J. J. Gurney by one who, as a child, was often of his family circle:

"One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil-speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that great talkers run off from the

straight line of truth. I was talking very fast about some female relative who did not stand very high in my esteem, and was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eyes caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure, that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the colour to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked very gravely,—

"Dost thou not know any good thing to tell us of her?"

"I did not answer. The question was more seriously asked,—

"Think; is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?"

"O yes, I know some good things, certainly—but—

"Would it not have been better, then, to relate these good things than to have told us that which must lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? 'Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity,' thou knowest."

### BABY'S CASTLE.

**B**ABY owns a tiny castle  
On the carpet-plains of home;  
And its walls are woven willow,  
Fine within, from floor to dome.

Snowy curtains at the window,  
Downy the couch where baby dreams;  
Laces, too, that softly glimmer  
In the sunlight's golden beams.

That's the heritage of baby,  
And it's held in state so grand,  
Mother says—if no one else does—  
"He's the king of Baby-land."

There he bravely fights his battles,  
When old Puss would slyly creep,  
Over guarded moat and turret,  
Just to curl itself in sleep.

All is still in baby's castle;  
Not the slightest noise we make;  
Surely *now* the rogue is napping;  
Peep! the blue eyes wide awake!

See! the dimpled arms are round us;  
Hear the "cooing" mild and low.  
May the angels keep you, darling,  
Everywhere your feet may go!

Baby's man-at-arms is mother,  
And she watches all day long;  
When his babyship would slumber,  
Then she sings a loving song.

Soon comes "papa" home at evening,  
Storms the castle all so gay,  
Makes a prisoner of baby,  
Bears him joyfully away.



## WHAT A CHATTER-BOX!

**W**HAT is a chatterbox? I suppose that it means a box of chatter,—that a person, instead of being like a box full of sense, and wisdom, and gentleness, is like a box full of nothing but chatter. And what is chatter?

Chatter is one of those names that are given to certain noises from the sound they make. There are a great many such

words. It will be a useful game for some winter night, to see who can write down the longest list of this kind of word. Here are a few to make a beginning:—Bark, mew, hum, hiss, whirr, whistle, whisper, wheeze, rattle, crackle, cough, sneeze, rustle, bubble, bustle. 'Chatter' is one of this kind of word, and if you listen to the voice of one of these constant talkers, you will find that at a distance it sounds like 'Chatter, chatter, chatter!' And very often, if you heard every word that was said, you would find it had not much more sense in it than there is in 'Chatter, chatter, chatter!'

And yet there ought to be sense as well as sound, for men, and women, and children have got minds, and should let the monkeys be the only empty chatterboxes. We do not know whether the monkeys understand each other, but certainly they are very fond of chattering.

Margrave tells us of one kind of monkeys, which have meetings every morning and evening for chattering. When all are come together, one monkey takes the highest place on a tree, and makes a signal with his hand to the rest to sit round. As soon as he sees them placed, he begins to chatter so fast and so loud, that to hear him at a distance one would think the whole company of monkeys were crying out together! When the leader has finished his chatter, he makes a sign with his hand for the others to answer: at that instant they all raise their voices together, and chatter away till the leader-monkey again holds up his hand, and they all are silent: then he gives them his chatter over again, after which they disperse till the evening, when they gather together for another chatter.

Now we cannot blame the monkeys for being chatter-boxes, because God has not given them minds to be anything better, but we ought to know when to speak and when to be silent,—when to say much and when to say little!

Children may chatter away when they are with children only, and this weekly Chatterbox is meant to give them something worth talking about; but when they are with grown-up people they should rather be "swift to hear, but slow to speak." (Jam. i. 19.) They should listen, that they may learn; and if there are things spoken of which they do not understand, they should wait till a quiet time, and then ask some elder person to explain them to them.

A child who listens in this way will learn a great

deal, but a chatterbox learns nothing, shows how little he knows, and is thought very tiresome.

Wherefore, boys and girls, let me whisper this bit of advice into the ear of each of you, "Don't be a chatterbox!" And if you think over the three reasons I am going to give, I am sure you will try to follow my advice.

*Don't be a chatterbox;* because people who are fond of hearing themselves speak often become conceited.

It is said in *Adam Bede*, that a self-conceited person is like that cock, which thought that he crowed so sweetly that the sun rose every morning to hear him! We may not really think that our chatter is very fine, but if we give our friends a great deal of it they will be sure to say that we are proud of it, and wish to show it off. It is true that it does not matter what people say or think of us falsely, still we ought not to give them cause to blame us if we can help it.

And if we talk a great deal, we are apt to become conceited about it: our companions are so kind as to listen to us, and so we fancy that we must be much wiser than they are, and thus we become proud of our talking, and chatter away worse than before, and forget St. Paul's advice, "Be not wise in your own conceits." (Rom. xii. 16.)

*Don't be a chatterbox:* because often where there are fewest words there is most sense.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous physician, thought so. One day a woman who had burnt her hand called at his house: showing him her hand she said, "A burn." The doctor looked at the hand for a moment and then quietly said, "A poultice;" and the woman went away.

The next day the woman called, and holding out her burnt hand, said the one word "Better;" the doctor answered, "Another poultice;" and the patient withdrew.

In a week the woman made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to four words, "Quite well. Your fee?" "Nothing," said the doctor, smiling: "you are the most sensible woman I ever met."

Now, though this was done to make fun of Dr. Abernethy's liking for few words, yet there are many people who think that those who have much chatter have little sense. One says, "A wise man in conversation may be at a loss to know how to begin, but a fool never knows how to stop."

An old writer says:

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

And so, too, Mr. Martin Tupper writes:

"A man that speaketh too much, and useth but little  
and lightly,  
Wasteth his mind in words and is counted a fool  
among men."

*Don't be a chatterbox;* because those who talk fast and often, are likely to say sometimes what is unkind and untrue.

Solomon says, "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." (Prov. x. 19.) This is a sentence





Monkeys Chattering.

that ought to be written in large letters on the lid of every chatterbox.

How many false and bitter words slip out when a thoughtless talker is rattling on about friends or companions! How often at such times does a chatterbox forget that part of our duty towards our neighbour, as we have it in our Church Catechism, which says that we ought to keep our "tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering!"

Much evil is wrought by want of thought. A chatterbox opens the lid of his lips, and out fly a number of foolish words into the ears of those who are around. They store them up. One of these is another chatterbox: he does not hear very plainly, or does not understand quite what is said; but he puts it into some shape, and has it in his box of chatter. By-and-by he is with some other companions: he opens the lid, and out comes the piece of gossip and scandal as he had understood it; and it flies into the ears of a third chatterbox, and so on it goes, growing more unlike the truth, until often it comes back to its first owner in such a shape

that he does not know it himself, and often has to grieve for the pain that it has caused; and perhaps wishes that he had never spoken it, or could call it back. But that is not possible, for as the wise man in China said, "Take care what you say, for a car and six horses will not bring back the word once spoken." The only thing he can do is to humble himself to the person whom he has injured by his thoughtless chattering.

Remember then, boys and girls, that there is "a time to keep silence, as well as a time to speak." (Eccles. iii. 7.) Do not let your tongue run on like a horse without curb or rein, but make your tongue wait on Thought, who should always be its master.

There is much to be done before even a single word is spoken wisely and well, for

"If Wisdom's ways you truly seek,

Five things observe with care,—

Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,

And how, and when, and where."

J. E. C.

### A MONKEY BRIDGE.

A PARTY of long-tailed monkeys wanted to cross a narrow river, over which there was no bridge. After discussing things among themselves, the ingenious creatures ran to the tree that grew on the bank of the river; climbing the tree, the largest of them grasped a strong branch, a second monkey laid firm hold of the first one's tail, a third took hold of the second monkey's tail, and so on, until they formed a long string, hanging down nearly to the surface of the river.

A traveller, who was in the distance, then saw them begin to swing backward and forward, until the last monkey was able with his claws to catch hold of a tree on the opposite side of the river. This monkey then began to ascend the tree until he gained the same height as his comrade, who was still holding on to the tree on the opposite side of the river.

After some monkeys, who were still waiting on this side, had passed over on this monkey bridge, a signal was given, and the first monkey gently let go his hold, and the whole unbroken chain was quickly hanging on the opposite side of the water. A loud chattering of joy was heard, and in a moment the monkeys were capering about in all directions.

How much may be done by union and brotherly kindness!

How few quarrels would happen between brothers and sisters if only they would be like the long-tailed monkeys, and "help one another!"

PLAY AND DISPLAY.—A person engaged in teaching mutes in explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle "dis," requested one of them to write on the black board a sentence showing the meaning of the prefix. A bright little girl immediately stepped forward and wrote, "Boys love to play, but girls to display."





### THE ARMOUR OF LIGHT.



OW then, old fellow, you'll join us after a bit, won't you?"

The speaker was Jack Stephens, a lad of about seventeen, who was walking with his friend Alfred Lucas along a dark lane, leading to the parish church of Layton, on a bright frosty evening, about a month before Christmas. As he asked this question his companion seemed to hesitate a moment, and then replied,—

"You know I would do a good deal to please you, Jack, but I can't go with you to-night. What would master say if he found you out? And, besides, you *know* it isn't right," he added, more boldly.

"I don't care whether it's right or wrong,—all I know is it'll be a jolly lark, and you're a soft chap not to be up to it; but you always were a coward."

"I don't think that being afraid to do wrong makes a fellow a coward," replied Alfred, colouring

slightly. "Come now," he added, "give it up, and come home and spend the evening with me after practising."

"No, no; you won't get me to give it up so easily as all that; you must go your way and I'll go mine, and there's an end of it,—only don't go peaching to the master about it."

His companion made no answer to this last remark, and the two walked on in silence. Jack Stephens and Alfred Lucas had worked together on the same farm for five or six years, and had always been very good friends. Many a battle had Jack fought in former days for his friend, who was nearly a year younger than himself, against big boys, who would tease and laugh at him for being small and delicate; and Alfred had always been very grateful for his friend's protection. But those days were over now, and Alfred was learning to fight his own battles, and to be *truly* brave. He was learning not to be ashamed of doing right, although his companions might laugh at him,—he was learning to strive against himself, against his own evil heart, and against temptation. It was no easy task which he had set himself, nor one soon



learnt ; but he was resolved, by God's grace, to go on and persevere until he *had* learnt it. Alfred was about sixteen at the time our story begins. He was tall for his age, but very slight, and this, together with his fair complexion and soft brown eyes, gave him a delicate appearance. His mother, who was afflicted with blindness, had been left a widow about a year before this, and since that time Alfred had worked hard to maintain her in comfort. He had one sister, several years younger than himself, towards whom he almost supplied a father's place by his care and loving watchfulness.

Jack Stephens' lot in life had been a different one. His parents had never been well-to-do in the world, and at last, through his father's idle habits and his mother's bad management, had come to the workhouse, where they died, leaving Jack, then a child of eight, with a sister a year or two younger than himself, to the care of strangers. Poor children, theirs was not a happy childhood ! Brought up in the midst of evil, they could not fail to imbibe its influences ; and in Jack's case, at any rate, it brought forth evil fruit. When he was ten years old he left the workhouse, to go and try for a situation with one of the neighbouring farmers. He offered himself to Mr. Lakes, who held a large farm in the parish of Layton, and he, being struck with the boy's open look and ingenuous manner, consented to take him on trial. For a year or two Jack went on pretty well, and gave his master satisfaction. But there came a change in his conduct ; he fell in with bad companions, who led him astray, and once he had been caught taking some apples from his master's orchard ; but, when he seemed sorry, and promised to do better for the future, Mr. Lakes had kept him on in his service. He and Alfred had both been confirmed in the previous summer, after which he seemed to go on steadily for some time, and would often go home with Alfred of an evening, and work with him in a little carpenter's shop which he had built, and where Alfred spent many of his evenings in making fancy articles for sale, or something useful for his mother. But for some time past Alfred had noticed with sorrow that his friend's visits were less frequent, and he feared that he had fallen in with his former companions again, with whom, from his bold and reckless conduct, he had always been a great favourite.

Jack and Alfred both belonged to the parish choir, and on the evening in question were walking together to the weekly practice, which Mr. Tolman, the organist, held at the church. On the way, Jack had been telling Alfred of a plan which he and his companions had formed of going that night on a poaching expedition to a neighbouring wood, which belonged to a gentleman named Mr. Graves, the owner of a large estate ; and he had asked Alfred to join them in this "lark," as he called it. You have heard Alfred's answer, and now know to what it referred. On reaching the church they found that they were the last to arrive, and that Mr. Tolman was waiting for them, as he wanted their voices in an anthem which they were to practise for the following Sunday. The anthem was taken from the Collect for the First Sunday in Advent, "Let

us cast away the works of darkness and put upon us the armour of light." Alfred had a rich tenor voice, and Mr. Tolman thought he had never heard him sing so well as on this evening. The truth was, that his heart went with the words, and consequently he sang them with deep feeling. He thought of the "armour of light" which God had provided for him, and given him grace to put on, and which he felt had preserved him in many a time of temptation,—of the "works of darkness," which he was striving to cast away ; and then his thoughts turned to Jack, and he breathed a fervent prayer that he, too, might enlist under the standard of the Cross, and buckle on his armour as a soldier of Christ. But where were Jack's thoughts ? Far otherwise engaged were they ; he was even then thinking of a "work of darkness," and planning how he could best carry it out so as to escape detection.

As soon as the practice was over, Jack hurried away with another lad, and Alfred set off to walk homewards, feeling rather sad at heart, and wondering what would become of Jack. But all his sadness vanished when he reached his home, and he had a bright smile and ready greeting for his mother, who turned her face anxiously towards the door as he entered.

"Well, my boy, you are later than usual to-night ; did Mr. Tolman keep you ?"

"Yes, mother dear, I think he did keep us longer than usual, and I suppose I walked home rather slowly ; but I would have been quicker if I had thought you would worry about me."

"Did you walk home with Jack Stephens ?"

"No," he answered ; and seemed about to add something more, but seeing his little sister present he stopped, and called her to him.

"Well, Lizzie," he said, seating her on his knee, "how have you got on to-day at school ? Have you been a good girl ?"

"Yes, Alf, I've been very good ; I did my sums quite right, and mistress said my sewing was very neat, and I did not get cross with the other girls. And now I may get the large Bible for you, mayn't I ?" she said, jumping down ; "and we'll read our evening chapter to mother before I go to bed."

"Mother," Alfred said, when they had finished reading, "you won't mind being left alone for a little while, will you ? I shall finish the chair to-night, and then I'll bring it in for you to try. I'm longing to see you comfortably seated in it."

"God bless you, my boy, you're always doing something for your poor mother," she said, with a sad smile.

"And don't you know it's what I like to be doing ?" he answered, kissing her fondly, as he went out.

Alfred was not long finishing the chair, which was a very comfortable one, with a desk fastened to it, on which his mother could rest her large Testament with the raised letters by which the blind read, and then he carried it into the house for her to try. He was quite satisfied with the praises she bestowed upon his work, and was still admiring her sitting in it, when his master's servant-girl came in to tell

him that some of the cattle had strayed out of their meadow into the moor by the side of the river, which ran through the farm.

"Master saw them as he was coming back late from the town," she said, "and has waited some time expecting Jack to come in; but, as he hasn't come yet, master says you must go and drive them back, or they'll be hurting the crops down there. What's become of Jack I don't know," she added; "he ought to have been home two hours ago."

It should be mentioned that Jack lived at the farm-house, and it was his duty to look after the cattle, and feed them every evening. Alfred made no answer to the girl's last remark, but took up his cap, and prepared to go out at once, telling his mother not to wait up for him, as it was already past eleven o'clock, and he might be kept out some time. As he had expected, the cattle were scattered about, and gave him a good deal of trouble before he could get them back to their proper pasture-land; and it was near midnight when he turned to walk homewards along the bank of the river. It was a still, quiet night, and nothing was to be heard but the gentle flow of the river by his side, and the sharp crackling of the frost under his feet. He was walking along briskly, when he thought he heard a call. He stopped and listened,—yes, there it was again!—a cry of distress, and it seemed to come from the water. He hastily pushed through the low bushes which separated him from the river, and looked anxiously up and down the stream. He did not look long before he discovered, by the bright light of the moon, some object which was being borne down towards him by the current. Just as it came opposite to him it was stopped by a dead branch, and he then saw that it was a human figure, apparently that of a lad.

"Hold on a minute!" he shouted; and flinging off his coat he waded into the water as far as he could venture, for he could not swim, and then, stretching out his arm to its utmost extent, contrived to grasp the hand which the other held out to him, and so dragged him to the shore.

"Why, Jack, is it you?" was Alfred's first exclamation, when they were safe on the bank, and he had time to look at the face of the lad he had helped out of the water. "How *did* you get into the river?"

Yes, it was indeed Jack; and we will now go back a little in our story, and see how he had come there.

(To be continued.)

### A GOOD RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

IT is simple. When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging smile to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, reassured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to Eternity.

Look at this sum: You send one person—only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and supposing you live forty years after you begin this plan, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, is this not simple? and is it not worth doing? We hope that none will fail to try.

### THE MAGPIE'S LIFE.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

A MERRY and sly

Little magpie am I

(For I will not my faults and my failings deny);

My plumage is bright;

Very keen is my sight;

And I chatter and chatter from morning till night.

For, like girls and boys,

I am fond of a noise,

And I find in loud talking the chief of my joys.

It's all very fine,

As a song-bird to shine,

But I'd rather by half have a tongue such as mine.

But then when I go

To my work, you must know,

I'm as still as a mouse, or else whisper quite low;

And that is how you

Should endeavour to do:

When your duties are weighty, your words should be few.

Some folks when they see

My big nest in the tree,

Pronounce it a great deal too spacious for me;

But I should suppose

A magpie best knows

How to fashion the dwelling he wants for repose.

I build mine with sticks,

And thorns round it fix,

In order to keep off the boys with their tricks:

For now if they come

They are sure to get some

Of these sharp little points in their fingers and thumb.

Six eggs, or else eight,

Small in size and in weight,

Are laid in the spring by my excellent mate;

And no one can tell

The glad feelings that swell

In our breasts when our young ones burst forth from their shell.

A merry and sly

Little magpie am I,

Enjoying myself as the moments glide by;

As happy and free,

Dear young folks, may you be,

As I am, and also much *wiser* than me.





### THE QUARRELSOME DOGS.

OLD Tray and rough Growler are having a fight,  
 So let us get out of their way;  
 They snarl, and they growl, and they bark, and they bite—  
 Oh dear, what a terrible fray!

Why, what foolish fellows! Now is it not hard  
 They can't live together in quiet?  
 There's plenty of room for them both in the yard,  
 And always abundance of diet.

But whoever said to old Growler and Tray,  
 It was naughty to quarrel and fight?  
 They think 'tis as pleasant to fight as to play,  
 And know not the wrong from the right.

But when little children, who *know* it is wrong,  
 Are angrily fighting away,  
 A great deal more blame unto them must belong  
 Than to quarrelsome Growler and Tray.



# Chatterbox.



The Dog, from Life by F. W. KEXL.

## THE DOG.



ONLY loves the dog his master;  
 Knows no friend as him so dear,  
 Listens for his coming footsteps,  
 Loves his welcome voice to hear.

Has he faults? he never sees them;  
 Is he poor? it matters not;  
 All he asks is to be near him,  
 Humbly near to share his lot.

As a faithful friend to share it;  
 To be with him night or day,  
 Ever ready when he calleth,  
 When he biddeth to obey.

To obey with will instinctive,  
 Which can neither fail nor swerve;  
 Asking for his faithful duty  
 Only love and leave to serve:

Only crumbs below his table;  
 Little only from his much;  
 Words or looks of kind approval,  
 Or the hand's electric touch.

Of the dog in ancient story  
 Many a pleasant tale is told;  
 As when young Tobias journeyed  
 To Ecbatane of old,

By the Angel Raphael guided;  
 Went the faithful dog and good,  
 Bounding through the Tigris meadows  
 Whilst they fished within the flood;

Ate the crumbs which at the wedding  
 Fell upon Raguel's floor;  
 Barked for joy to see the cattle  
 Driven up for the bridal store;

Barked for joy when young Tobias  
 With his bride and all her train,  
 And the money-bags from Media,  
 Left for Nineveh again.

And when Anna in the doorway  
 Stood to watch and wait for him,  
 Anxious mother! waiting, watching  
 Till her eyes with tears were dim,—

Saw she not the two men coming,  
 Young Tobias and his guide,  
 Hurrying on with their good tidings,  
 And the dog was at their side!

They were coming dowered with blessings,  
 Like the Tigris' boundless flood,  
 And the dog with joyous barking,  
 Told the same as best he could.

And again in Homer's story,  
 When the waves Ulysses bore,  
 After Troy-town's siege and sorrow,  
 To green Ithaca once more.

Unto all he was a stranger,  
 None the king of old could know,  
 Worn with travel-toil and aged  
 By his twice-ten years of woe.

In those twenty years of absence  
 He an alien had grown,  
 Unto all who loved or served him,  
 Save to one poor heart alone.

To his dog who having lost him,  
 Never owned his loss supplied,  
 And who now, o'erjoyed to find him,  
 Lay down at his feet and died.

And the dog is still the faithful,  
 Still the loving friend of man,  
 Ever ready at his bidding,  
 Doing for him all he can.

Let us take from him a lesson,  
 As the wisest of us may—  
 Learn a willingness in duty,  
 And be ready to obey.

Let us to our loving Master  
 Give our will, our hearts, our all,  
 And be ever, ever watchful  
 To attend His slightest call!

*"Sketches of Natural History," by MARY HOWITT.*



## I LOVE EACH LIVING THING.

YES, I love each living thing  
That Heaven hath called to birth :  
Shaggy coat, or painted wing,  
Beasts that toil, or birds that sing,  
Bees that hum and sometimes sting—  
All, all possess their worth.

So, old Neddy, fear not me,  
For I've no thong or stick,  
Your poor sides to beat, you see ;  
Munch your clover ; happy be,  
Roll and tumble o'er the lea—  
Toss, tumble, roll, and kick !

And thou, pretty little bird,  
Oh, prithee, do not flee ;  
I've no heart to take the nest  
Where thy tiny babies rest  
'Neath thy warm and downy breast  
All in the hawthorn tree.

And, my butterfly so fine,  
Why, why such haste, I pray ?  
I've no wish to make thee mine,  
And my fingers don't incline  
To despoil that coat of thine,  
So beautiful and gay.

And, old mousie, you may run,  
Where sweet the blossoms fall ;  
And go and gambol in the sun ;  
I enjoy your harmless fun,  
I'm the enemy of none—  
No, no, I love you all.

J. G. WATTS.

THE ARAB STEED AND THE  
ELEPHANT.

AN EASTERN FABLE.



AN Arab horse was fastened to the gate of a shady compound,\* planted with graceful bamboos and fruit-laden jak trees, but no shade fell upon the poor beast tied in the glaring sunlight, who champed his steel bit and pawed the ground impatiently, as he fretted at having to remain in one place. In vain he shook himself ; he could not get rid of the trammels of the harness and the trappings, that galled and worried him on every side. The groom had so fastened his head-stall that he could not raise his head.

And, as he stood there, chafing and fretting, it was impossible to help pitying him, in spite of his impatience.

For two long hours he had borne the scorching heat of the sun, the clouds of red dust, and the buzzing of the flies and mosquitoes : petty worries and annoyances which nearly drove him mad. Snorting with rage, he had just made a vigorous effort to break his bridle, and might possibly have succeeded, had not a soft *hand* (as he thought) been gently laid upon his arched crest, and a deep voice whispered in his ear, "Don't kick, dear Peg ; don't kick ; it is not right to fret and fume at the Master's will." Pegasus turned round and saw a venerable elephant, whose noble forehead betokened thought, sense, and resignation, and yet the marks of cruel fetters were left upon its huge limbs. "Ah, Hatti Sahib, salaam," he said. "I am glad to see you, dear old friend—so glad ! for I have been half driven wild since I have been tied here. Oh, it is galling to be tied and bound to a gate-post, unable to get away, or even to raise one's head ; and I, whose delight it would be to bound over the plain, I feel that I was born for better things than this. I could bear my royal master on my back ; I could be his courier from place to place ; I could carry news of him from city to city : but here I am, tied hour after hour, day after day, as if I were a miserable hack—fit for nothing but to bear burthens. Why did they take me away from my own wild deserts ? I was happy there. I bent my proud neck to the caresses of the Arab maiden, and I was *free*." And large tears rolled down the horse's cheek, as he pulled again, and in vain, at the cord that secured him to the gate. The elephant put his trunk gently over his neck and stroked his ruffled mane. "Hush, be quiet !" he said, in a low, stern voice ; "don't you know that it is the master who has bound you here, and does not *he* know best ?"

"The master ! no," he answered ; "it is that vile native who has tied me fast—a thing who calls himself a man, but is more like a monkey. If it had been the master's noble hand that had fastened my bonds I might have borne them ; but now——"

"But he dare not do anything to you without the master's permission, or for some good cause, and no doubt the master ordered this," was old Hatti's sage reply.

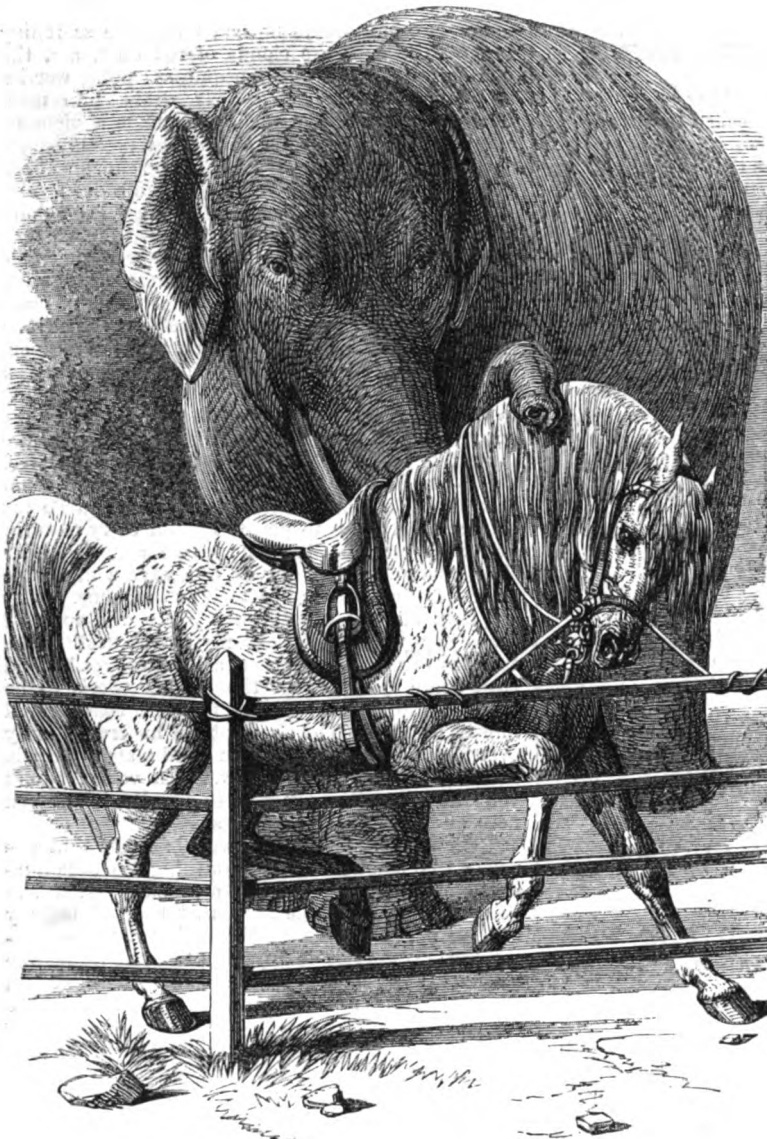
"No, no ; he cannot have ordered me to be tied here, useless, idle, and fettered," the steed snorted impatiently ; "and I—I could, I would do any service for him—gallop miles without stopping, never lagging from fatigue, or thirst, or hunger ; but to do nothing—I cannot bear it."

"Be quiet, Peg ; be quiet. When you kick, you kick against the master, not against his slave ; be sure of that."

Hatti Sahib could have said more, but at that moment the coolies, who had eaten their rice, came to lead him to his work, and from two o'clock until the sun went down the noble beast toiled patiently and quietly at his weary task of stacking teakwood. As good fortune ordered it, he must needs pass his friend the Arab on the way to the Hatti-Khana, and as his driver happened to be a friend of the groom, he stopped to smoke a hookah with him in the compound where Pegasus was tied. The poor horse was covered with foam, dripping and quivering in every

\* The enclosure in which Indian residences stand is called "the Compound."





"Hush, be quiet!"

limb, so much had his fruitless attempts to rid himself of his trammels fretted him. Tired and exhausted, he stood with reeking flanks and drooping

to wait patiently. Remember

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

L.G.

## THE ARMOUR OF LIGHT.

(Continued from p. 7.)

### CHAPTER II.

ON leaving the church Jack and his companion, Ned Hawker, turned down the lane towards a barn, which went by the name of Grigg's Barn, where they had agreed to meet the rest of the party; they

walked fast, for it was already dark, and past the time appointed for meeting.

"Here you are at last!" exclaimed their companions, as they approached the barn; "we were afraid you meant to leave us in the lurch, after all."

"But come along now, let's make haste," said Ben Collier, a lad of about Jack's age; "I've got the nets, and I hope the ferret's all right, Jack?"

Jack answered by putting his hand in his pocket

head, the picture of mute despair and misery. He scarcely looked up as the elephant approached; but yet the friendly voice roused him.

"Ah, dear Peg, you have forgotten what I said to you: but you are wrong. The master was quite right to tie you here."

"Aye! are you, too, grown unkind? Do you, too, turn against me?" he said. "Tell me what good I could have done here all the day long, unable scarce to move a limb: what good have I done for my master? and you know I love him, though he has treated me so."

"You might have done much good, dear Peg; you might have bowed your head and heart in meek submission to his sovereign will; and, believe me, he has good reason for what he does. He saw that you were impatient, and he would teach you patience and submission. He knew that you were willing, so that there was no need that he should test your zeal. He knew that you would work, but he knew you would not *beam* patiently and without murmuring; and so he, in his wisdom, sent you by the hand of his servant this trial, to stay quiet and inactive, although you feel the blood bounding through your veins, and your strength equal to any burden he might choose to lay upon you. Don't kick against him, dear Peg, but learn the hardest of all lessons—to bear the yoke and



and pulling out a bag, from which a ferret's nose peeped forth.

"And here's the lantern," he said, "producing a small dark lantern from beneath his coat. "I say, Jem, have you got the gins?"

"All right!" nodded the other.

"Well, now, we are all ready," said Jack; "we have a good stout stick each, I hope,—so let's be off."

They were five in all; the three lads whose names you have already heard—Jack, Ben, and Ned,—and two young boys of about twelve, Jem Sandy and Tom Elliott, who had been persuaded to go with them to carry the game. They walked fast until they came to the wood, which was about a mile and a half from the village. A river ran through the wood—the same which passed through Mr. Lakes' farm, and on the further side of the river was the railroad, which ran parallel to it for some miles.

"Now then," whispered Jack, as they came to the wood, "if you young fellows make a noise 'twill be the worse for you! Jem and Tom, do you stay here by this hedge, whilst we go and set the gins. We'll all meet here again in a quarter of an hour, and then we'll ferret the hedge."

He and Ben then consulted together as to the best place for setting the gins.

"If you and Ned will set them along the edge of the river, on towards the West Lodge, I'll go as near as I can venture to the gamekeeper's house, as that's the best part for catching the pheasants," said Jack; and off they glided noiselessly through the wood.

In about a quarter of an hour they returned to where the boys were waiting for them.

"Now then, Tommy, hold the lantern," said Ben; "and you, Jem, hold the bag. Put in the ferret, Jack, and I'll stake the net. Is he muzzled?"

"Yes," said Jack, "there he goes; he'll soon turn out something, I expect."

In a few minutes out rushed a rabbit into the net, which it drew tighter and tighter in its struggles to get free. It was soon bagged by Jem, and they then went on to other holes. In about an hour they had caught six in this way, but at last they lost the ferret. They had put it into a hole, and it turned out a rabbit, but did not come out itself. After waiting some time for it they grew impatient, and Jack put in a stick to try if he could feel it, but it was of no use.

"I expect he's slipped his muzzle, and 'has got upon a rabbit, and there he may stay for hours," said Ben. "I'll stay and watch for it with Ned and Jem, if you like to go with Tom and look at the gins."

"All right, then," said Jack; "let's be off, Tommy."

They had inspected several of the gins, and had found two pheasants caught, when Jack thought he heard footsteps approaching.

"Lie down, Tom, and don't stir," he whispered, concealing himself at the same time behind a tree, and listening anxiously.

The footsteps drew nearer, and Jack soon heard two men talking in a low voice. He looked out from his hiding-place, and thought he recognised one as Green the gamekeeper, whilst the other, no doubt, was one of the under-keepers. They soon stumbled upon a gin, which they took up, saying, "We'll catch the fellows somehow or other;" and almost as they spoke they stumbled upon Tom, who was crouching down.

"It's all up now," thought Jack, "and I must get off as best I can;" and, stuffing one of the pheasants into his pocket, he crept out, while the men were occupied with Tom, and ran as quickly as he could through the trees towards the river. "My best plan," he thought to himself, "will be to swim across the river." But before he had reached the river, he heard some one coming behind him; he still ran on, but his pursuer gained upon him, and was at last close at his heels, when Jack, turning suddenly, and struck him such a blow with his stick that the man stumbled and fell. "He's settled for the time," Jack thought to himself, and hastened on towards the river. On reaching it he plunged in, thinking he should soon swim across; but when once he was in the water, and out of his depth, he found the current stronger than he had expected, being much swollen by late heavy rains, and, to his dismay, he felt himself drifting down further and further, and unable to reach the opposite bank. In his terror he called out for help, and then it was that Alfred heard him, and came to his assistance. Having heard from him in a few words how he came there, Alfred asked what he was going to do now.

"Will you go home to the farm?"

"Not I," said Jack, "at least not to-night; but if you'll take me in for the time, and lend me some dry clothes, I'll see in the morning what's best to be done. I can easily make up a story to master, so that he need not guess anything about the poaching."

Alfred did not know what to do. He thoroughly disapproved of all Jack had done, yet it seemed unkind to refuse him shelter for the night, and the more so as he was wet through. So, as there seemed nothing else to be done, he consented to Jack's coming home with him.

"Only give me something to lie on, here in the kitchen," said Jack, when they reached the cottage, "and I shall be as happy as a prince—I shall sleep like a top after my hard night's work."

Alfred quickly brought in a bundle of straw and some dry clothes, and then, leaving Jack to himself, crept softly upstairs, afraid of waking his mother,

as he thought it best not to disturb her then by telling her what had happened. He was tired, and soon fell sound asleep, not awaking until seven o'clock the next morning. He dressed quickly, as it was late, and hurried down-stairs to see if Jack were awake, and what he thought of doing; but great was his astonishment when he found that Jack had disappeared. There were the clothes which Alfred had lent him and a dead pheasant lying on the floor. Alfred was still lost in astonishment, when he heard his little sister coming down-stairs, and, not wishing her to know what had happened, he hastily picked up the pheasant, and threw it with the clothes into a cupboard, until he should be able to tell his mother all about it. Lizzie quickly got his breakfast ready, and his mother not having come down-stairs when he had finished, he was obliged to go off to his work without seeing her. As he walked along he began to consider whether he should tell his master of what had happened, or not. "He's dreadfully strict about poaching, I know," he said to himself; "and if I tell him all, he's just as likely not to believe me, and to say that I helped Jack to get off, and kept the game willingly, and there's no one to stand by me and say I didn't. I wish he had taken the pheasant with him. Why shouldn't I say that I know nothing about Jack, and haven't seen him since the practising, and then I could bury the pheasant somewhere at dinner-time? It would be a terrible thing if master were to turn me off for what isn't my fault at all." Had you forgotten your armour that morning, Alfred? Had you left off the girdle of truth and the shield of faith? Just then there came into his mind the words: "He that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest." "Why need I be afraid?" he thought; "I have done nothing wrong. Whatever comes of it, I will tell the truth, and leave the rest with God."

Alfred had not been long at work when his master came round as usual, to see what he was doing and to give his orders.

"Do you know anything about Jack, Alfred?" he asked; "he has taken himself off somewhere."

"Well, sir, I know something about him, because I saw him last night, but I don't know what's become of him now."

"Oh, you do know something about him, do you? And pray, where did you see him last night?" asked Mr. Lakes, sternly.

"I found him in the river, sir, nearly drowned, when I went out to see after the cattle; and then he came home to our house, because he was wet through, and I gave him a bed in the kitchen; but when I came down this morning he was gone. I suppose he managed to get out through the window, for it was open."

"Did he leave anything behind him?"

"He left a coat which I had lent him, sir, and a pheasant lying on the floor."

"Ho, ho! so that's it, is it?" said Mr. Lakes.

"He catches the game and you receive it. Just come with me a minute, my good fellow; Mr. Green, the gamekeeper, is here. He caught all the other fellows last night, and came to know if I had seen

anything of Jack, but no doubt you can tell him all he wants to know."

Now Mr. Lakes was not naturally a harsh man, and had been willing, as we have seen, to forgive Jack on his first offence, when he thought he was really sorry for it; and since that time he fancied he had been going on steadily, but now on this fresh offence occurring, he was very angry, and resolved not to be so easily taken in again. On hearing Alfred's story, and knowing what good friends he and Jack had always been, he thought it very unlikely that all this should have happened by accident, and had no doubt in his own mind that it had been arranged beforehand between them, and that now, Alfred, fearing the game would be found in his house, and so prove his guilt, had made up this story to account for it.

"Here, Green," said Mr. Lakes, as they entered the farm-house kitchen where he was sitting, "this lad can tell you something about Jack; he knows rather more than he ought about him, I fancy. Just repeat," he said, turning to Alfred, "what you told me just now."

"And now, what have you to say for yourself?" he asked, when Alfred had finished. "Didn't I see you two walking together last night, and do you mean to say that Jack did not tell you what he was going to do?"

"Yes, sir, we were walking together to the church, and Jack did tell me of his plan, but —"

"Well," interrupted his master, "do you think you can persuade me that you didn't agree to receive some of the game and probably dispose of it in the town, and that Jack left the pheasant by accident? No doubt he would have brought you a nice little stock if he hadn't been interrupted in his sport by my friend here. And besides," he added, turning to Green, "do you think it likely that Jack would escape in the night, without this fellow knowing of it, and probably helping him?"

"Appearances are certainly very much against him," said the gamekeeper, shaking his head. "And now, my lad, I dare say you can help us to find out where he is gone; I should like to catch him and pay him his deserts. That poor fellow Hind, whom he knocked down, is very ill to-day. Come now, where did Jack say he was going to?"

"Indeed, sir, I know nothing more than I have told you about him," replied Alfred.

"I should like to hear what your mother has to say about it," said Green. "What do you think," he said, turning to Mr. Lakes, "of going to his home and seeing his mother? perhaps we might get at the truth in that way."

"Yes," answered Mr. Lakes, "I think we had better; we may find something else beside the pheasant."

Alfred's heart sank within him, as, at his master's bidding, he followed them to his home. How astonished his mother would be; and there was the pheasant concealed in the cupboard! "Everything does seem to be against me," he thought; "and is this what has come of telling the truth? Would it not have been better if I had said that I knew nothing about Jack? and then no one would have

suspected me. I should not have brought trouble upon myself as I have done now."

Had you brought it upon yourself, Alfred? or had God sent it you, to try your faith and prove your armour—to see if they would stand in the day of trial? Will not God in His own good time 'bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the heart?'

And as Alfred thought of this, it brought comfort to his soul. "Father," he prayed, "help me to trust Thee always, and strengthen me against the wiles of the devil, when he would lead me into the paths of sin."

When they arrived at the cottage they found Mrs. Lucas and Lizzie just going to sit down to their early dinner.

"I won't disturb you, my good woman," said Mr. Lakes; "I only wish to see some game which your son has concealed in this house, and to ask you if Jack Stephens slept here last night."

"No, sir; no one slept in this house last night but ourselves that I am aware of; did there, my son?" she said, turning her face appealingly towards Alfred.

"Yes, mother, Jack did sleep here, but I have not been able to tell you of it before."

"Now then," said Mr. Lakes, turning to Alfred, "does not this prove that there was something underhand in the whole matter, as your mother did not even know of it?"

"No, sir," replied Alfred, respectfully, "I don't think it proves anything. It was so late when we came in last night, that I would not disturb my mother, and I was off to work this morning before she was down-stairs."

"Well," said Green, "let's see now where this pheasant is. The truth is, ma'am," he said, turning to Mrs. Lucas, "that your son is suspected of being mixed up in a poaching affair, and we are trying to find out how much he had to do with it."

"Alfred accused of poaching!" exclaimed his mother, "never, sir, never; don't believe a word of it; a truer or a better boy never lived than my Alfred."

"Well, well, my good woman, we shall see," replied Green.

(To be continued.)

## THE COSTERMONGERS OF LONDON.

**A**MONG all the tribes which earn their bread in the streets of London, there is none so separate and so strange as the costermonger. This title, as many of our readers probably know, is applied to those street-traders, who vend vegetables, fish, and fruit. The origin of the name is involved in considerable obscurity. Dr. Johnson has tried to make us believe that it comes from the 'costards,' or big apples, which our street-friends sometimes sell. For once the dictionary seems to be rather weak. Others think it has to do with the word 'accost,' from the great freedom with which the trader of this class 'accosts' passers-by, and invites them to become purchasers. It is difficult to believe in so fanciful a root for the word. The true derivation of the word has yet to be found. One thing, however, is certain, that the calling of Costermonger was a very ancient





"Three ha'pence a bunch, hne turnips!"

one in the city of London, for Shakespeare uses the expression 'these costermonger times.'

If any of our readers were to take an early walk through one of the quieter suburbs of London, they would notice large barrows standing at many of the doors. A man, in a tight costume, which has a strong smack of the stables, guides the barrow, whilst a woman, whose head-gear sometimes calls to mind the gipsies of the north, walks by his side. This man, my good reader, is the king of street-traders, the costermonger, or the 'coster,' as, for shortness, he is generally called, and though he has his vices, he has also his virtues. It is a common

thing, for example, for those street-traders to leave their barrows for a length of time in the charge of their neighbours, and the trust is always carried out with scrupulous honesty. Again, their kindness to their donkeys is a marked feature in this class. "A costermonger," it has been said, "would resent the ill-treatment of his donkey as he would a personal indignity." The 'coster' lives for the most part in the open air. The pavement is his promenade, and the curb-stones his club. The coffee-stall, pitched in the early morning at the corners of the streets, provides him breakfast, while the cheap butcher, with his perpetual cry of 'Buy! buy!' the wandering pie-man, or the seller of fried fish supplies the dainties of his dinner. His home, too often squalid and uncared for, is really the place which sees least of the costermonger. The 'penny gaffs,' which are usually empty shops, converted by a few tawdry decorations into rude theatres, provide their chief amusement; and it is a saddening sight for the thoughtful eye, to see the 'coster' boys and girls pour in and out of these places after their day's work.

Their trade is a very uncertain one. At times they do well, while at other times they have to experience great hardships. A keen observer of their habits has asserted, that three wet days in succession reduce 30,000 street-people to the verge of starvation. The principal wares of the costermonger are fish, such as plaice, soles, mackerel, herrings and bloaters; fruit, such as pine-apple ('a ha'penny a slice'), nuts, oranges, and in summer, strawberries, cherries, and plums, and vegetables of all kinds. It has been computed that there are from 10,000 to 11,000 costermongers in London; but many of these go long rounds into the country, and are often away for a whole month at a time.

Of their religion there is little to be told, although a fairer field could not be found for a truly soul-loving man than amongst the costermongers of London.



# Chatterbox.



"I'll set it on the high shelf till you want it."





## BREAD AND MILK.

NE morning Johnny came to the breakfast-table and boldly said he he would not eat bread and milk that morning.

"Very well, Johnny," answered his mother, quietly and without raising her voice, "I'll set it on this high shelf. You can run off to school."

This 'run' consisted of a long piece of road, and then a tramp through a wood, which gave Johnny ample time to call up all his courage, and to strengthen his determination not to give in.

Accordingly, on his return he was all ready to assert the dignity of boyhood, and when he drew up to the table and saw the bowl of bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any desperate course, and decided to die rather than eat it.

"Very well, Johnny," was the mother's calm remark, "I'll set it on the high shelf till you want it;" and a decided wave of her hand sent him from the table, and in due time he was bidden, by an authority which he could not resist, to run off to school.

That run was not so spirited as the morning run had been. He felt 'dreadful hollow,' and had no relish for his usual sport of pretending to be chased by a bear, climbing, in fancied terror, a tree, running out on its horizontal branches and dropping to the ground, only to gain another tree and accomplish the same feat of dexterity.

On the contrary, he felt a little like giving up, as he knew his mother never would, and admitted to himself that he should be glad of that bowl of bread and milk; and when he came dragging home at night and the bowl was lifted down from the high shelf without a word of threatening or reproach, he felt pretty sure that he would never eat anything else until he had swallowed that oft-presented and oft-refused bread and milk, so he just took it as quietly as it was offered and ate it.

And after that he never set up his will in defiance of his mother's. Many a long day afterwards I saw the tears of love gather in his eyes as he said, "My mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think how she made me obey her."

## STORY OF A LITTLE BOY WHO HAD NO HEART.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a country village in England a husband and wife, who were very anxious to have clever children. They didn't want them to be beautiful, they said: (and indeed that did not seem likely, for the husband was very short, with very red hair, and hump-backed, and squinted so badly that he saw behind him better than before;—and the wife had a mouth as wide as a railway-arch, and a nose you couldn't see without spectacles:—) but they wanted them to be clever.

And one day they had their wish gratified: for a very fine boy was born to them with the largest

head that ever was seen, and the doctor said it was filled with brains. And so it proved: for before he was short-coated, John (that was his name) could do sums in Tare and Tret, which is more than a great many grown people can, and he could learn his lessons as easily backwards as forwards. He was indeed wonderfully clever: *but he had no heart at all.* In the place where his heart ought to have been, there was a great hollow: how he lived at all without it was a wonder: but that is not my concern. He didn't show this want of heart so much when he was an infant, as when he grew up to be about twelve years old. Certainly, he used to cry all night from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m. (at which hour his father got up), and was profoundly asleep by five minutes past: but then other infants who have hearts do that:—and he used to kick his mother, and pinch the cat, and pull flies' wings and spiders' legs off,—but other children have been known to do that too: so we won't put this down either to his want of heart. But this deficiency of his showed itself in other worse ways. He was delighted to see anybody else in pain: and the more they suffered (as they did one day at dinner, when he had filled up the crust with castor-oil) the more he laughed: and he never was so happy as when he made others miserable. He made his grandmother so angry by sticking needles into her elbow-chair (which she didn't discover till she sat down on it) that before she died she altered her will, and took her money away from his father and mother: and as for dropping pepper in his father's snuff-box, and putting his mother's best bonnet into a pudding saucepan to boil, that was a trifle.

But you might say, "This was merely mischief, and lots of children we know are nearly as bad, and yet they're their mother's own darlings:" perhaps so, but then you know; they can help it, while, poor fellow! *he* couldn't, as he hadn't got a heart. And so naturally the older and stronger he grew, the worse he became; and his schoolfellows were all afraid of him, for his arms were as powerful as his head, and he would beat them at lessons in school, and thrash them at play out of it. But his parents said it was jealousy that made their John so hated: for they, poor creatures! though he persecuted them worse than any one, were so proud of his talents, that they didn't care for his want of a heart. At last, however, it grew so bad that they sent for doctors to examine him, and fifteen did so and wrote out fifteen prescriptions, all quite different: and one said, "bleed him," and another, "feed him;" and one gave him tonics, and another lowered him, and one gave him calomel, and another laudanum, and another turpentine, and another sarsaparilla; and when he had tried them all (not without much resistance), he was much worse than ever, which was to be expected. And yet he grew cleverer and cleverer, and knew almost everything, and liked to learn everything but music—and he said he wouldn't learn that, because the more people practised, the worse they seemed to sing.

And now he got to be about fourteen, and could tell which way the wind would blow the week after next, and know the cause of the cattle plague,

and where the shooting stars come from, and where the comets went to, and what the people of America have been fighting about, and a great many other things which nobody else knows: and yet his waistcoat had to be padded, because the hollow where his heart ought to have been grew larger than ever.

But about this time there came a crisis in his life. It was the day after Christmas day, and uncommonly cold, one of the deepest snows that had been known for years. It was late in the afternoon, and he was walking along the solitary road that led to his home, wondering whether he hadn't eaten too much plum-pudding the day before, for, like other clever people, he didn't always know when he'd had enough. He certainly had got a very bad headache somehow or other, and he had never had one before at all like it. However, he pursued his way, and the moon rose, and made the snow look like silver powdered with diamond dust. Presently, about a hundred yards or so before him, he saw a figure of a very old gentleman with a long beard, and a crown on his head, and what looked very much like a bottle of wine peeping out of his great-coat pocket. He seemed to be walking very fast, and after him followed a tiny little page, who appeared to be all buttons, and carried a basket as big as himself, evidently full of good things. "What an extraordinary circumstance!" thought John: "why they would do exactly for Good King Wenceslas and his page in that ridiculous Carol about doing a kindness to other people;" and he laughed so loud that the old gentleman heard him, and turned round, and walked quickly towards him. This rather alarmed John; but he was a courageous boy, and thought if he was real he couldn't do him any harm, and if he wasn't, it was only the plum-pudding that had got into his head: but before he had made up his mind whether the old gentleman was the effects of the plum-pudding or no, he was by his side, and looked down on John with such a kind face, but a very grave one. And he asked John where he was going to, and John said, "I will come with you, if you're going to do anything funny." And the King Wenceslas (for it was he) merely said, "Follow me." So on went he, and the page and John, and very fast they went, and the snow got deeper and deeper, and John colder and colder, and at last he determined to slip away and get home, but as he looked round him he found he did not know where he was, and the country was all strange to him. And so he called out, "Please your majesty, stop," and the page made faces at him; but the king said, "We have much further to go, and you must come with us;" and he boxed the page's ears so hard for making grimaces that he nearly dropped the basket; and then they all went on faster than ever. And now John began to get very tired indeed: and the cold was terrible, and, though he had never yet felt for others, he began to feel for himself (which was rather difficult, as he was nearly numbed, and whatever part of him wasn't numbed was aching as though he was a walking pain), and at last he implored the king with tears in his eyes to tell him the way to his home. But the king spoke very sternly to him, and said, "You won't laugh so much when you see other

people in pain, will you, now you know what it is to suffer yourself?" and John said, blubbering, No, he wouldn't; and at that same instant he felt the hollow place in him get a little smaller, as though a heart had begun to grow. And then he didn't feel the cold half so much as before.

They still went on, and at length came to a place where the road seemed more frequented, for there were marks of wheels in the snow; and these ruts grew more numerous, and at last houses appeared, and they were evidently nearing a large town. And John thought he heard King Wenceslas give a sigh: but his heart was not big enough yet to appreciate it. Now, they passed rapidly through some well-lighted streets, and heard from several houses the sound of music, and dancing, and laughter; and King Wenceslas sighed again more heavily, but never stopped for a moment. And now they turned down into a dingy street with scarcely any lamps, and then into a dingier alley with no lamps at all; and at the door of one of the dingiest houses King Wenceslas stopped, and took the basket from the page, and told John to follow him up-stairs. And in the garret, quite at the top of the house, there were three little children, looking very thin and pale, and there was no fire in the grate, and a tallow dip, only an inch long, burning on the table:—but it was enough for them to see to eat such a dinner as they had never had before, all out of the basket, particularly as King Wenceslas touched the grate, and a beautiful fire sprang up immediately, and showed off three new suits of clothes, and a couple of blankets to perfection, as they too were produced from the wonderful basket. But before John had time to do more than notice the delighted looks of the children, they two were out in the street again, and when he ventured to ask where their father and mother were, all King Wenceslas did was to sigh, and walk on faster than ever. About this time John felt the padding inside his waistcoat was getting too tight for him.

Many were the houses, all of them very poor ones, into which Wenceslas and John entered, and at each something was left by the king, whatever they seemed most to need. Here it was a bottle of wine for a sick man or woman, and, often as the bottle was taken out of the old gentleman's pocket, it always, somehow or other, seemed to be still there: and at another place it was a toy or a pretty picture-book for a sick child, or a bunch of sweet violets, or a little dainty, and at another place it was a purse of money for a poor widow, who was sitting in a bare room, with a letter containing a "notice to quit" before her on the deal table: and at each place, before there was time to utter a word of thanks, the king was down in the street again, and John with him. Only at one place was the gift of the king received without a smile: and that was in a very quiet room, where a fair child with golden hair that fell about her like a shower, was lying peacefully asleep: when the king stepped up to her, and laid a cross of fresh Christmas roses on her breast; and she received it without a smile, for the smile was there already, and would never alter any more; because the sleep was the sleep of Death.

Now John had never seen so many people made happy before, and he began to think there must be something in it after all, and the hole in him got so much smaller that he had to take out a good deal of the padding, which he did when he thought King Wenceslas wasn't looking; but, somehow or other, he fancied the old gentleman saw what he was doing:—and it is my private opinion that he was right. And now all of a sudden the king turned to him, as they had come out of this last room, and asked him whether people looked pleasanter when they were happy or when they were miserable, and John caught the page winking at him in such an aggravating manner that out of pure perverseness, he was on the point of saying, "When they're miserable;" but he couldn't somehow tell a story to the old man, so he forgave the page, and said what he really thought. And then King Wenceslas looked at him very kindly indeed, and said solemnly: "There's no happiness like making others happy, and no blessing so bright as the blessing of those into whose hearts you have brought a little ray of sunshine at Christmas." And as the king spoke, he seemed himself to become all sunshine, and almost blinded John, and he shut his eyes for a moment, and opened them—in *his own bedroom*, and the sun was streaming in upon his face, and his mother put her head in at the door, and said, "My dear, we shan't wait breakfast for you any longer."

To her great surprise, John burst into a fit of crying; but he smiled through his tears, and the hollow where there had been no heart, was quite filled up: so much so, that when he tried to button his waistcoat it wouldn't meet across his chest. And some ill-natured folks said what he had seen was more to do with the quantity he had eaten at Christmas time, than with king Wenceslas, and that he had only learnt better manners as he grew older, like a good many other boys. But however that may be, John always put it down to the old king, and it is quite certain that he was wonderfully altered for the better afterwards; nor have we heard that he found his brains at all injured by having a heart to work with them, except that he never could sing the Carol quite in tune, by reason of a sort of lump that always came in his throat when he began it.

### THE ARMOUR OF LIGHT.

(Continued from p. 15.)

**T**HERE'S the pheasant, sir," said Alfred, opening the cupboard, and pulling aside the coat which concealed it; "I put it in there when I went to work, not wishing my little sister to see it."

"I have no doubt now," said Mr. Lakes, hastily, "about your share in the matter. You will leave my service at once, and I shall try for the future to employ honest and respectable lads on my farm."

So saying, he and Green left the cottage together.

"O mother!" cried Alfred, burying his face in his hands, and no longer able to restrain himself, "what will become of us? Mr. Lakes won't give me a character, and no one will take me without it. But I haven't done wrong, mother; I haven't."

"I believe you, my dear boy," said his mother,

taking his hand in her's, and gently caressing it, "and now tell me all about it."

When she had heard all, she gave a sigh of relief. "Thank God! you have been kept from evil. Don't trouble about the future, my son, God will provide; He never forsakes the fatherless and widow who put their trust in Him."

The next day, and for many days and even weeks, Alfred tried to get work in the neighbourhood, but in vain. Every one asked if he could bring a character from his late master, and he was obliged to say that he could not. Besides, it was a bad time of the year for getting employment; work was slack, and none of the farmers about would take on a fresh hand at that season, so that at last Alfred almost gave it up in despair.

"It's of no use trying any more," he said; "no one will take me."

On Christmas-eve he thought he would try, as a last chance, at a farm where he had not yet asked. The result, however, was the same, they did not want any one, and Alfred turned to go home with a sad heart. He had not gone far when he met Green the gamekeeper, who stopped to speak to him.

"I've just been to your home looking for you," he said. "I heard that you could not get work, so as Mr. Graves is in want of a lad in the gardens at the Manor, I recommended him to try you; for I can't help thinking that Mr. Lakes was rather hasty in that business the other day, and that you're a better fellow than he takes you for. So Mr. Graves said he would try you if you liked to come."

"Oh, thank you, sir," exclaimed Alfred; "it was very kind of you to mention me to Mr. Graves. When may I begin?"

"The sooner the better; come the day after tomorrow. But there's one thing; you'll have to go to the gardens the last thing at night, to make up the fires in the hothouses, in this frosty weather; and you must not mind," he added, "if you're 'put upon' a little sometimes; with so many over you, it's to be expected."

"Oh, no, sir, I won't mind that; I'm only too thankful to get work at all," said Alfred, as they parted.

It was with a light heart that he walked home, and told the good news to his mother and sister, who were as surprised and delighted at them as he had been. Christmas-day came—a beautiful, bright, still morning it was. Snow had fallen in the night—the first snow for the season—and had covered everything with its soft white mantle, making nature look as if she were rejoicing with all mankind on that happy morning. So thought Alfred, as, with his mother leaning on his arm and his sister by his side, they walked together to the church.

"Isn't it beautiful, mother? But I wish you could see the snow on the trees, it's just like crystal sparkling in the sun, and I feel so light and happy. I did not think, two days ago, that we should have had such a happy Christmas; did you, mother?"

"No, indeed, my son; we have much to be thankful for: but there is your troublesome cough again, I wish you could do something to get rid of it."

Alfred had caught cold on that night when he



saved Jack's life, and this cough had not left him since ; a little hard, dry cough it was, nothing worth taking care of, but still it did not go away.

"Oh, that's nothing, mother dear, it will soon go away when we get a little warmer weather," said Alfred, as they approached the church.

The next day Alfred went to his new situation at Beecham Manor. Unfortunately for him, Mr. Collier, the head-gardener, had wished to obtain this very situation for his son Ben—our acquaintance of the poaching expedition—and had applied to Mr. Graves on his behalf, but, for reasons of his own, Mr. Graves had taken Alfred. Mr. Collier was therefore not disposed to be very friendly towards him. But Alfred had made up his mind not to care for little annoyances or troubles ; and it was not long before he had, by his steadiness and good behaviour, won the good-will of all his fellow-

workmen, and even of Mr. Collier himself. But when the spring came, Alfred's cough grew worse, and he frequently complained of a pain in his side, which on some days was so bad that he could scarcely walk to his work. At last he consulted Mr. Burke, the doctor, who told him that his lungs were already considerably diseased, and that he ought to take great care of himself, and do very little work.

"But I have to maintain my mother and sister, sir," Alfred said, "and I must work hard to do that."

"Well, I'll speak to Mr. Graves, and see what he says about it," replied Mr. Burke.

On hearing the doctor's report, Mr. Graves at once told Alfred that he need come to work only when he felt well enough, and was to do just as much as he felt inclined to, telling him at the same

time that his full wages should still be continued. Alfred was loth to take advantage of his master's kindness, and could with difficulty be persuaded to lessen his work; but as the summer passed and autumn came on, he became gradually worse, and soon began to feel that he had not long to live. He could no longer walk as far as the Manor, but would sometimes employ himself in his little workshop, or, when not equal even to that slight exertion, would sit in the garden on sunny days, and watch Lizzie at work. Often, of a morning, Mr. Ashton, the clergyman, came and sat with him for half-an-hour, and Alfred used to look forward to these visits, listening with eagerness to words of comfort and instruction from his kind pastor. One morning in September, Mr. Ashton had just left him, and Alfred was sitting in the garden enjoying the warm sunshine, when the garden-gate opened, and Mr. Lakes walked in. Alfred was much surprised to see him, for he had never spoken to Alfred or taken any notice of him since he had so hastily dismissed him from his service.

"Good morning, my lad," said Mr. Lakes, coming up to Alfred, and holding out his hand to him, "I'm sorry to see you looking so ill. I'm come to tell you that I am ashamed of myself for behaving so badly to you last Christmas. I was too hasty, but I did not mean to be unjust, and I should not have found out my mistake now, but for a letter which I have received this morning from Jack Stephens, saying that he has heard that he got you into a scrape by going off and leaving the game in your house, but that you had no share at all in the matter, nor did you even know that he was going to run away. And now," said Mr. Lakes, "I can make but poor amends for the injustice I have done you, but I will take care that you shall want for nothing for the future, for I know your means of livelihood must be but small, and if there is anything particular you would fancy, just let me know."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Alfred, "you are very kind indeed."

"Kind! nonsense; it's only justice," replied Mr. Lakes: "but I hope you'll forgive me."

Alfred, you may be sure, was very thankful to have the matter cleared up, and it was far from his heart to cherish any ill-will against his former master.

"Please, sir, where did Jack write from?" he asked.

"There was no date on his letter," said Mr. Lakes, "but the postmark was Northam."

"I wonder how he is going on," said Alfred, musingly, "I should like to see him again."

"He had better stay where he is, unless he has mended his ways," said Mr. Lakes as he said his good-bye.

#### CHAPTER III.

And now let us see what had become of Jack. As he lay that night on his straw bed in Alfred's cottage, he turned over in his mind for a long time what he could do. At last it occurred to him that Ben Collier had a brother living in Northam, a seaport town about two hundred miles from Layton, and he made up his mind to go off and join him.

His master had paid him his wages a few days before, and he calculated that they would be enough to take him by rail to Northam, "And then," he thought to himself, "no doubt Joe Collier will be able to get me some work." So he determined to start off by the first train in the morning, which left Layton Station at six o'clock. At the first streak of dawn he got up, and, leaving the game behind him, for he could not take it with him, he contrived to get quietly out of the window. He soon found himself seated in the train, which brought him in about twelve hours to Northam. He had not much difficulty in finding out where Joe lived, for he had often heard his address from Ben. He walked in upon him as he was at supper in his lodgings.

"Why, Jack Stephens! where on earth are you come from?" he exclaimed, as he turned round and saw Jack standing in the doorway.

"Come from! from Layton, to be sure," said Jack. "I'm come to seek my fortune, and to see how you're getting on in these parts."

"I'm getting on first-rate," said Joe, "and you're come just in the nick of time, for one of our fellows left a day or two ago, and the master's looking out for some one in his place."

"Where are you working?" asked Jack.

"Down on the pier lading the vessels, and it's jolly kind of work, I can tell you; there's always lots going on down there. And now, you haven't taken a lodging yet, I suppose; what do you say to lodging here with me? My landlady has a bed to spare."

And so it was arranged. The next morning Joe introduced Jack to his master, who readily agreed to take him. Several months passed by, and Jack got to like his new kind of work. He had made a good many acquaintances, principally Joe's friends; a careless, idle set they were, who spent most of their evenings at the public-house, or lounging about the streets, and Jack, as you may imagine, did not improve in their company. But yet he was not altogether happy. He could not help sometimes thinking of his old happy life at Layton, and of his friends there, of whom he had heard nothing since he left. One evening, when he and Joe returned home from their work, they were surprised to find a letter on their table addressed to Joe.

"Who can this be from?" he said, taking it up and examining it carefully outside.

"You had better open it and see, I should think," returned Jack.

"Well, here goes," said Joe, breaking the seal as if he were committing a very rash act. "It's a letter from Ben," he remarked presently, when he had read it. "He says he's coming up to pay me a visit, and to look about him a bit; he can't get work at home, and hopes I can get him some here. He'll be up to-morrow, as far as I can make out."

The next evening Ben arrived, and was astonished to find that Jack had been there with his brother ever since Christmas.

"Well, and how are things going on at Layton?" asked Jack. "Is everybody just as usual?"

"Pretty middling, I think," said Ben: "there hasn't been much change since you left."

"And I suppose Alfred Lucas is still with Mr. Lakes?"

"With Mr. Lakes! Bless you, no; he left him just after you did. There was a fuss about that poaching affair, and Mr. Lakes accused him of concealing the game which you left in his cottage, and turned him off in a hurry."

"No! did he?" said Jack, "I'm dreadful sorry, for 'twas no fault of his, he had nothing to do with it. And what's become of him now?"

"He went to work at the Manor afterwards, but he's had to give that up now, since he's been ill. They say he caught cold that night when he pulled you out of the river, and he's never got over it; he's in a decline, and not likely to live long, I fancy."

Jack was shocked, Alfred dying! and he was partly the cause of it! he could not believe it. The others went on talking, but he took no notice of them.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Jack?" said Ben, in a little while, "you weren't generally so quiet in old days."

"Matter?" said Jack, starting, "there's nothing the matter. I say, Ben," he added, suddenly, "what became of Hind, the under-keeper, that night? Was he hurt much?"

"Oh, you're thinking of that still, are you? Well, I believe you gave him a pretty heavy blow, and he had a bad attack of rheumatic fever afterwards, but he's all right now."

That night before he went to bed Jack wrote a letter to Mr. Lakes. Two days after this, as the three lads were walking along the pier, Jack pointed to a vessel in the harbour.

"Do you see that American schooner, Joe?"

"What, that one there with her sails out drying?"

"Yes," said Jack. "I'm going to sail in her to-morrow."

Joe turned round and stared him in the face. "Are you out of your senses?" he exclaimed.

"Not that I know of," replied Jack, "only I'm tired of this kind of life, and want to see something new; so I've offered to the Captain and he has engaged me."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*



### THE CORONATION.

On the day that the good Emperor Joseph was crowned at Frankfurt in 1764, a sad accident occurred to a good minister. Pastor Holzmann was the clergyman of a small village close to Frankfurt; he was not often seen in the neighbouring city, but very frequently at the sick beds of his parishioners, and in the houses of the distressed. When the Emperor was to be crowned, people streamed into the city from far and near, and even in this little village, no one who could get away, stayed at home, so Pastor Holzmann took his walking-stick and said to his wife, "Gertrude, I too will go to the city, in God's name." So he bade farewell to his faithful partner and set out.

The way to the city was thronged with people both on foot and on horseback. Many acquaintances spoke to the old pastor as they passed, and to all he gave a kind greeting, and remembered them in his heart; he prayed for his friends as they hastened by him; and the Emperor also, who was to be crowned to-day he remembered before the Lord, and entreated for him a wise and pious heart, so that his subjects might live in all godliness and honesty.

Just then a little dog ran up to him, of which he took no particular notice, but thought, as its tail was hanging down, that it had lost its master; even when the dog sprang up upon him, he did not trouble himself about it. But now he felt a deep bite in his leg, and soon a second, and saw the blood running down through his stockings into his shoes, and another closer look at the dog convinced him that it was mad. "Merciful God!" cried he, "have pity on me and grant that all may turn out for good! To Thee I commend myself." And with hasty steps he hurried after the dog, and overtook it just as it was about to spring upon a woman, and struck it down with his walking-stick. But what was he to do now? To return to his family was his desire; but the city lay nearer, and there, too, he could get speedier assistance. He hastened to a physician who was not at home, to a second who was also absent. Whilst he was seeking for a physician, the waving crowd pushed him hither and thither. He heard the bells ringing from all the steeples; they sounded to him as his death-knell; he beheld the procession with the Emperor, proceeding from the cathedral to the Römerberg; in spite of the brilliant and variegated colours of the garments, it seemed like his own funeral procession. Now when the Emperor showed himself upon the balcony of the palace, when the multitude pressed and scrambled round the money scattered among them, round the roasted ox and the heap of loaves, his hand at last grasped that of the physician, and he begged and entreated him to help him. But the physician forgot his duty, he tried to soothe him, by saying that the dog was most likely not mad at all, and that he would come and attend to his wound very early the next morning, to-day no man could reasonably expect that he should leave so good a place for seeing the grand spectacle. There was still much more to see, and the coronation of an Emperor is not to be witnessed every day.

Then poor old Holzmann turned silently out of the crowd, for he rightly perceived that selfishness to-day had changed all into Priests and Levites, who would leave the wounded man and pass by on the other side. As no assistance was to be found from men, he commended himself to the Heavenly Physician. And the prayer to the true Deliverer so greatly refreshed him that he came home comforted. The next day his wound was bound up, but in his heart he heard a voice saying to him, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

And this old Holzmann did. One Sunday more, he felt was granted him in this life; that he would still celebrate with his flock. Although afflicted with grievous pain, he once more entered the pulpit. Not one of his flock was absent to-day, except the





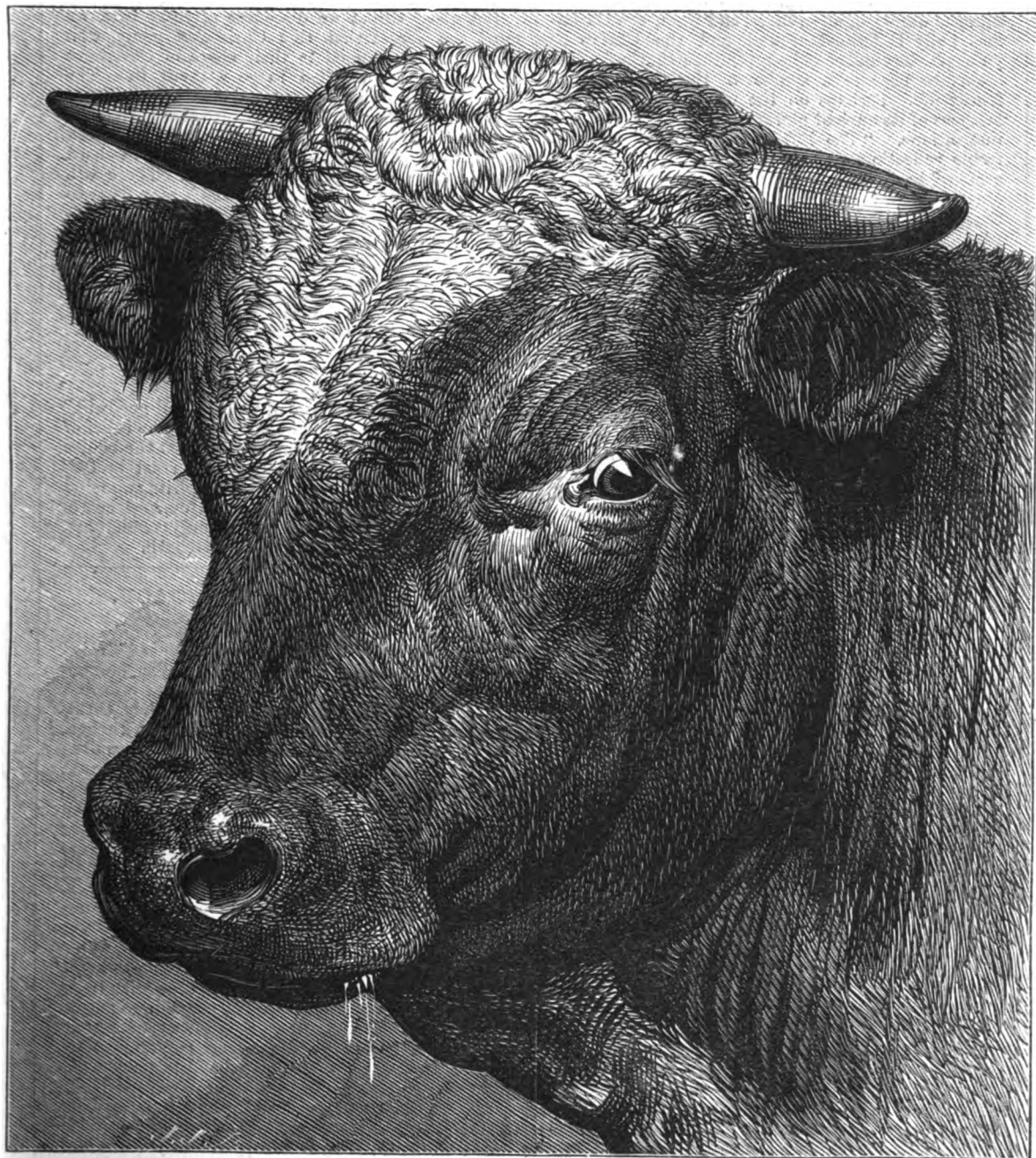
sick and the infants ; old and young hung upon his lips, they all felt that their faithful shepherd was about to bid a last farewell to them.

But a still heavier hour was it, when the ninth day arrived, and the pastor was obliged to be separated from his family, that he might not injure them in his madness. He submitted to this, with calm courage and cheerful hope. Then, bold as a hero, and patient as a lamb, he went into his study, had it bolted and guarded from without, and awaited his dreadful end. The end came, but it was not dreadful. During a whole day his family heard him from

time to time praying aloud, and at the last, louder still ; but no cry of fury, no sounds as of madness nor violence were heard. The angel of the Lord must have been present to soothe and comfort his last hours. When the door of the chamber of death was opened, they found him sunk down on his knees, and his hands folded in prayer. Thus his Saviour had released him from the sorrows of earth, and given him a bright vision of the heavenly coronation-day which awaits all those who love and long for the appearing of their Lord.

J. F. C.

# Chatterbox.



The Roast Beet of Old England.

## "THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."

BY W. BAIRD, M.A., ST. GABRIEL'S, BROMLEY.

IT is in the nature of an Englishman at all times to love a good dinner, but especially does an Englishman love his Christmas dinner. It is to him the dinner of all dinners, and when the Christmas holly is twined around, and the Christmas yule splutters and crackles on the hearth, the festival seems to become a symbol of the sacredness of family life. Perhaps on the whole, Christmas has lost less of its ancient glories than any other of our institutions. "The Fifth of November" is but a feeble reflection of its former self; "the men in armour" have, somehow, dropped out of "The Lord Mayor's Show;" and there is even a talk of consigning that august civic ceremonial to the grave of the past. But Christmas, even viewed in its secular aspect, stands prominent. "The Boar's Head," which graced the feudal boards has indeed passed away, although Queen's College, Oxford, still bears its witness to a custom once almost universal. The days of oxen roasted whole have disappeared before the advances of the culinary art. Notwithstanding these defections from ancient practice, the staple food of Christmas holds its sway unchanged, and no Englishman will allow that he has dined consistently with his national dignity on that day unless roast beef and plum-pudding have graced his Christmas board. These stand pre-eminent among the secular glories of the festival, although there are clustered around them a host of old customs, such as Christmas-boxes, mummers, "waits," and other numberless ways in which the world seeks, after its fashion, to do honour to the joyous season. Nor is there anything wrong in this, provided that we do not forget, the truth, which is the only real ground for our joy.

"Roast beef" is proverbially the food of Englishmen. There is something in it suitable to the robust nature and the large appetites of our countrymen. Other nations may love their culinary compounds and "made dishes," but to us there is something solid and satisfactory about "a baron of beef," which commends itself to our national mind. A tour round our London markets about Christmas time will show that there is little danger of our taste degenerating in this matter. Not to speak of the glories of "Smithfield Show" (though held in Smithfield no longer), it is enough to see the shops in Leadenhall and Newgate markets, with their "prime beef" decorated with its Christmas bows, and garnished with its Christmas holly, to be assured that we need feel no immediate anxiety on this score. It is not very easy even to approximate to a calculation as to the quantity of beef consumed in London and the suburbs each Christmas; but when we consider that all the meat, which is brought up to the Smithfield show is sold for the London Christmas supply, (besides a vast quantity of inferior meat,) it may readily be seen that the amount of beef consumed in London at Christmas-tide would, if reduced to numbers, appear something almost fabulous. Not only has every family with any pretence to respectability its Christ-

mas joint, but the merry cheer of the season finds its way even into our workhouses and prisons. The "Christmas clubs," which (if well managed) are really a boon to our poor people, are a sort of provident fund, securing a Christmas dinner to their depositors on certain conditions—"Pay what you can and have what you like," is their motto.

But alas! whilst we discourse of roast beef, we must not forget that this Christmas many, who have been accustomed to their share of Christmas cheer, will be compelled to go without it. The slackness of work at the east end of London will put many an honest mechanic upon very short-commons this year. Let us then, who, by God's blessing, can enjoy the good cheer, fail not to remember the hard lot of others who are deprived of it. There is a somewhat quaint Scotch grace, which may recur to our thoughts at this time; and though we may not admire its argumentative mode of thankfulness, it may not be altogether out of unison with our own feelings:

"Some hae meat  
Who canna eat;  
Some can eat  
Who hanna meat;  
We hae meat  
And we can eat;  
So let the Lord be thankit."

At this blessed season of "peace and goodwill," let our hearts and hands be opened for the relief of our poorer brethren, and let us show that the bodies nourished by the strong fare of the "roast beef of Old England," contain within them spirits animated by tender compassion for the suffering, and hearts that can sympathise with a womanly tenderness, whilst they succour with a manly strength.

## MARK GILBERT'S LEGACY.

### CHAPTER I.

**H**URRAH for merry Christmas!" cried out John and Phoebe Gilbert, extricating their rosy faces from branches of holly and ivy, which they threw down on the floor of the neat kitchen, where their father and mother waited their return to begin the evening meal. The various articles for household use, whose brightness is the glory of an English cottage matron, reflected the flames of the bright wood fire beside which Master Gilbert and his comely wife had been sitting, apparently in interesting conversation, for the workman's pleasant face wore a thoughtful aspect that was unusual to it, and the gentle wife's had a somewhat excited expression that was also uncommon to hers.

"Oh, Davy, how I wish you had been with us, it was such jolly fun in the woods; the fellows got up into the trees and shook down the snow over the girls. There were hundreds of squirrels running about, darting like shot up the trees; and lots of hawks and owls,—and, oh, such dozens of pheasants!"

"Don't talk so fast, my lad," said Master Gilbert, laying his hand somewhat proudly on John's curly head; "besides, Davy is asleep,—don't you see how

quiet he is? and Mrs. Puss is asleep too, nestled up in his lap: she knows when she's comfortable."

"Puss is asleep, but I'm not, father," replied a gentle voice from the corner in which David sat on a low stool, his knees pressed together to make a bed for the large tabby cat that lay rolled up in a luxurious snooze. "I've been listening to the kettle, it sings such a pretty silvery song; there's a real tune in it; and when you give me the grand concertina, father, see if I don't imitate it."

The father laughed—a loud, merry laugh; and the mother looked round smiling, as she caught the happy light that lit up the face of her blind child, for David, the eldest of her three children, and now thirteen years old, had been born blind.

"A concertina! what's that?" exclaimed the younger children, leaving their evergreens, and coming forward with curious faces.

"Oh, now I know!" said Phoebe. "Of course it's the pretty music that the lady played for us in haymaking time, when we had tea under the beech-tree, and she lent it to Davy, and he played it at once, all out of his head, and it's better than his accordian. Oh, Davy, Davy, is father going to give you one? How glad you will be!" And the loving little girl clasped her arms round her blind brother's neck, very much to the annoyance of Mrs. Puss, who started up with an injured air and darted away.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Gilbert, when the table was cleared away after tea, "let us put up the green boughs. Father, we shall need your long arms to reach the top of the dresser."

And accordingly Mark Gilbert placed himself on a chair, and soon formed a bright hedge of holly and ivy above the rows of pewter and gay earthen-ware that filled the shelves.

"Now the chimney!" shouted the children; and holding up an arch of evergreens which they had tied together, "it is just like what we helped to make for the church."

"Holloa! I am Jack in the green now," said the workman, again mounting to put up the garland; "but make haste, wife, you know we must answer the letter, and not leave it to to-morrow. I like business over on working days; so when the bower is finished, and we are all like robins in a hedge, the scamps must go to bed, and you and I must see to the letter."

But the *scamps*, as Mark always called the children when he pretended to think them in the way, clamoured instantly against this decision.

"To bed, father,—to bed on Christmas Eve! Why, mother has promised us toasted cheese and elder wine for supper, and we have still six bunches of holly-berries to string together for the church; and David has to practise us in the hymn,—he promised Miss Wilson he would. Oh, father, please don't send us to bed yet!"

"Well, well, lad, the cold has not frozen thy tongue any how; but stay up a bit longer; if mother has promised I'll not meddle."

On hearing this the children clapped their hands, and danced about merrily.

"What shall we do first? The holly, then the hymn, then the supper, then —"

"Then bed," added Mrs. Gilbert, "so work away while I toast the cheese; and, father," she added, looking at her husband, "we shall still have time to write the letter. But won't it be well for you to step round to the school, and ask Mr. Brown to help us a bit? For, you know, law folk might not put up with such bad scholars as we are."

"Why, wife, there's not a better scholar than yourself in this place," answered Mark, proudly. "If it was me now that had to do it all you might be afraid of blunders,—but you, Polly? Why, I'll be bound you can spell a column of them long words just as if you were a book."

Polly smiled, but whether in pleasure at her husband's praises, or doubt of their being merited, we cannot say; at all events, she ceased to urge him to fetch the schoolmaster: and when the children had retired to bed, the honest labourer and his wife set themselves to the task of writing a reply to the momentous letter they had received that day. This letter had informed them that an uncle, who had recently returned to London from Canada, and there died, leaving to his nephew, Mark Gilbert, of the village of Leeford, labourer, the sum of one hundred pounds, and this sum, the executor informed him in the letter, would be paid in three months from that date, provided that the said Mark Gilbert would present himself in London to receive the money.

As Mark had never seen this uncle since he was quite a child, and his wife had never even heard of his existence, the feeling with which they received this great news was that of much astonishment, mingled with thankful joy; for the Gilberts, though raised far above want, through the sober, industrious habits of the husband, and the thrifty management of the wife, had always regretted that they could seldom lay anything by from their weekly earnings for a rainy day. They were more anxious to save as poor David's affliction must prevent his doing much to help himself,—unless, as was often laid before them by their good clergyman, they would consent to send him to an asylum for the blind, where boys were taught profitable occupations, according to their several capabilities. But this was a step which the boy's weak health had as yet rendered undesirable, and his father and mother, who loved him with that double tenderness which God puts in the hearts of parents towards children with bodily infirmities, shrunk from the thought of being obliged to send away the tender, gentle child; for the love of honest, true-hearted Mark Gilbert was not less tender or real because the hand with which he stroked his children's silky hair was hard with labour, or the face which he pressed to their soft cheeks was rough and weather-beaten. Nor was the mother's nightly embrace, when she hung over them in their little beds, less soothing or holy, though her arms were often scarlet after a day's wash, or other household work. Affection like the blessed sunshine, is the same everywhere, and it brightened the humble hearth of the English workman on that cold winter night with even as sweet a light as it shed round our loving Queen in the stately halls of Windsor.

(To be continued.)



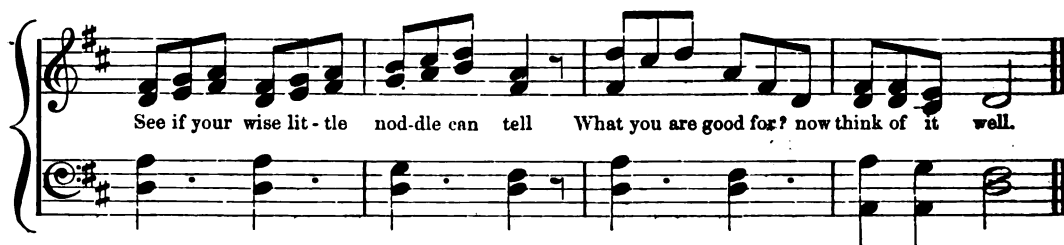
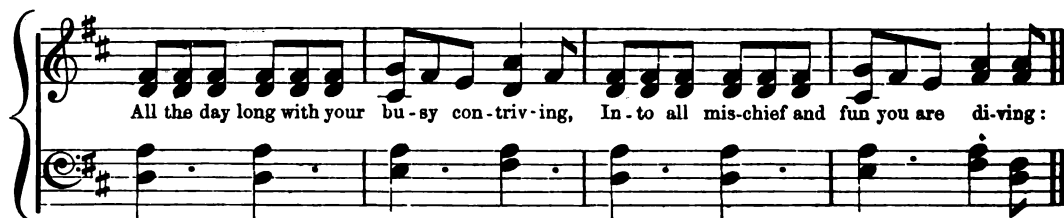
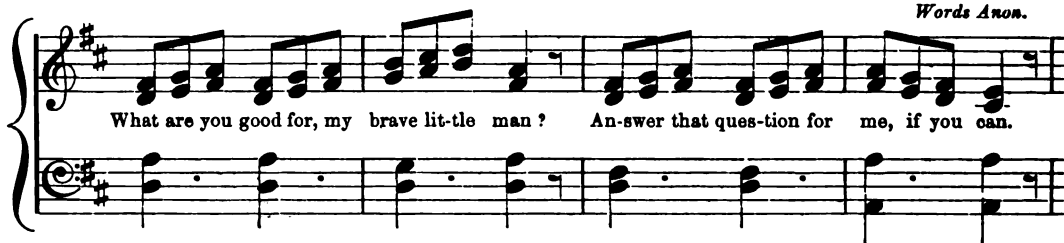
# MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

MUSIC  
COMPOSED

EXPRESSLY  
FOR  
CHATTER-BOX

BY CLARIBEL.

*Words Anon.*



Over the carpet two fat little feet  
Came with a patter to climb on my seat ;  
Two little hands pressing warm on my face,  
Drew me down close in a loving embrace :  
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—  
“Good to love *you*, mother, good to love *you*.”



### THE BEGGAR-BOY ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, A COTTON WEAVER.

A BEGGAR-BOY sank at a lordly door,  
 Feeble with hunger and cold ;  
 His father had died, of the poorest poor,  
 And his mother waxed weary and old :  
 He had left her alone in their sordid shed,  
 In darkness to mutter and grieve,  
 And had come to crave for the bitterest bread  
 'Mid the snows of Christmas Eve.

He saw the broad windows gaily shine,  
 He heard the glad noise within,  
 He fancied the flow of the fragrant wine,  
 And the greetings of friends and kin :  
 And children were there, for he heard the sound  
 Of their laughter, blithely elate ;  
 And the beggar-boy wept with a grief profound  
 As he thought of his own sad fate.

He beat the steps with his tingling feet,  
 And wished for the coming of day ;  
 He caught each sound in the sombre street,  
 But thought of his mother alway ;  
 He brushed the snow from his piteous face,  
 To gaze at the starless sky,  
 And anon he appealed, with unconscious grace,  
 To the heart of each passer-by.

In vain ! in vain ! for no ear was bent  
 To hearken his sorrowful plaint ;  
 And he felt that his heart was crushed and rent,  
 And his words grew fewer and faint.

In vain ! for his suppliant murmurs died  
 Unheard in the misty air ;  
 Careless or callous, all turned aside,  
 And left him to perish there.

At length, from a hundred old towers rang  
 The tones of the midnight chime,  
 And a hundred voices joyously sang  
 A lay of the hallowed time :  
 The boy looked up with a glad surprise  
 At those sweet sounds of the night ;  
 And lo ! there appeared to his startled eyes  
 A Vision, divinely bright.

'Twas an angel shape, and its raiment shone  
 Like the moon in her brightest hour ;  
 Its voice had a soft and persuasive tone,  
 That thrilled with celestial power.  
 " Poor child ! " it said, " enough thou hast striven,  
 Thou shalt hunger and grieve no more ;  
 I am Christ, come and dwell in My own blessed heaven,  
 Where thy mother has gone before."

" I am ready and glad ! " cried the beggar-boy,  
 As he sprang through the blinding snow ;  
 While his young heart beat with a tremulous joy,  
 And his face had an angel's glow.  
 He went with the Vision, and when the morn smiled,  
 On the pitiless pavement lay  
 All that remained of the orphan child,  
 For the spirit had passed away.

## THE ARMOUR OF LIGHT.

(Concluded from p. 23.)



HE next day Jack sailed. The reason which he had given Joe for his sudden determination was not altogether the true one. The fact was, he could not get the thought of Alfred out of his head, and so, in order to banish thought, he determined to try what change would do. The vessel was bound for New York, and was going to call at the Bermudas

on her way. There were six men on board, besides the captain and mate. The captain was a rough, harsh man, and many a taunt and blow did Jack get from him for his awkwardness, which, to one of his independent spirit, were very hard to bear. For the first two or three weeks they had fair weather, and Jack began to feel his new life growing rather dull, and to find that unwelcome thoughts could follow him even on board ship. He was leaning idly over the side of the vessel one evening, engaged, as it seemed, with no very pleasant thoughts, when Bill Stoker, one of his comrades, came up to his side.

"What are you looking so black about, Jack?" he asked; "anything fresh! Our precious skipper has been at you again, I suppose."

"And I can tell him I won't stand his bullying much longer," muttered Jack, between his teeth.

His companion laughed.

"There's no such thing as 'won't' for sailors on board ship," he said; "we must grin and bear it."

"But I tell you I *won't* bear it, and the captain had better look out for himself," retorted Jack.

"What do you think you could do to *him*?" asked Bill; "unless," he added, "you were to get up a regular mutiny."

"Well, I don't see what's the difficulty in that," said Jack; "we are six against two, for I s'pose the mate would stick by the captain."

"No great difficulty, perhaps," returned the other,—"only, if you fail, you run the chance of being shot, or swung up there," pointing, as he spoke, to the yardarm. "But what were you thinking of doing, and how is it to be done?"

"I haven't thought much about it yet," said Jack, "but I suppose we could easily pinion him, and keep him quiet in the cabin for the rest of the voyage, and then we'd make the mate steer the vessel and keep her in her course: he would not venture to stand out against us all, and the captain's fate would be a warning to him."

"It's fine enough to talk," said Bill, "but I doubt if you'd get all the hands to join you: there's Ellice, for one, he's a deal too particular for that kind of thing."

"Well," said Jack, "we must serve him as we do the captain."

No more was said then, but a day or two afterwards they were standing again in the same place.

"Well, Bill," said Jack, "I've sounded the others about it, and they're up to anything,—all but

Ellice, he mustn't hear a sound of it; and it's pretty well settled now, only we must wait till we've called at the Bermudas and are out to sea again. I s'pose we shall sight them in the morning."

"And what are we to do when we get to New York?" asked Bill; "give ourselves up to justice?"

"No, not quite so bad as that; we must put off in the boat before we reach New York, and leave the other three to take her into harbour," answered Jack.

But, happily for Jack, he was not to be permitted to carry out his evil plans. The next day the vessel called at the Bermudas, and the captain went on shore for a few hours, with two or three of the men. The vessel put off again in the evening; but that same night yellow fever, which, unknown to the captain, had broken out on the islands, appeared amongst the crew, and Jack was one of the first to be taken ill. The next day one of the crew died, and Jack continued to get worse. For days he was in an unconscious state, hovering between life and death; but at last the fever took a favourable turn, and left him reduced to a state of great weakness, but out of danger. And then came the trying time, when he was left to himself for the greater part of the day, and could do nothing but think. What would have become of him if he had died then?—if he had been summoned, unprepared, into the presence of his Judge? The thought was an awful one, and he dared not dwell on it; and yet it would come into his mind again and again. His comrades were kind to him, in their rough way; and Bill Stoker would often look in upon him as he lay in his hammock, and try to cheer him up. But Ellice was his best nurse. He was a kind, God-fearing man, and often came and sat with Jack in his leisure time, and would sometimes read him a chapter from the Bible. But this Jack did not much care for,—it seemed to add fuel to the fire which was burning within him, as if it would consume him: he was wretched, and had not found out where to go for peace. By the time the vessel reached New York Jack had quite recovered, and he at once began to look out for a ship sailing for England, as he wished to return home without delay. An opportunity soon offered, and in a few days he was on his homeward voyage.

## CHAPTER IV.

Christmas-day has come again, and Alfred Lucas is dying. Lizzie has gone to church, and Alfred is sitting propped up with pillows in an arm-chair by the fire, whilst his mother sits by his side, with her son's hand clasped in hers. They have been talking quietly for some time, but now they are silent. There is a happy look upon their faces,—and yet, perhaps, in the mother's there is a tinge of sadness mingled with the happiness; whilst in the depths of her son's soft eyes there is a bright, far-away look, which seems to tell of a spirit already mounting heavenward. But their thoughts are called back to earth again. There was a knock at the door, the latch was gently lifted, and Jack Stephens entered. 'Twas the same Jack whom Alfred had seen for the last time a year ago, and

yet he was greatly altered. He looked older, and his face was thin, as though he had been through sickness and suffering. He paused on the threshold as if feeling himself an intruder, and afraid of disturbing the quiet scene which met his gaze. But Alfred turned quickly, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise, held out his hand to him.

"Oh, Jack, is it you?" he said; "I am glad! I wanted to see you again."

But Jack could scarcely speak. He was shocked to see Alfred looking so ill; he had not expected to see such a great change in him.

"I did not think you were as bad as all this," he said, at last. "Can you ever forgive me, Alfred?"

"Forgive you?—with all my heart, Jack, if there's anything to forgive," said Alfred, earnestly. "But where have you been all this time, and where are you come from now?"

"The last place I'm come from is New York," said Jack; "I landed yesterday morning at Liverpool, and came off to Layton the first moment I could to see you. I heard you were ill before I left Northam, and it was that, I think, which made me go off to sea."

"I don't understand," said Alfred, looking perplexed.

"Why, you see, Ben Collier said you had caught cold that night you pulled me out of the river, and that you had never got over it; and I was wretched when I thought that I had been the means of bringing on your illness—that I had as good as killed you, and I couldn't stand it any longer, so I went off."

"But, Jack, you must not say that,—you did not mean to do me any harm, and I only did my duty in saving you: you judge yourself too hardly," he said, laying his hand on Jack's arm. "It was God's will that it should turn out as it has done, and I would not have it otherwise: He orders all things well."

"But aren't you afraid to die?" asked Jack, in an awe-struck tone.

"All the terror is gone," said Alfred, with a happy smile; "my Saviour has taken away the sting of death, and I am ready to depart and be with Him."

"Ah," said Jack, "I daresay it's a different thing for you, who've always been a good, quiet fellow, and never done harm to any one! But I thought it was a terrible thing when I had the yellow fever, and came to look death in the face."

"And it would be just as terrible for me, Jack, if I had nothing but my own good deeds to lean upon; but my trust is in Christ."

"Alfred," said Jack, presently, "do you remember the anthem we sang last Advent, about the 'works of darkness' and 'armour of light'?" It came into my mind the other day, and I thought it was just like you and me. I've been doing works of darkness, and you've been putting on the armour of light."

"And won't you put it on too, Jack, now in the time of this mortal life, when we so sorely need it, to stand against the wiles of the devil, that when

Christ shall come again in His glorious majesty you may rise to the life *immortal*?"

"I do think it's worth trying for," said Jack, "and I'll begin from this day,—God helping me," he added.

Alfred clasped his hands, as if in prayer, and leaned back wearily in his chair, exhausted with his long talk. All that afternoon he scarcely spoke, except to ask in a whisper for anything he wanted, and it was evident to them all that he was sinking fast. It was growing dusk. Alfred made a slight movement.

"Mine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off," he murmured, whilst a heavenly smile passed over his countenance. There was a deep sigh, and all was over.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a few days Jack returned to his ship, for he had engaged himself for another voyage; but he did not return to his old life. In due time, he, too, girded on the armour of light, and was strong enough to conquer his evil habits and to resist the wiles of the devil.

### A HAPPY CHRISTMAS IN CREE.

REV. JOHN HORDEN, from Moore Fort, N. W. America, now on a visit to England, was, just before last Christmas, spending a few days at Clifton with Bishop Anderson, in whose far-off diocese he had formerly been. One evening they went together to a young ladies' school where they spent a very pleasant hour: as they were leaving the house by one door, the young ladies, standing at another, wished them a happy Christmas. Mr. Horden, who was behind the bishop, did not hear distinctly what was said, so he merely bowed and went out. He felt very much ashamed of himself when he heard from the bishop the compliment which had been paid him, and which he had failed to return. So the next morning he sat down and wrote a letter to the young ladies, saying how sorry he was that he had appeared so rude, and that the only amends he could make was to wish them the compliments of the season in the language of the country from which he had recently come; so he wrote as follows:—

Ke nutawālemittinawon misewā ā ituseyak metone kitche milwaletumāk ishpish kā itapecheyāk kiskinohumāk wekumekok otche ā kunawālecheke-tāke Christmas ā keshekeke.

The young ladies had a great deal of trouble in even reading those very long words, and as to understanding their meaning, that would have been entirely out of the question if the translation had not been likewise sent. It was as follows,—“I hope you will all be quite happy during your absence from school for the Christmas holidays.”

You see it does not appear half as long in English as in the foreign language, which is called the Cree, and is spoken by many of the Indian tribes in N. W. America; and now as Christmas is again approaching, we repeat for our readers, both young and old, the wish contained in that letter, that they






A Cree Indian Chief.

may have a happy Christmas, happy in themselves,  
happy through the event which Christmas is in-

tended to commemorate, and happy in trying to  
make all others happy who are round about them.

J. H.

 The Monthly Part for December is now Ready, price 3d.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.



# Chatterbox.



## GOOD-NIGHT.

IT is a sign of well-trained children when the 'Good-night' is cheerfully said, and the little face upturned to be kissed whenever 'nurse's knock' comes to the door for Master Reggie or Miss Conny, especially if they are in the very middle of a game, or if there is a pleasant ring of Chatterboxes round the fire! Children who pout and frown, and beg to sit up just a little longer, do not know how precious is God's gift of sleep and rest, and how miserable they would soon become if they did not have a full share of it. Such children do not think either of the little ones, not much older than themselves perhaps, who have to go to work at factories or foundries just when 'nurse's knock' comes for happier children, and have to work on all the night through, and to sleep as well as they can in the day-time.

There was a little girl who once said that it was "a very tiresome thing that she always had to go to bed just when she wished to sit up, and to get up just when she wished to lie in bed." That little girl must have learnt wishes which might, perhaps, be fashionable, but were very foolish, and very unwholesome; for the common old rhyme is certainly true,—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

It is also true that 'the morning hour has gold in its mouth.' There is a freshness and brightness about the air of early morning that comes at no other time of day—some people think that when the sun first peeps above the horizon, he sends a breath of vigour and refreshing across the earth.

Whether that be so or no, it is quite certain that it is good for every one to be early up and early out; but if it is to be so, then the loving good-night must be said, and the eyes must be closed in "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," as soon as the clock says that it is bed-time.

## THE LUCKY PENNY;

OR, A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.



IN the first day of a new year, three boys stood at the end of a street. A gentleman came up to them, and asked if there was a boy whom he could trust to hold his horse for a short time.

"I will, sir," said one cheerily. When the gentleman came back, he gave a penny to the boy who had held his horse and one to each of those who stood by.

"Now, my lads, meet me here this day twelve months, and show me what you have done with your pence."

One said he would keep it safe, for, maybe, the gentleman would give him another for taking such care of it. The second boy said it was not worth while to take care of a penny. The third, who had earned his penny, was soon gone and out of sight.

"Where is Jack? He got a penny too," said Ned, one of the other lads.

Soon after this a poor boy was in a book-shop asking if he could have a book to read if he paid one penny. After a kind look at him, the master said,—

"Are you the lad that took parcels out for Thomas Brand when he was ill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like to do so now for me?"

A flush came over the pale, thin face of the boy when he said,—

"Indeed I would, sir!"

"But who will speak to your character?"

"My mother, sir; she knows me best."

"But who knows her?"

"The woman of the house where we live, and the people at the shop at the corner."

The bookseller told him to come again at half-past seven next day, and in the meantime he would ask about him. The boy could not speak—he made a bow and ran out of the shop.

"Stop, lad! you have not told me your mother's name, nor where she lives."

The boy gave both, and ran off.

"Stop, lad! you have not a book!"

The lad spoke, but only the words "so glad" and "tell mother" could be heard. He put the book inside his jacket, and was soon out of sight.

John's mother sat at work in a small room. On one side was a bed, there was just space for a round table, a chair, and a box. On a shelf lay three or four books, some ink, and a few old pens. There were only some wood-ashes in the grate. Mrs. Price sat by the window. Her dress was poor but clean. It was not thick enough for that cold day, even if the fire had made the room warm. She tried to thread her needle; in vain, she could not do it. At last she let her hands fall into her lap. A quick, light step was heard in the court—the mother knew it well. She got up, took her work again; and when John gave a tap at the window, she met his beaming face with a calm and quiet smile. "A bright New-Year's day, mother!"

"Where?" she said, with a sad look out upon the snow.

"Everywhere, mother!" He laid the book on the table. "I have earned a penny, and have found a place."

"A place! where? how?"

He told her.

"Now, mother, I will read while you work."

"I cannot work, my eyes are so weak."

"You have looked too much on the snow, mother; mine grow weak when I look at the snow."

"I never thought of that, John; I dare say it is bad for them."

By-and-by the bookseller came in, spoke a kind word to the mother, told her that he could pay the boy four shillings a-week, saw how little there was in the grate, slid a shilling into her hand, and left them.

"It is not luck, John," said his mother; "it all comes from 'Him who careth for us.'"

There was a fire that night in the little room,—they had each a cup of tea, with milk and sugar, and yet they had twopence left. Mrs. Price had her



work to do, while John could thread her needle. After a while he said,—

"Mother, now I have found a place, you need not work so hard."

"I feel that I cannot, my dear boy; but I must think of something else to do. I can sing, and we must get a little dog to lead me."

"Mother! what do you mean?"

She laid her cheek on his head, and in a low voice she said, "I am almost dark, my child. I shall soon be quite *blind*."

He pushed back her hair from her brow, and looked into her eyes.

"It is over-work—you are weak—you are ill. You cannot be blind. It will soon be all right—they are only a little dim, mother;" and he kissed her eyes, but felt his lips wet with her tears.

"Oh! if I had but my sight a little longer to keep me from the parish, and to save me from being a burden to you, John."

"Do not say so, mother. I will not shed a tear this glad New-Year's day—I will not think it is as you say. You have spent many *sad* days since father died, and it has been a hard time for us. He was only a poor schoolmaster; but he took good care of you. You know my four shillings a-week will do a great deal."

The mother and son were alone in the world, but that New-Year's day had brought bright hope to one, which did good to the sad heart of the other. To make John look his best the next day was now their thought. His jacket, though too short, was made as neat as could be; a silk necktie of his father's was to be worn for the first time. It was late that night when the worn-out eyes, and those so young and fresh, were closed in sleep. The next day John was at the book-shop ten minutes too soon. As he stood by the door he thought the clocks were all wrong, though scarcely any one was yet about in the streets. When the door was opened, a woman said, "Are you the new boy?" John said that he was.

"Well! Master had best seek one with flesh on his bones and stout arms."

"Indeed, I can fetch and carry all you want, and do all you bid me."

This was soon put to the proof; the housekeeper could not blame, but was not willing to give praise.

"I have no breakfast for you," she said.

"I have had my breakfast, thank you, and now I am ready to go up-stairs."

With a heart more kind than her words, the housekeeper cut a thick slice of bread and told John to eat it. He went up-stairs, and found a room full of books, and he was to live in the midst of them! He was set to dust and clean, and when all was done, he took up the pens which lay about to mend them. His master came in,—

"So you mend pens?"

"Yes, sir; will you try this one, sir?"

The master did so and was pleased.

John was sent to fetch some books from a place more than a mile off. He meant to be very quick, but the book had no cover, and he read a little on his way. When he got back his master was at the door.

"You have been a long time; how came it?"

"I just read a little, sir, and did not come so fast as I should have done."

"You were sent to fetch books, not to read them."

"Sir, I thought I had time enough."

"I have a *right* to your time, it is all you can give me for what I pay you. It is not honest to waste my time any more than my money."

"I will not look into a book again, sir, without your leave."

The master felt sure this promise would be kept. John was sent down-stairs to get his dinner. A good meal was ready, but John was not used to meat, he could not eat much, and still less, while he thought of his mother who had none. Soon he said to the housekeeper, "I have done, thank you."

"And what shall I do with what you leave on the plate? Put it up in a paper, and let me see no more of ye this day."

John's thanks came warm from his heart, and she knew at once there was some one at home he loved more than himself. But a thought made him stop.

"I will not take it, thank you; I would rather not."

"Poor and proud! poor and proud!" she said; "but you *shall* take it."

"No, my master bid me go and eat my dinner, but he did not say I was to take any of it away. It is his, not yours; so thank you all the same."

As the woman rose up in hot anger at these words, their master came in behind them.

"What is all this about?"

"She gave me too good a dinner, sir; too much, and I could not eat it all, so she told me to put up what I left, and take it home. It was very kind of her, but you had not told me that I might have it."

"To doubt my right——" broke in the angry woman.

"Hush!" said the master, in a tone she was forced to obey, "the lad is right, Matty. You *may* take what you leave, my boy. Matty was right, and you were right. No words, Matty;" and the master left them.

John's life was a pleasant one now, he learnt much, he could help his mother; he had leave to take home any book, if it were brought back next day. His master often made the choice, for he knew best what was worth reading. Mr. White was a kind master; and though he spoke little to John, he saw the change a few months made in a boy, who thought only of his duty, both in the shop and at home. He did not like to see John brush shoes or clean knives, the time could be better spent, both for himself and his mother, and this work must not be done next year.

"Mother," said John, "I shall stay with you to-day. It is the first of the New Year. I have seen my good master—*my friend*, I may call him. I gave him my best wishes, with all my heart."

"Let me feel you, my child," said the blind woman; "while you have joy, I have it too. We have much to be thankful for, my child; you have read, 'Yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.' (Ps. xxxvii. 25.) I

hope Matty does not speak truth, when she calls you a spoilt boy. Now take the little shawl—that is to be your gift—to Matty, and do not mind her strange words; she means well."

The shawl was laid before Matty, but she was hard to please. She was glad in her heart, but found fault with her tongue. At last she got quite angry. The master heard the noise, and must be told the cause.

"I brought her the present of a shawl, sir!" said John, with a blush. "I meant well; but she is angry. I lost my temper, too, which made things worse. I said if she knew who I was, she would be sorry for her words."

"And who are you?" asked Mr. White.

The click of a clock was heard, to show it was about to strike; which it did, ten times.

"May I tell you when I come back, sir? It is the hour to meet the gentleman who gave me a Lucky Penny."

Ned, too, thought of the old gentleman at the same hour, and went to meet him. Ned was idle and in rags.

"Still a beggar?" said an old Irishwoman to him; "and where is the other lad?"

"You know," was all the reply. "I can guess that he is safe where you ought to be, if right was right. This is the first day of the New Year. I wish you may gain some sense by the end of it."

The brisk little woman went off with a load on her head. The boy had no shame about his rags, and did nothing to get rid of them. He went on his way with slow steps as he said,—

"The old gentleman made no promise, so maybe he will not come back."

Two old men soon came that way. They were brothers. The face of one was dull and sour. The other had a kind look for all who came near him; young or old, rich or poor.

"I never yet broke my word," said Mr. Jones, "or it would be like a fool's errand to come here.—That is one of the boys; but, no, it cannot be."

John knew the old gentleman at once; but, even while he took off his hat, his quick eye was on the face of the other gentleman, as if it had been that of a friend; and, indeed, he said "Put on your hat," as if he were one.

"Stay," said Mr. Jones (for this was the name of the gentleman who gave the penny), "what brought you here?"

"You gave me a penny, sir, this day twelve months, when I held your horse. There were three boys; you gave each of us a penny."

"But where are the other two?"

"I have not seen them to-day, sir."

"That is not true," said Mr. Jones, in a rude way; "you boys go and herd together."

"Is that all you have got to say to him?" said Mr. George Jones, his brother.

Mr. Jones shook the snow from his coat; and while he did so Ned crept up to the door of the shop where they stood, and, with a sharp voice, said, "Here I am."

John stood back to make room for him.

"What did you do with your penny?"

"Why, I made more of it."

"Good!" said Mr. Jones; "but how?"

"I had a run of luck, and got four for it. Mother spent it, and then beat me."

"You have a good mother," said Mr. George to John Price.

"I have, sir; and the penny that gentleman gave me was the Lucky Penny of my life."

"My lad," said Mr. George, "what did you do with your Lucky Penny?"

"I went for a book that I had seen in a shop, and gave the penny to read it. The master had no boy, and took me to go on errands."

"You are an errand-boy, then?" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes, sir, at first I was; but my master is very kind, he lends me books, and of late I have read to him, and might do so every night; but my mother, sir, is quite blind though she is not old."

"Where does your mother live?"

John told him.

"And your name?"

"I am called John Price, sir, but it was not the name of my father till just before his death."

"What was your father's real name?" said Mr. George.

"What have we to do with that?" said Mr. Jones; "I do not like men that change their names—I dare say he had forty names."

"No, sir," said John, while a flush came over his face; "he would not keep the name of a cruel father; his real name was John Jones."

The old man caught hold of the boy.

"It is false!—it is false!—he left no child!"

He let go his grasp of the boy, and said in a hoarse voice,—

"George, brother, why do you look at him? There might be twenty John Jones's. Come, George, if you touch him I will never grasp your hand in mine."

George saw this was no time to speak. The old man hastened away down the street—at his own door, the only thing to greet him was a little dog. He gave it a kick, which made it limp and whine with pain, and it was shut out. Mr. George knew he must wait, as did the poor dog. The thought of John gave him a new joy in life, and for his sake the good man waited. At last the door was opened, and the little dog crept in; the brothers met, and they sat down to dine. Mr. Jones took up a glass of wine, and in a strange tone, that did not tell of much joy, he said,—

"Let us drink to this happy New Year."

George rose from his seat, pushed away the wine.

"I will not break bread, nor taste wine," he said, "till we—mind, brother, I say we—for it is my duty, as well as yours—do what is just. Food would choke me; wine would do me no good till right is done to the fatherless and the widow. Put that wine from your lips, brother; let him be to us as a New-year's Gift from God!"

"No," said Mr. Jones, "I have sworn that no child of my son should ever touch coin of mine."

He has touched it, the Lucky Penny was your own gift to him; shall man swear to do wrong, and may not God teach him to repent and do well?"





The Letter.

Page 38.

"But you know the boy may have been taught to curse his grandfather. I know the world, and am sure he would smile and fawn to have my money."

"Try him," said George.

Mr. Jones rang the bell.

"My coat, hat, and stick."

"It is a stormy night," said the servant.

"No matter," said the master.

The brothers went out and found Mr. White's shop. He was not at home. He was gone out with John Price to see his mother. They went on to the widow's home. Mr. Jones gave a sharp knock. John opened the door, and said, like one just awake from a dream, "They are here."

The widow sat by the fire; the Bible lay in her lap, though she could not read; it was still as a friend to her, and she could feel the pages where she knew the words of comfort were written. Mr. White sat at the table. Mr. George told him why they had sought him, and were now come to ask if the boy's tale was quite true. John stood close to his mother, and she put her arm round him to draw him nearer to her. The good bookseller spoke in high praise of John, and then said,—

"I have only just heard that his mother does not bear her husband's real name. The lad seems to think that one of you gentlemen knew something about him."



"Sir," said the widow, "since my poor husband's death we have known what it is to starve. Tears and want, with hard work, have made these eyes dark. But in our worst days we had no wish to hear the name of my husband's father, who would not forgive his son for having made me his wife."

Mr. Jones said, "I am the grandfather of that boy."

John felt his mother press upon him. "Keep still," she said in a low voice; "keep still, hear him to the end: it may be that he is sorry. We must forgive him if he be sorry."

"I will now own that boy," said Mr. Jones, "if he will leave you, and I will take him away from low friends, and give him his right place in the world."

"Don't think of me, John, don't think of me," said the mother again; "it may be that he repents."

A groan came from the lips of Mr. Jones.

"The poor gentleman is ill," said the widow: "though we will not have his money, nor his help, we must pay him respect; he has not one to love him—not one in the wide world."

Mr. Jones sank down on a chair, George took him home, and for weeks did he watch by the sick man's bed. At last the better spirit came, and one night Mr. Jones called to his brother, "Will you ask the boy and his mother to come to me?" George did not lose a moment. The mother and son stood near the bed. The hard and bitter man was grown weak, like a little child. Tears came from those stern eyes—they fell down his cheeks. The blind woman knelt down to pray for him who had "despitefully used her," and forgave him as a Christian can. After that the old man could not bear to lose sight of John, and would mutter, "The Lucky Penny, the Lucky Penny." The voice of his grandson soothed him, his hand smoothed the pillow, till the old man lay at rest.

## MARK GILBERT'S LEGACY.

(Continued from page 27.)

### CHAPTER II.



ARK, you know best what to say, and I can write it down," said Mrs. Gilbert, spreading a sheet of paper on the back of one of the children's copy-books.

Mark had taken his pipe, perhaps with a view to composing his thoughts for this unusual effort, and sat looking gravely at at his wife.

"How shall I begin, dear?" she said.

Mark reflected: "Well, we must be respectful to the gentleman, you know; what do you think of 'honoured sir'?"

Mrs. Gilbert wrote down 'Honoured sir,' very clearly and neatly, and when she had waited a little time in silence, she said, looking up, "And what next, Mark?"

Mark puffed away at his pipe, crossed his legs, and looked inquiringly at the fire, then got up and stood with his back to it.

"Well, you see it's harder than I thought," he said at last, taking the pipe from his mouth. "It would be natural and kind-like to tell the gentleman I'm sorry to hear my uncle is dead, and still it would seem as if I ought to say I'm thankful and glad to get the legacy. I don't think I can manage the two, Polly," and Mark scratched his head with a puzzled look. "Suppose you try yourself, old woman."

Polly was a true woman, and like many a woman in her class, and in other classes too, was intellectually superior to her husband, but she loved him, and had loved him from her girlhood; won by his upright, manly character and tender heart, it was therefore her pride to yield him precedence, and carefully to conceal from him and others that her better education and quicker observation sometimes filled up his shortcomings in such matters as these, though his excellent common sense and strict integrity made him her unflinching guide and example on the road of daily life.

"Very well, Mark," she answered, "and you can still tell me if it is right when I read it to you; but really, after all, I am sure it will be better to ask Mr. Brown to look at the letter before we post it."

To this Mark agreed, and when Polly had, to the best of her power, written a simple, short reply to the lawyer's letter, it was placed on the dresser until the next day, when the schoolmaster, being requested to look over it, and declaring it "very good indeed," it was posted on the way to church. As was usual on Christmas-day, the Gilberts and Browns, with one or two of the longest resident families in the village, were to dine at the Parsonage, Mr. Wilson, the worthy clergyman, and his only daughter, always sharing the meal with them. Mrs. Gilbert had, therefore, nothing to keep her at home, but even on Sundays her orderly habits left her free to go to church. She never liked to put Mark off with a cold dinner on the only day that he could eat the meal at home, but she always managed to have something that could be cooked in the oven and which would be ready on her return, though Mark would much rather have eaten a cold dinner every day of his life than have missed his quiet, neat-looking wife from worshipping at his side in the old church in which they had both been baptized and married, and to whose font they had also brought their children. But this day, Christmas-day, was a special occasion to the Gilbert family, for was not blind Davy for the first time to play the harmonium during service? For two years past, the Rector's daughter, interested by the love of music and quickness of ear which the blind child had shown from his infancy, had given him regular lessons, and he had got on so well that he could now play with ease, and went far beyond her teaching in expressing his own fancies, rambling on through the sweet wild harmonies which those who are shut out from light so often find in the world of sound.

Davy loved dearly to hear John and Phoebe's stories about the great green wood, or to go with them into the field with the rocks where they could so easily make a mossy seat for Davy to rest while they gathered flowers,—cowslips in the spring.

time, wild roses on the summer days, or purple heather in the autumn.

"Oh, Davy, if you could but *see!*" they would sometimes say, when they brought their treasures close to him, and wondered to think that passing his hand lightly over them could cause him to smile as if he had caught some idea of their beauty. Still, it was far less difficult to John and Phoebe to make Davy comprehend their delight in what they saw so plainly, than it would have been for their blind brother to have explained to them his pleasure in listening to the *sounds* of nature, which, to his delicate ear, were so full of beauty and meaning.

The song of the birds had always been his greatest delight, he knew their different notes, from the wild spring call of the blackbird and thrush, to the tender autumn warble of the robin. He was familiar, too, with the voices of the winds, the rushing sound of the river at its full, or the silvery murmuring of the meadow brooks; even the humming of bees in the lime-trees, or droning of summer flies, helped to waken in his heart that sense of beauty and love of nature which come to us who can see, through all the fair sights of earth that meet our eyes. Precious then to him was the gift of music, which alone enabled him to tell what he felt; and it was this descriptive character perhaps, that gave to his playing a charm which thrilled even the most unlearned of his hearers. This charm was especially felt by those assembled in Leeford Church on that Christmas-day; and the Rector, who delighted in devotional music when worthy of its object, could talk of nothing else as he walked with his daughter from church.

"Why, my dear," he said, "your pupil has surpassed yourself, that boy has a decided genius for music; one felt it in the way the children sang, and the people listened. He threw an effect into 'Hark, the herald angels,' that inspired us all in a manner that you have never done yet."

"Indeed, father, I quite felt that myself, and it was really almost too pathetic to watch Davy, as he played, with his sweet face turned upwards, looking so unconscious of everything and everybody around him. One might almost have fancied him one of the 'Herald angels.'"

"I cannot help thinking," replied Mr. Wilson, "that something might be done with this talent of his for his future maintenance. Good organists get very good salaries."

Miss Wilson quite entered into her father's plan, and they agreed to mention it that same evening to Mark Gilbert and his wife, and on doing so were surprised and pleased to find that the unexpected legacy would make it very easy, as the boy might be sent twice a-week to the cathedral town, now made nearer to them by the recent opening of a railway, to take lessons on the organ from an experienced master. So the Christmas party ended at the Rectory.

The clergyman and his daughter had left their guests to themselves after dinner, and nothing was wanted that could promote cheerful enjoyment. Stories and songs were told and sung, and merry games played by the children while the older folk sat talking together until at last they dispersed to

their several homes, having first united with the Rector in a fervent thanksgiving to Him who had suffered them to keep another Christmas in peace. "Always trust Him, my friends," Mr. Wilson had said in his morning sermon. "Those who look humbly to God, may look confidently too. The same glad tidings that gave 'Glory to God' brought also 'Peace and good will towards men.'"

(To be continued.)

### A LITTLE CHRISTMAS ADDRESS.



CHRISTMAS IS COMING.—How the boys and girls are all looking forward to it; how their faces brighten up when you speak of it, and visions of holidays, plum-pudding, sliding, and perhaps skating, float before them; the parents seem to look forward to it almost as much, they are already making their plans for the young folks to enjoy themselves, for Old

Father Christmas must not come and go unnoticed, and even the poorest will try to lay by something, to let their children know what Christmas ought to be.

CHRISTMAS HAS COME—*Cheerful, merry, happy Christmas.*—How good-natured everybody seems; it may be the cold, but I think it is something else that makes their faces glow so pleasantly. They really seem to mean it when they wish each other "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Why, if we were always like this, there would be no disputes, no quarrels, no magistrates, no gaols, no policemen. "Ah, well!" somebody says, "boys will be boys and men will be men"—but stop a minute, I think I remember some such words as these, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." That is the secret of this gleam of sunshine on everyone's face; that is why they look happy, feel happy, and wish all others to be happy; it is because *good-natured Christmas has come.*

Dear little friends, you are hoping to spend a happy Christmas,—will you not, while you "Eat the fat and drink the sweet, send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared;" look round upon your neighbours, and see if there are not any whom it is in your power to cheer by giving them of your abundance; you will enjoy your own Christmas all the more, for you will have learnt the pleasure of looking, "Not every one on his own things, but every one also on the things of others." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

YES, CHRISTMAS HAS COME to remind us how "Christ pleased not Himself," how the King of Heaven humbled Himself, and was found in fashion as a man, that He might bring

"*Peace on Earth, and good-will towards Men.*"

How can we help loving Him, who so loved us?

HAPPY CHRISTMAS—May it be long before we forget your blessed lessons of love, love to GOD and love to MAN.





THE SEXTON.

"Twas like a homily to hear him talk—  
 This ancient sexton—and the belfry was  
 His pulpit, whither, after solemn walk  
 Among the tomb-stones and the churchyard grass,  
 Slowly he would ascend, and slowly pass

The threshold chill, swinging his heavy keys,  
 And ransack his old memory for a mass  
 Of village 'Obiits' and elegies,  
 While summer laugh'd without over the sunny leas."

Part I. for December is now Ready, price 3d. All the back Numbers may be had.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH. 24 Paternoster Row.

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# Chatterbox.



A Dog and her Puppies, from Life by F. W. KEVL.

### A DOG AND HER PUPPIES.

THE following story is told in Goldsmith's *Natural History*, and shows the natural love of a dog to its offspring so strong, as to make it blind to the fact that its little ones were dead.

A preacher, named Bucholz, who lived at Hasmark in Hungary, had to go to the village of Eperies, about twenty miles distant, and he took with him his dog.

He stayed there several days, and had to return home without his dog, which, in the meantime, had a litter of five puppies. Bucholz had not been long at home, before, to his great surprise, his dog appeared with a puppy in her mouth, which she carefully laid on the mat where she commonly slept herself, and then she rushed out of the house along the way leading to Eperies; after some hours she appeared again with a second puppy in her mouth, and in twenty-four hours she went and came back four times more, on each return bringing home a puppy, of course all were dead.

As she laid down the last puppy on the mat, the poor dog could scarcely stand for weariness; she whined and trembled, looking pitifully at her dead puppies, and after walking once or twice round, then she lay down beside them and died in a few minutes. In twenty-four hours she had run above 180 miles.

Though this story seems almost beyond belief, yet it is quite certain that God has put a very strong natural love in many animals, and that they will do or suffer almost anything for the support or protection of their young.

### THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

A STORY FROM AMERICA.

TWO little boys were standing at a gate. They were both about the same age. But one of them was finely and tastefully dressed while the clothes of the other were coarse and ragged. It was in the autumn. The huskers were busy in the cornfield, and from the strip of woods beyond floated the sound of the wood-cutter's axe.

"Have you no better clothes, Benny?" asked the well-dressed boy.

"No, I haven't, Johnny."

"Why don't you get better ones?"

"Because I can't. I have no money. I can't get work to earn money."

"That is bad, Benny. Are you going to school this winter?"

"I guess not, Johnny. I must stay out and do such little jobs as I can find to do. I would like to go to school very much. I wish I knew as much as you do, Johnny."

"Pooh! I don't know anything. I am sorry for you. I am glad that I am better off. But that does not make me feel proud. It is a sin to be proud. God made you as good as I am, if your clothes are ragged."

Benny took his little friend by the hand. A tear glistened in his eye.

"You have been always kind to me, Johnny

Allen," said he. "You have never hooted at me, nor taunted me, like the other boys; and I will stand by you when we are men."

"Look here, Benny! How would you like to work on a farm all winter? Good clothes, enough to eat, and plenty of work!"

"I would like that."

"Then I can help you. My uncle Abbott wants a boy on his farm. I will give you a letter to him."

Two days afterwards Benny stood in front of Uncle Abbott, awaiting a reply. Uncle Abbott was a pleasant-looking old man, with hair quite grey. He put on his spectacles, opened John Allen's letter, and read as follows:—

"Medow Brook, Oct. 9, Eighteen 45.

"Uncle abbott, thiS iS Benny, He iS a good Boy. He iS Poor & Has no Home Please Keep Him and give Him Work.

"your Neffew

"JoNn aLLen."

Now, Johnny was quite a small boy, and not so well learned as Benny supposed him to be. But, notwithstanding the spelling, capital letters out of their places, and want of stops, the letter of introduction did its work, and Uncle Abbott gave Benny a home for a number of years.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was an October night in Philadelphia. The air was as cool as November. It was late, and there was not much noise on the streets. In a cosy room sat a man. He looked careworn and haggard. He shaded his brow with his hands. His wife stood beside him, smoothing his hair, and speaking words of encouragement to him.

"It is no use, Belle," he groaned. "If I cannot command ten thousand dollars by to-morrow noon, I must go to the wall. The banks are so pressed that there is no money to be borrowed from them. I am a ruined man."

"Perhaps this may be of use to you," said his wife, handing him a slip of paper.

He went to the lamp and read as follows:—

"Phila. Oct. 9th, 1865.

"First National Bank, Philadelphia—Pay to John Allen, or order, ten thousand dollars.

"BENJAMIN BERWICK."

"Belle, what does this mean? It is a cheque for ten thousand dollars. Who is Benjamin Berwick?"

"The gentleman stopped here to-day. You were not in. He felt sorry, and left the cheque and this note:—

"My old Friend, Johnny Allen,—While in the city to-day, I heard that the failure of your bank would seriously affect you. Do you remember the letter of introduction you gave me to your uncle Abbott? It was exactly twenty years ago. A few years ago I bought land in Venango County. It proved to have oil on it, and I am quite a rich man. If the accompanying cheque will help you, please use it. You can make it all right some time.

"Your friend,

"BENNY."

John Allen cried. John Allen kissed his wife, and his wife kissed him. John Allen did not go to the wall—which means to break up. And all on account of that misspelt letter twenty years before.

**THE LITTLE SWEEP.**

By the Authoress of "The Pearl of Days."

COME, gather round me, little boys, give heed to what I say,  
I do not come to chide your noise, nor yet to stop your play;  
I only want to tell a tale, a simple tale it is;—  
'Tis all about a little boy, who played such games as this.

It was a broad and quiet street, a pavement smooth and wide,  
Some lads were playing just like you, their school-books lay beside.

Weary and faint from early toil, a little sweep came by,  
He stopped and looked—not at the taws—the books had caught his eye.

"If I could only learn to read! will no one teach me how?"

He whispers to a little boy, who stands beside him now.

"What will you give?" the lad replied, "and I will teach you well,

I'll teach you to pronounce the words, I'll teach you how to spell."

"I'll give these taws, a pocketful, I'll give them every one."

The bargain struck, they side by side, upon a step sit down,

And day by day the little sweep for a fresh lesson came.

Then one lad, and then another, would leave the merry game,

To sit beside their pupil there, and teach him how to read:

To sooty hands, or sooty face the lads gave little heed.

Ere long the books told tales at home, at school they did the same,

And so no one would teach the sweep the next day when he came.

And when he asked the reason why, "Our books grow black," they said;

"We dare not let you touch our books, yours is a dirty trade!"

"I know it is," replied the sweep; "but I can learn as well,

If you will come aside with me and teach me how to spell,

Upon those gravestones in the yard, the church-yard close beside."

A lad consents, the lesson's given, the sweep one copper paid;

And day by day to that strange school the boy returns to learn,

Unto his teacher giving still what odd pence he may earn.

And I have read, if memory serves to tell the tale aright,

That that poor sweep became a man of learning fair and bright;

A useful man, and true, and good, an honour to his name,  
And much I wish that each of you, my boys, may be the same.

And now to play, but yet, my lads, bear this one thought in mind—

Whate'er we seek right earnestly, we are most sure to find;

Then set your hearts on noble things, and seek them with a will,

Seek wisdom more than glittering gold, seek energy and skill.

**THE SIMPLE BREAKFAST.**

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.



E drew our little boat up on a beautiful little island in the lake, where we proposed to take our breakfast. It was early in the morning, but my Indian guide had my breakfast ready in a time less than I had supposed possible.

"I hope you feel hungry," said he, "for our breakfast is very simple."

We had a large lake trout, caught within half an hour, coffee, crackers, butter, salt and pepper, and this he called very simple! The remark set me to thinking.

"Sabattis, how old do you suppose our trout that we are eating is?"

"I cannot tell; but I notice that all the trout of last year weigh about a pound, and those that I call two years old, about two pounds; this fellow, then who weighs at least five or six pounds, must be five years old."

"Very well. Now what enemies beset this trout during the five years?"

"During the first year the older trout hunt, and eat them always as surely as they can find them, so that they must go into shallow water to get rid of them. There the kingfisher stands ready to eat them at all hours of the day. Next the wild ducks as they lead out their young and feed them. Then the loon, which I believe would eat a peck of fish in a day if he could get them, hunts them without mercy. If he escapes all these, there is the fisherman with his trolling rod, or his line at the buoy, or his spear and torchlight, as the fish lie on their spawning beds in the fall. Among all these, I often wonder how a trout ever lives to grow as large as the one we are now eating."

"Yes, and how many fish must have been created for his food, during all these years, and all this growth! How much do you suppose he eats daily?"

"There's no saying. I have often caught them when they had at least half a pound of undigested fish in their stomachs, and then again, without anything. They seem to eat enormously when they can get enough, and go without when they can't."

"Well, it seems to me, from your account of the



matter, we are to have a very costly breakfast, and I marvel at that Providence that has gone before us to get it ready for us."

"How costly, sir?"

"Why, there are five years of watch and care to rear our fish down in the bottom of that lake, defend him from being eaten up a hundred times, help him away from the fisherman's hook—and then, at the very time when we needed him, to have him snap at our hook and be taken. Then we needed salt, and there it is, made in the West Indies, and brought by a hundred hands to this place. There, too, is the pepper, raised on the island of Ceylon, and brought here for seasoning. There is our butter, made from the grass on the hills, which have been made into pasture after years of toil. Those crackers are from wheat that grew in Illinois, ground and baked ready for our use. It would be curious to know how many farmers, merchants, sailors, teamsters, and labourers, have been employed in getting what you call our 'simple breakfast' ready! and then consider that if all the people on the earth are fed this day, and should they all be seated side by side, each one occupying but eighteen inches, their table would reach round the earth, twenty-four thousand miles! Food to be created, prepared and cooked, so that all these can eat three times every day. And these are only one kind of the unnumbered creatures which have to be fed. 'Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desires of every living thing.'"

"I see it is so, but I never thought of it before."

"And that forgetfulness of God and His constant providence, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. The fact is, friend Sabattis, men do not love to think about God, or acknowledge Him in anything. I was lately in a place suffering for the want of rain—the crops withering, and the streams drying up, and though the people wanted rain, longed for it, none looked to God, as the one who 'maketh a path for the rain.' I heard many profane words, but not one of prayer. And it sometimes seems to me very strange that God endures a race of creatures so unthankful as we are; and it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. But this mercy of the Lord is like an ocean without bounds, without bottom, and fanned by the wings of angels. I think that we ought to recognise God in everything, and when I hear a blessing asked at the table, I understand it to be an acknowledgment that God has gone before and provided our food, gathered from all parts of the world, and personally prepared it for us."

### PRACTICAL JOKES.



WO years ago I was one of a pic-nic, where the children were ranged around tables, and waited upon by kind ladies, who furnished them with an abundance of good things. All seemed happy and contented, except one little boy, who, sad and silent, stood apart from the rest. He had been forgotten, I thought, and

drew the attention of the lady nearest me to the child.

"There is a little boy there who looks wistfully at the cakes and pies," I said, "but he seems to be eating nothing."

"Why, do you not know that he cannot eat?" the lady asked, in surprise, and then she told me his sad story. Here it is:—

Two boys were playing together in the back yard of the dwelling-house where one of them lived. They had everything to make their lives pleasant—friends, fortune, and health, and no future was brighter than theirs. As they ran through the yard, one of them stopped a moment before a vat of dark, clear liquid, and asked his playmate what it was.

"I know," was the reply; "taste it!"

"Is it good?"

"Yes! real good; taste it!"

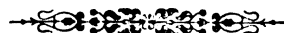
The little fellow put his mouth down, and took one swallow of the liquid. It was strong lye, and it shrank the membranes of his throat and destroyed his palate, and from that day to this he has never been able to eat solid food. Bread-broth, or sugar and water, is all the nourishment his feeble life receives. The story is true. It was a cruel joke, as well as a wicked lie, and the boy who was guilty of it will bitterly repent it, for it will yet probably cost a human life.

Some boys were playing on a frozen pond, which had several spots of weak ice. One of the boys tied his skates together and whirled them to the middle of the pond, and there left them lying. "Just wait," he said to a boy near, "till Joe Burke comes down, and we'll have some fun." Joe was a small, poorly-dressed boy, who suffered much at the hands of his elder and more knowing companions. When he came to the pond the boy to whom the skates belonged was sitting on the ice looking quite forlorn.

"If I only had my skates I'd go home," he was saying. "Maybe you will just run over and get them, Joe, like a good fellow; there they are," pointing to the spot. Joe, who was a good-natured boy, ran briskly to get them, and, as the other lad had planned, he broke through the ice, that was only strong enough to bear the skates, and he got a thorough wetting.

There was a great laughter at his rueful face as he scrambled out; but he was poor, and had no clothes to exchange for his wet ones. The cold and damp struck into his feeble frame, and he died in less than a month, of 'typhus fever,' the doctors called it, but really the drenching "for fun" sowed the seeds.

I have related two practical jokes, with the results. They were not so very funny after all. Even if they had not ended so sadly, you have only to imagine what your own feelings would be in such positions, and avoid an amusement which has for its foundation even the temporary unhappiness of a fellow-being. There are a thousand sports that call out no peril or suffering. Use them in right measure and season, but have nothing to do with such questionable pleasures as practical jokes.





#### TO A REDBREAST.

**W**ELCOME, little Robin,  
With the scarlet breast!  
In this winter weather  
Cold must be your nest.  
Hopping o'er the carpet,  
Picking up the crumbs,  
Robin knows the children  
Love him when he comes.

Is the story true, Robin,  
That you were so good

To the little orphans  
Sleeping in the wood?  
That you saw them lying  
Pale and cold and still,  
And strewed leaves above them,  
With your little bill?  
Whether true or not, Robin,  
We are glad to see  
How you trust the children,  
Hopping in so free.  
Hopping o'er the carpet,

Picking up the crumbs,  
Robin knows the children  
Love him when he comes.  
Though the little Robin  
Has no gifts of speech,  
He can useful lessons  
To the children teach.  
Still to trust that blessing  
Will be richly given,  
When they ask their Father  
For their bread from Heaven.

#### MARK GILBERT'S LEGACY.

(Continued from page 36.)

##### CHAPTER III.

**T**HEY were pleasant days to the Gilbert family that preceded Mark's visit to London, cold, it is true, and often damp and dismal, after the fashion of Old England's spring climate; but they were lengthening days, and hopeful days. Honest Mark and his wife had now no clouds from the future to cast a shadow over their nightly chats, after the *scamps* had gone to bed. Polly could talk of her blind boy's future,

and smile at the thought of his not leaving her tender care while he so much needed it; and John could chuckle with delight at the idea of bringing home the concertina, which a note from Miss Wilson was to enable him to buy "all right." John and Phœbe's daily returns from school had marked the progress of spring. Shouts of joy had told their discoveries of the first snow-drops, hyacinths, crocuses, and nodding daffodils; but, oh! joy of joys, primroses came at last, and violets, with delicate wood anemones and blue hyacinths, first brought in by twos and threes for mother to put in a glass where David could smell their delicate perfume; then

gathered in bunches in the woods and lanes and everywhere.

At last the morning came on which Mark was to set out for London. The neighbour who was to drive him to the nearest railway station was at the door with his cart a little before the time, so, while Polly was giving the last finish to all her preparations for the journey, the children had a drive to the end of the lane and back, and then Mark mounted, giving each of the *scamps* a hug and his blessing as he lifted them down.

"He will be back on Saturday night," said Polly to herself as she turned to re-enter the cottage, having watched the cart along the road, and answered John's last sign of farewell by a wave of her apron. There was a tear in her eyes, for it was the first time that Mark had left her since their marriage, now fifteen years ago.

"I must set to work and be busy," she said to herself again, "it looks so lonely now that he is not coming back to dinner, I could sit down and have a good cry, that I could, but I won't;" and the wife's thoughts went back to a time, which somehow to-day did not seem so very long ago, when, something having gone wrong in their courtship, and the way not seeming so clear to their marriage, Mark had roused her from a fit of low spirits by saying, "Come, pretty Polly, set about thy work, my lass, it will help thee to keep care away by day, and make thee glad enough to sleep by night." "He was always so good to me, dear kind Mark," she thought. "Oh, children!" she said aloud, "won't it be joy to have father back again?"

The children, who were preparing to start for school, looked up surprised. Their brains were still full of the novelty of his going away, and novelty, to children, has always a certain charm about it.

"Why, mother, he is but just gone," John replied; and Davy added, "And he will find so much that is wonderful in London, mother?"

"Yes, yes, I know," quickly replied the mother, smiling now, as she awoke to the recollection that there really was nothing to be sad about. "Run away with you, children, and mind, I don't want any more flowers, the place is just in a litter with them; and I am going to have a regular turn-out, so as to have all as bright as a new pin on Saturday; and then, my bairns, you may bring me a nosegay, and welcome."

Off ran John and Phoebe, gay as the little birds that flew over their heads, or the lambs that jumped and frisked about the fields through which they took their way on that bright spring morning. Sorely tempted was John to gambol too, and he did once throw himself down head-foremost, and having taken a roll, lay on his back with his legs kicking upwards in a way that might have led to further manifestations of the idle merriment working in his heart, had not Phoebe reminded him that they would be late for school, and they had promised father to "try to be good and steady" while he was away. And they did try; for it was a wish to please those dear parents, whose smiles of approval were so pleasant to them, that was their motive in their strivings to be good. It was so pleasant to watch father's bright

looks when mother told him of an evening that the children had been "so good and useful," and to feel his arms round them when they sat on his strong knees, he listening in sympathy to all they had to tell about their school and play. "Oh! how jolly it will be to have father here again," said John, gathering himself up into Mark's easy chair, the evening before his expected return.

Davy had spent nearly every morning at the harmonium in the church, or playing on Miss Wilson's piano, a privilege that kind lady had allowed him since he had been her pupil, so Mrs. Gilbert had been able to carry out her Easter cleaning without interruption. One might have thought, in seeing the neatness and order of the cottage, that the good matron was giving herself needless trouble. But Polly was not one of those who are content with merely making things neat and comfortable to look at. She knew that cupboards, and shelves, and corners, if not duly attended to, accumulate dust and dirt, and that without cleanliness and purity we cannot expect rooms in which we constantly live and sleep, to be healthy. So she worked away, singing merrily, and thinking how fresh and pretty it would all be for Mark on Saturday night.

And now Saturday night was come, all was finished, and everything restored to order, the bright articles on the polished oak dresser looked brighter than ever. Phoebe sat beside her mother, helping to hem new muslin blinds for the windows, in which some plants in pots which Polly had made quite clean and red, seemed ready to welcome the master to his happy home. Davy sat in his usual corner with puss on his lap, and she, quite unmindful of the chords that he was drawing from the accordion close to her ears, slept soundly.

"Now," said Mrs. Gilbert, after she had finished putting up the blinds, "I think I will look after the tea, it will not be very long before father comes." "Phoebe, lass," she said again, when all was prepared, "set to and toast this bread while the boys and I walk along the road a bit."

So up the lane they went, and on the road too, Davy's quick ear listening for every sound. "Hark, I hear wheels," said Polly, stopping and straining her eyes in the twilight up the long road.

"No, mother, that's Norton's mill beginning to work," said the blind boy; "but now, now there are wheels coming, and fast enough too!"

"Oh, yes," said John, running forwards, "there is the tax-cart, I see it. How it flies along, and there is father and Joe Carter! How fast they be coming down the hill, mother!"

Yes, they were coming fast,—too fast, the wife saw it with a heart beating quick with terror. The horse was running away. Swiftly, wildly, he was dashing on. Aye, on to the narrow bridge at the end; it was reached; there was a sudden jerk and crash; and then he was off again, with the remains of the shattered cart dangling behind him, and maddening him to more speed.

"Merciful God, is he dead?" gasped poor Polly as she lifted her husband's head from the ground. "No, no, only stunned," said Carter, who, bruised as he was, and with an arm broken, was terrified by the



agonised looks of the wife. A wife no longer. A widow, now; for Mark was indeed dead; he had fallen on his head, and concussion of the brain had caused instant death.

We will not attempt to describe what took place during the week that followed this great sorrow. The windows of the little cottage in which honest Mark Gilbert had been so happy with his little family in life, were closed, as he lay in the midst of them in death. We will not look in upon the stricken hearts that mourned around him.

## CHAPTER IV.

But the day came when all was over. The blades of grass, where so many feet had trod to pay the last tribute of respect at the grave of the kindly neighbour, the venerated father, and the tenderly-beloved husband, were again lifting themselves up in the evening dew, where Mark Gilbert lay alone in the silence of the village churchyard.

Poor Polly! God alone had known the sick and faint tremblings of despair that had come over her soul, but the true spirit of religion had so infused itself into her gentle and submissive nature, that she did not find it hard even now to lean on God, or to seek His help. Mr. and Miss Wilson, from the hour in which they first knew of the accident, had devoted themselves to their work of offering help and comfort to the bereaved widow and her children; and the clergyman, wisely judging that to occupy her mind on important matters would be the best thing for Polly, knocked gently at the cottage door this evening, and soon after his entrance said,—

"I think, Mrs. Gilbert, it will be well for me to write at once to the lawyer, with whom, there can be no doubt, poor Mark has left the money in London."

"Thank you kindly, sir," she replied; "he must have left it for safety. Mark was always cautious and careful; even the little money he had about him was tied up neat and tidy, with a paper round it, which was, I suppose, a receipt for the concertina he brought for Davy. Here it is," she said, taking a small pouch made of tan leather from her pocket.

Mr. Wilson looked at the contents. There was not much money, for that had been taken for funeral expenses; but there was the printed bill of a celebrated maker of concertinas, with a stamp affixed to the receipt for five pounds. There was also another little memorandum of various items of expense. Mr. Wilson made a little account of all.

"He must have drawn ten pounds," he said, "so you will have ninety pounds to receive. This is a great mercy in the midst of your heavy trouble, Mrs. Gilbert: think what it might have been had you to look forward only to your own exertions for your own and children's bread."

The poor widow hung her head, and wept bitterly.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I wish we had never heard of that legacy! It will always seem to me like the cause of my poor Mark's death; and as for the concertina, Davy cannot bear to hear of it, so I have put it quite away."

The poor woman was so choked with sobs that

she could not say more, but she grew calmer as Mr. Wilson proceeded to point out to her that she must not attribute life or death to any secondary causes, for, unless life be taken through the violence of men's evil passions, we dare not doubt its being altogether in the hands of God; and we are called upon in this, as in all things, patiently to accept His will. It cannot be expected," he said, "that Davy will take pleasure in the instrument at present, but after a time he will remember that it was his father's last wish to get it for him, and it will comfort him to play it and you to hear. Give me the lawyer's address now, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, "I will write the letter to-night."

And so, commending her to the care of "the God of the fatherless and the widow," he left the cottage.

By return of post an answer came to the clergyman's letter. The lawyer expressed his regret to hear of the sad accident that had befallen Mark Gilbert, and proceeded to state that he had received the whole amount of the legacy left him by his late uncle,—100*l*. The same had been paid in ten Bank-of-England notes (the numbers of which had been noted down). Mark Gilbert had been observed to put one of the notes in a tanned leather bag, and carefully to fold up the remaining nine in a half-sheet of paper, which he had asked to have given him for that purpose, with wax to seal it up, and having made all quite secure, he had been seen by all present to put the little packet into an inside pocket of his double breasted waistcoat, remarking that it was "all safe now."

Great was the consternation produced by this letter: every pocket worn by Mark on his journey, as well as those which he carried in his little bundle, were searched. The latter, with the six-sided box containing the concertina, had fallen from the cart not far from the spot where poor Mark himself lay when he was killed, and both had been carried home by John. It was clear, then, that Mark must have dropped the packet, or left it in the room where he had lodged; or, perhaps, they might know something about it at the place where he had bought the concertina. Letters were therefore written, and Mr. Wilson went himself to London to make personal investigation,—all in vain. No clue, even through detective policemen and advertisements, could be discovered to the missing money; and at last hope died away, and suspicion grew into conviction that, in an evil hour, the packet had dropped from Mark's breast, and had fallen into dishonest hands. The widow's worldly circumstances were now dismal indeed; it was plain that on her own earnings, gained in whatever way she best could, the maintenance of her children and herself must depend. The loss of her husband had so absorbed her feelings, that had it not been for the sake of the children she would have felt her second loss but little. She had good health, and did not mind hard work,—besides, it would keep her from thinking, as she knew Mark would have said. But there was a grief and disappointment caused by the loss of the money deeper far than the prospect of long days of work and short nights of rest; it was the secret dread of losing Davy that cast a shadow



The Accident.

about her heart,—the more so as the kind Rector and his daughter would soon be leaving home (a change having been prescribed for Mr. Wilson's health), and strangers were to take their place at the Rectory, where the blind boy had always spent so much of his time. Had Mr. Wilson been able to afford it, he would gladly have made all smooth for the boy; but his means were small, and all he and his daughter could do before leaving the village was to ensure a certain amount of work for Polly, by speaking on her behalf to the clergyman who was coming. The farmers' wives also promised to em-

ploy her, and the farmers agreed to give work to John at one and sixpence per week. Phoebe, too, could see and attend to the cleaning and cooking, when her mother should be out at work. So far, therefore, the little family seemed likely to be able to get on; and the Rector and his daughter set out on their journey, having for some weeks previously seen them cheerfully busy, able to pay their weekly way, and also laying aside a small sum towards the rent.

(To be continued.)



# Chatterbox.





## A CONTENTED FARMER.



ONCE upon a time, Frederick, king of Prussia, when taking a ride, noticed an old farmer ploughing his acre by the wayside, and cheerfully singing at his work.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not it was the king. "I am not so rich as that; I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a-day?"

asked the king.

"Eight groschen" (about a shilling), said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the king. "Can you get along with it?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said,—

"Well, if I must tell you—two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend out; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt towards which I pay two groschen a-day. The third pair of groschen which I lend out I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. They will pay it back in the comfort they will be to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sisters whom I could not be compelled to keep. This is what I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with the answer, said, "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a mystery which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the king. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming, "The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."

"GODLINESS with contentment is great gain. . . . And having food and raiment let us be therewith content."—1 Tim. vi. 6-8.

## SAD SCENES IN WAR TIME.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.



A GERMAN writer relates many touching stories and incidents of the late civil war which caused the death of thousands of brave men, and desolated so many happy homes. While we lament the cruel ambition which caused this war, we cannot help being thankful when we read of the many bright deeds of love and charity which it called forth. Not only did hundreds of women, many of them ladies of high rank, leave the comforts and luxuries of home to attend to the wounded on the battle-field and in the hospital, but

men, too, of all classes came forward as volunteers in the same noble and self-denying work. A white banner with a red cross floated over the ambulances, or waggons for the wounded, in the field and over the hospitals in the towns which were connected with these societies, the members of which were likewise distinguished, and their neutrality proclaimed, by the same sign—a white band with a red cross worn round the left arm.

One of the most heartrending scenes described is at Kissingen. This is a small town in Bavaria, in a lovely situation, crowded in summer by the noble and wealthy of all lands, on account of its medicinal springs. Here are pump-rooms and ball-rooms, avenues of splendid trees and lovely gardens, arcades and shops, large hotels and boarding-houses. A most bloody battle took place here; the hotels were riddled with shot, the gardens strewn with corpses, the trees cut down, and the splendid ball-room with its surrounding arcades turned into a vast hospital. Under these arcades, says the German writer, the mattresses lay so close together that there was only the narrowest path on which one could walk, and on each mattress wrapped up in a blanket, lay a wounded soldier,—they were from all parts of Germany, and of every age—from the beardless youth to the man whose hair was already grey, and on all these faces might be seen the same expression of pain and suffering, of silent grief, or of sullen despair. A sad spectacle indeed it was—one that must have touched the hardest heart, to see these poor fellows, surrounded by the fragrant flowers on that beautiful bright summer morning, so young, so brave, but a few hours before so happy, with now, in most cases, the fearful alternative before them of death, or of being crippled for life.

We go from mattress to mattress, if we cannot help, yet a kind word, a shake of the hand, is some comfort to those poor suffering ones who feel they must meet death far away from those they love. Here is a terrible sight. A Bavarian shot through both eyes, he can scarcely be twenty years old, he is groaning, and sighing, and stretching out his hand for the cup which is close by him, but he can't find it, because his attendant is not near him. I kneel beside him and place the drink to his lips. He falls

back upon his pillow, and murmurs, "Thank you very much." Alas! he is quite sensible. I had hoped the contrary. Further on is a Prussian, shot in the leg, he lies quietly in great suffering: I tell him how well his regiment fought, he listens with joy, and when I leave him, presses my hand as if I were an old friend, begs me to come and see him again, and to tell him the real truth whether he is to suffer amputation or not.

A little further on, the dark majesty of death is to be seen in all its fearful power. They are lying close together—those two dying soldiers. O my God! before one short hour has elapsed, two of Thy children will be in Thy presence. Receive them mercifully, O my God!

The same scenes may be witnessed, hundreds of times, all through these arcades. But these are considered comparatively only slightly wounded. It is in the great ball-room itself, with its splendid paintings and mirrors, and gilded chandeliers, that the severely wounded are lying; here is a spectacle which would unnerve the strongest man. Here Roman Catholic sisters of mercy and Protestant deaconesses may be seen bending over the couch of pain, helping everywhere, soothing everywhere, comforting everywhere, with skilful hands, with friendly smiles, with hopeful words. Many noble ladies, visitors to Kissingen at the time, came forward to help in this benevolent work. A lady, who can scarcely overcome her emotion, kneels weeping at the side of a wounded officer, almost a boy. He is delirious; she listens: "Mother—dear mother!" he stammers. "Oh, dear—dear mother!" The lady sinks sobbing down beside him, then summoning up all her strength, she makes her way through the crowd, and seizing the arm of a Kissingen physician, leads him, almost by force, to the bed of the youth. The doctor examines him, shrugs his shoulders. "Very little hope," says he; "the ball is in the spine, and in that case there is little chance of extraction being possible." The lady did not think long, but ordered the servants to take the wounded lad to her house, wrote to his family, did not leave his bedside for two nights and a day, nursed him as the tenderest mother would do her most darling child; and when death seemed drawing nigh, she would not suffer that the Christian boy should depart this life otherwise than as a Christian, and though not a Protestant herself, she sent for the Protestant clergyman of Kissingen, who had been for two days unceasingly employed in the same sad work, to administer the Holy Communion to the dying soldier. But when in the last moments of his life, a few beams of reason dawned upon the departing soul, and he put out his dying hand to thank her, her strength left her, and she fell down fainting. This lady was the Russian Princess Gargarine, and the wounded officer, before unknown to her, Ensign Mooyer, of the Prussian 15th Regiment from Minden.

Two days after the battle, a whole line of carriages might be seen conveying those visitors who still remained out of this melancholy watering-place. Behind them all comes a light waggon, which, though drawn by two strong horses, rolls very

slowly along the level road. It seems likewise to be taking visitors away, as two strange gentlemen are sitting on the bench near the coachman, and the whole back part of the waggon is filled with hay and covered with a few empty sacks which conceal a large chest at the bottom.

When the waggon comes to a village with a paved street, the horses begin to trot. One of the travellers turns and looks round anxiously at this chest. "Oh, not so fast, not so fast!" he murmurs. The coachman did not understand him, and the horses quicken their pace. The young man, looking at the chest, and with his eyes filled with bitter tears, cries, "Not so fast, not so fast! do you not see how he is shaken backwards and forwards?" The other traveller seizes the reins and explains to the coachman, as he points with his finger behind him, and the waggon now goes on as slowly as before. The sorrowful traveller has placed his head in his hands and is crying like a child, the other sits silently beside him, the coachman looks gloomily at the trodden-down corn-fields on each side of the road.

It is terribly hot, there is no shade along that straight, flat road. They drive slowly on in silence, till at last the one takes the hand of the other whose tears have now ceased to flow, and says, "Courage! courage! your mission will soon be fulfilled, do not lose heart now."

"How I have had courage and strength to do what I have already done I do not know, but I can do no more. I can do no more," replied he.

"Think of your aged mother, and what an unspeakable consolation you are preparing for her, and how many poor mothers and wives would envy her for it."

"Envy her?" he said in a bitter voice, as he cast a look of despair behind him.

"How old was he?" inquired his companion, who would not allow him thus to brood over his grief.

"Just eighteen! and only six weeks ago he entered the army."

"Was he the youngest of your family?"

"Yes . . . the darling . . . the Benjamin . . . of my poor . . . poor mother."

"Had she no gloomy fears when he went to the seat of war?"

"I don't believe there ever was a mother who so rejoiced to see her son a soldier as ours—and now—"

"Now God will give her strength to bear the sorrow, and she will thank her elder son for the comfort which he has prepared for her, that she can deck with flowers the grave of her darling boy, and come sometimes to pray beside it."

"Oh, yes, I feel that; it will be an unceasing alleviation for her grief; but oh! if I were but at home with my sad burden! if I ever get as far!" And then casting that indescribable look on the chest behind, and wringing his hands, he stammered, "Poor . . . poor . . . brother."

The waggon which was rolling so slowly along the road from Kissingen to Meiningen, on that bright Sunday morning, contained the body of Ensign Mooyer from Minden, who had been so kindly

nursed by the Russian lady. He had been buried two days when his brother, who had heard of his wound, and feared its fatal result, had hastened from Bremen, determined not to allow the beloved remains to repose under a strange soil, but to bring them back to his native land, where the bereaved mother might have this comfort, that her darling should repose by his father's side, where she, too, would one day rest when her sorrows were over.

The reader cannot conceive the excessive difficulties with which Mooyer had to contend, first, to find his brother's body, then to disinter it and bring it away. All this had to be done in one night, then a coffin had to be made, and, finally, the most difficult thing of all, a waggon had to be hired to transport the sad burden to the nearest railway station.

But a brother's love found strength and energy to overcome all obstacles, and to bring back the earthly remains of her child to his sorrowing mother.

I had made Mr. Mooyer's acquaintance in Kissingen, and was so touched by his sad mission, that I made up my mind not to leave him, but to be as helpful to him as I could.

The day before Mr. Mooyer had been seen flying through the towns and villages post-haste, and the postilion had informed inquirers that it was a gentleman going to see his wounded brother in Kissingen. To-day he was seen with pale face and swollen eyes returning in a waggon, the contents of which were so ill concealed that people guessed everything, men looked up with serious countenances, and women put up their aprons to their eyes.

If we stopped anywhere, children flocked round us, but their mothers pulled them back, and more than one pressed her little son to her arms with a look of thankfulness to Heaven that God had still left her her treasure. Sometimes men with serious and sympathizing look would come up to my companion, and without saying a word, would press his hand out of the fulness of their hearts, and then walk silently back. At last, as the sun was sinking, we were obliged to go faster, but the nearer we approached the station, the more the courage of my companion sank.

"Oh!" he exclaimed in despair, "I shall never get home! it has all been of no use. I shall be obliged to bury him in Meiningen, for it will be impossible to take him further in the waggon."

At last we reached the station, where crowds of people were assembled, as the news had arrived of another battle. We went to the station-master, who told us that the line was in possession of the army, and could only be used for military purposes, and that he had strict orders not to allow any one to travel on it—permission could only be obtained from a commanding officer. He told us that a train for the north would be up in about a quarter of an hour.

Mooyer leaned against the wall in despair, his courage had completely left him.

"Do not give way altogether," said I; "let us hope that some officer will give you permission to transport a dead comrade."

There was a whistle, and a long military train came up.

"Come," said I, "let us see the officer in command of this train, he will surely help us."

"Here is the officer in command at your service," said a tall figure alighting from a carriage.

Mooyer approached the officer, but suddenly recognising him, he took his hand and exclaimed,—

"Major Preuss! thank God!"

"Mooyer, how are you?" cried the Major. "What are you doing here? Have you any news of your brother?"

My poor companion burst into tears; the Major understood this answer, and placed both his hands in his.

"Courage, my friend!" said he. "Courage! Is he dead? When? at Kissingen? Did you see him again?"

"Major," said the station-master, before Mooyer could reply, "there is a coffin outside with the body of a fallen Prussian: may it be taken on the train?"

"It is my brother," stammered Mooyer.

"By all means," said the Major; "put on a truck at once."

With many warm, hearty words I said farewell to my poor companion, who, with his mournful charge was rapidly borne away to his home in the north.

Another writer gives an interesting account of the frightful scenes he witnessed on the battle-field the day after the great conflict of Sadowa, and of the fugitive Bohemian villagers who lost their all in this war, their corn being trodden down and their houses destroyed. He says:—

"In the bloody battle of Sadowa there stands a young Bohemian soldier, on his heart rests the talisman which his mother made and put herself round his neck to protect him from danger. As every now and then he feels the string by which it is tied, he thinks of his mother. Suddenly a ball hisses through the thicket, he falls down among the bushes, the talisman has not protected the Bohemian from the deadly bullet. Night sinks down on the field of Sadowa. Troops of robbers and marauders come out from their hiding-places. A woman too, an old, sad-looking, bent-down woman, glides from one heap of slain to the other. With a haggard look of deep anguish she stares in the face of every fallen man. Hour after hour she searches, she is never tired of seeking; there is one man lying among those trodden-down bushes, just at the foot of the crucifix. She flies to him, a shrill cry sounds over that dark field, the mother's eye was not deceived, —it is her son,—the Bohemian mother has found her dead son. Hour after hour passes away, still she sits by the corpse of her son. With loving gaze that pale face bends over the still paler features of the son, she holds his cold stiff, right hand in her own, as if she could never leave him. There she sits, and kneels, and prays for her dead son till morning dawn, and he has to be laid beside his comrades in the long, sad trench."

When we read such accounts as these, we seem to value still more that daily petition of our Liturgy: "Give peace in our time, O Lord," and mentally add to it the prayer that "our own land may ever be protected from the horrors of war."





### A STREET IN BOMBAY.

**BOMBAY** is one of the three divisions, or from its situation it is a sort of storehouse of all *lishman's burying-ground*; but of late years, owing to various improvements, it has become much more healthy.

'Presidencies' as they are called, of British Arabian and Persian manufacture. Bombay used at one time to be called *the Eng-* healthy.

The rainy season, which lasts about four months, from May to September, generally begins with a violent thunder-storm, which has been named the "elephanta," owing to its extraordinary violence. The air after the storm becomes cooler, and the previous extreme heat is much moderated.

The following strange fact is related by one who has written about Bombay:—In ten days after the rainy season has set in, all the ponds and puddles swarm with fish about six inches long, in appearance like the mullet. Frogs, which are very common throughout India, are very large at Bombay. A traveller states that he saw one measuring from hind to fore feet twenty-two inches, and he supposed that its weight was from four to five pounds.

On the sea-shore around the Island of Bombay is found a great variety of beautiful shells. Various snakes of different kinds are too plentiful for the comfort of the residents, even the cobra de capella, whose bite kills in about a quarter of an hour, is found here.

The city of Bombay has its name from Portuguese words meaning 'good harbour,' and the art of ship-building is carried to great perfection by the Parsees, and the native dock-yards are large and as well managed as those in England. The first line of railway in India was opened from Bombay to Tanna in 1853.

The city is surrounded by strong fortifications, and contains well-built streets, markets, Government house, a handsome English church, and many chapels, besides temples of the Hindus and mosques of the Mahometans.

The engraving, taken from a photograph, shows a street in Bombay as it is.

The inhabitants of Bombay are composed of English and Portuguese, and almost every nation of Asia. At some future time we hope to give "Chatterbox" readers pictures of some of the natives, and an account of their manners and customs.

#### HOLIDAY SONG.

**H**OLIDAYS, holidays, happy, happy holidays!

Books away,—now for play,—

'Tis the time of holiday—

Maps and lessons, books and slates,

Tease no more our puzzled pates,

Holidays, holidays, welcome holidays!

Holidays, holidays, thoughts of home our spirits raise;

Every boy sings for joy

Pleasant thoughts his heart employ.

Kindly voices, goodly cheer,

Loving voices now are near—

Holidays, holidays, welcome holidays!

Raise, upraise, shouts of praise for our happy holidays;

Home we go, where we know

Eyes will sparkle, cheeks will glow;

Then refreshed, we will return

Back to school again to learn,

But to-day, shout we may, welcome holiday!

T. C. W.

#### MARK GILBERT'S LEGACY.

(Continued from page 48.)



**T**HERE is no remedy for trouble of mind like plenty to do, and if those who, in God's providence, are obliged to help themselves, could feel the miseries, real as well as imaginary, that spring from idleness, they would not envy the rich as often as they do.

It was thus that poor Davy, though meekly resigned to his lot, had so much leisure for brooding over it, that sorrow gnawed deeper and deeper at his heart. "I am only a burden to mother," he would say to himself. "Even John helps her; I am blind, and it takes up Phoebe's time to lead me about, Oh, if I could but do something for them all, perhaps they would teach me music at the Asylum."

The thought of leaving home was very bitter to the poor lad; but he concealed this so well when he asked Mr. Brown to speak to his mother about it, that the good schoolmaster thought the only objection to so good a plan would be on the widow's part, so he opened the subject to her, cheerfully urging her to consent.

"I will speak to Davy myself," she said, "I think this want of change must come from his not getting out so much, now that we are so busy." But though she said this, her mother's instinct told her the real motive of Davy's wish to go to the Asylum; she had not been unmindful of the sadness that would steal over his face when, on Saturday nights, John brought home his earnings, sometimes chinking the money in his hands, or throwing it in idle glee on a pewter plate to flake it ring. And she had also noticed, when she took her last nightly look at her boys, before going to bed herself, how often she had found Davy awake; or, if sleeping, with tears on his cheeks, which had become even paler than usual. So she took an early opportunity of speaking on the subject to him; and when, after talking together for a little time, the boy tried to persuade her that he would really like the change, she said, "No, no, Davy, I know why you want to leave me, you think you are burdensome to your mother, but put away that thought, lad; for, if I had not you to look at, and know that you were safe, I could not get on at all: it's a hard struggle at best."

Polly was not wise in choosing the latter line of reasoning, for it probed poor Davy's wound to the quick. "Yes, mother," he replied, "I know it is a hard struggle, and that is just why I want to go where I can learn what may enable me to help you some day, and lighten your burden now. And do you know, mother, I feel sure that if father could speak to us, he would say I ought to go. You know he used always to say, 'Whatever road God points out is the right one.'"

Polly reflected a little and then replied, "Well, my boy, let it be thus. We will wait a little longer to make sure of its being the way that God points out. Suppose we say to Christmas next; and after that,



if your mother's hands have proved too weak for their work, you shall go."

After this conversation, the subject of Davy's going to the school was not again alluded to. The widow's little home went on as usual, she working late and early, in the effort to keep it together. Time, too, flew by with its usual speed, where every movement is occupied. Spring with its tender shades of green and delicate blossoms, had given place to the dark foliage of summer. The little garden was bright with roses, and still neat; for the neighbours were kind and helpful, and would, even after a hard day's work, turn in to set the widow's garden to rights. The poor are ever ready to help each other with a willingness that might be held up as an example to others. John and Phæbe's rambles into the woods, and games with their young companions, were very much hindered now, for they were busy with those serious duties of life, which usually come later; but they were very happy and merry still, and in the long summer evenings when work was over, and their mother did not need them at home, they often led their blind brother to some of the old pleasant haunts, and never failed to return with spoils of their favourite wild flowers "for mother," who sat sewing at home. This was Polly's time for thinking, and it was then that visions of Davy going away from her seemed most to haunt her, for she could not but feel that the struggle to maintain her family grew harder every day. It was true, harvest time might bring more work, but then autumn and winter must bring less. Perhaps it was the trouble of their thoughts that caused the look of suffering and weariness remarked by so many in the poor woman's face.

#### CHAPTER V.

And what a glorious harvest time came at last! How like glistening seas of gold the wheat-fields looked with their tall crisp blades waving in floods of sunlight! Who could even dream of want, while the earth was teeming with plenty straight from the hand of God! Little John Gilbert picked up a heavy ear of corn, and rubbed it in his hands as he walked home after the birds had gone to sleep. And his clappers and whistle were no longer needed. He was glad to eat the grains that remained when he blew away the chaff, for his dinner had been scanty that day, only a piece of bread and a very small bit of cheese, that Phæbe had wrapped up for him; and now he was not likely to have much of a supper, for his mother was ill. She had been seized with a sort of rheumatic attack after a hard day's work at washing, and this was the third day that she had kept her bed. The village doctor looked grave when Mrs. Brown, who came in and out as often as she could to look after Polly, asked him what he thought was the matter? and answered, "It may be a long affair, and it will be well if it does not turn to rheumatic fever; the poor woman has worked too hard, and I daresay she has fretted and worried a great deal, illnesses that come in this way are always the most difficult to deal with."

All that the doctor said turned out to be right; poor Mrs. Gilbert's illness was indeed a long one, a rheumatic fever of severe suffering, and so te-

dious, that it was not before a bright warm day at the end of October that the weak invalid was permitted to take her first walk. Creeping just outside the cottage, with Davy's arm round her, on one side, and Phæbe's strong little shoulder supporting her on the other. Bravely and meekly, just as Mark could have wished her, the Christian woman had borne her sufferings. She had not aggravated them by useless chafings at the additional distress which she knew they brought, and must still bring, upon her family. She was calmed by the thought that she was now altogether in the hands of God, and that her duty was no longer to be active and careful, but the far harder one, to lie still and wait. She had sometimes thought herself dying, and then a momentary pang, for the children's helplessness had jarred on the peace that she felt for herself in going to be with her Saviour and with Mark, away from all the sorrow and struggling; but those darker thoughts had not lasted long, her short, fervent prayers had been answered when she asked for entire submission. And now that it appeared to be God's will that she should again take up the thread of her life of poverty, the widow was willing to do so, though this day of her first getting out was also the first on which she had allowed herself to look steadily at the future.

The neighbours had been very kind, and the clergyman and some of the wealthier farmers had helped a good deal during Mrs. Gilbert's illness, but still it had brought many expenses, and the little store laid by for the rent was nearly all gone. It was plain, therefore, that the cottage must be given up, or further debt incurred. So Polly wrote that night to the landlord, asking permission to leave at the half-quarter. On talking over matters with Mr. Brown, she found that one of the farmers was willing to take John into his house as a helping boy, "And then," added the good old schoolmaster, "the best thing for you, Polly, will be to come with Phæbe to us; our third room is a small one, but you do not want much space; and while you are feeling your way, you know we can let payment stand over; my wife and I have only our two selves, and it will be hard if we cannot spare enough to do a kind turn for Mark's widow and child. Dear heart alive," he added, seeing a tear gather in the grateful woman's eye, "you and he were our first scholars in this village; ought that to go for nought, Polly."

Mrs. Gilbert's heart was too full to allow her to speak, but she pressed her kind old friend's offered hand. Good and kind, too, as he was, his words had caused a cold chill to fall on the mother's heart; for had not his total silence regarding Davy told her too plainly that the long-dreaded hour had come at last that was to decide on her separation from this dearly loved child? At last she summoned courage to speak, and went into the subject at once. "Oh, do not think me ungrateful," she said, with a faltering voice; "but if I could just go once to see the place that Davy is to go to, and know the sort of life he is to lead, I think I could better make up my mind." It was now Mr. Brown's place to tell her of all that had been done during her illness. By Davy's special desire, the clergyman





acting in Mr. Wilson's place had taken all necessary steps to secure the blind boy's being received into the school at the beginning of the new year, should his mother consent to the plan. Mr. Brown had been to see the place, and reported most favourably of the kindness shown to the boys, and also of the advantages they had in being taught whatever was likely to prove useful after they should leave school. So Polly agreed; and it was not until she had crept up the little stairs that night, and bent over her sleeping boy that she allowed the feelings of her heart to relieve themselves in tears. Oh! how could she send him away from her; her first-born child, whose sweet face brought back such memories of the baby so watched and loved by herself and Mark,—the little sightless thing whose tiny finger-tips and quick hearing so soon detected when other arms than those of its father or mother were round it, or any other

voice spoke baby language in its ear? These were the weeping mother's thoughts as, with her face close to his, she knelt beside her first-born child. And then, in a voice broken with sobs, but raised in her anguish far higher than she intended, she said, "Mark, Mark, must he go?" "Yes, if it be God who leads the way," was the answer, quickly spoken. It came from the lips of Davy, who partly awakened by the question spoken so close to him, uttered the reply from the sort of waking dream into which he had been thrown by his mother's presence. He instantly fell soundly asleep again. His mother pressed a tender kiss on his forehead and left him. "I think Mark has sent me that answer, I will not murmur any more," she said, as she laid herself down on her bed, where she soon fell into a quieter slumber than she had known for many nights.

(Concluded in our next.)



# Chatterbox.



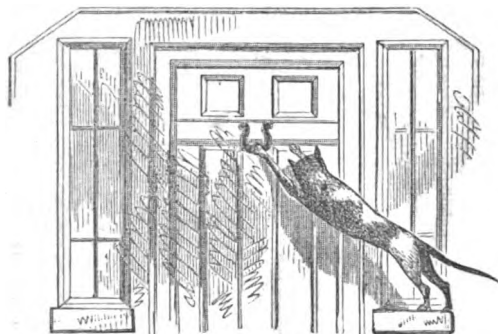
Cats, from Life by F. W. KEVL.



## CATS.

A Spurring Pussy sits before the fire, staring into the glowing embers, or allowing the children to haul and hug her, and turn her about in every conceivable way, causing, one would think, discomfort if not downright torture, I can scarcely believe that she is nearly related to the Royal Bengal Tiger who dines off the patient Hindoos whenever he can catch them, and makes nothing of carrying off a fully-armed Sepoy from beside the camp-fire if at any loss for a supper. Yet both are *Felidæ*, or of the Cat-Kind, a family of *Carnivora*, in which the organs of destruction (viz. teeth and claws) and the appetite for slaughter are most fully developed. Yes, and if you see our Tom or Mrs. Tom artfully watching for a bird—how she springs on it and destroys its life; or after she has caught a mouse, how cruelly she plays with it—lets it run—then catches it—then lets it go again, you will agree that, though Tom and his wife have been admitted to polite society, they would fall back into terrible ruffianism if turned loose again on the world.

Some people have an idea, however, that our Tom sprang from those wild *Felidæ* which once infested all parts of England, and still are to be found in Cumberland, Scotland, and Ireland. To prove the contrary, I may state that while good King Howel, who died in 948, reigned over Wales, whereas domestic cats cost high prices—viz. a kitten, before it could see, a penny; till it caught a mouse, two pence; and four or five times as much afterwards, provided it was a good mouser: at the same time rewards were given for killing *wild* cats, and no mention is made of catching wild kittens to tame them. Where the domestic cat came from, it is difficult to say; only it is not among the native animals of our island. Perhaps the Romans got it from Egypt and brought it over.



Cats are remarkable for their sagacity. My friend Mr. M. F. gave me an account of a cat belonging to a sister of his who lived in the country. When a kitten, it used frequently to be shut out of the front door over which was a porch with a seat in it. Wearied with mewing Pussy used to hide herself in a corner of the porch till some one, coming to call, knocked at the door and was let in. Many a day no doubt the little kitten sat there and watched, revolving in its mind the problem of the knocker and wishing that it were

able in its turn to summon the servant at its need. "The knocker lifted produces the sound, the sound summons the servant, and the servant opens the door, and, the door being open, I can run in," thought Pussy. At length Pussy tried the experiment, and not at first, but after many failures, succeeded in moving the knocker. On each side of the door were narrow windows; it had to rear itself on the sill of one of these on its hind-feet in an oblique position at the full stretch of its body; and then, steadying itself with the support of one front paw, it used the other to raise the knocker.

W. H. G. K.

## THE CHEMIST'S CAT.

By T. A. Smith.

SOME years ago, a chemist was engaged in trying the effects produced by inhaling various gases and vapours. In addition to experiments on himself and others, he subjected a favourite cat to some experiments with laughing gas, ether, chloroform, &c. The experiments were not productive of pain to the cat, but, either from a want of taste for scientific research or some other cause, the cat was highly offended with the proceedings, and never afterwards willingly entered the chemist's laboratory. But the most remarkable thing was, that the cat had acquired a most intense dislike to bottles and glasses. The chemist sometimes made the cat's aversion to glass a source of amusement and instruction. He used to tell his visitors that he had got a cat who was a thorough teetotaler. His visitors used to object that there was nothing extraordinary in that, for all cats were naturally averse to strong drink. The chemist used to admit the truth of this, but then he informed his friends that this cat was an *ultra*, and carried her aversion much further than other cats, inasmuch as she could not even bear the sight of bottles and glasses. To prove this, the chemist used to place a bottle or glass on the floor, cover it with a cloth, and then call the cat, who readily came to his call. The chemist, after patting the cat and speaking of her good qualities, used to remove the cover from the glass, when instantly the cat would dart out of the room, and nothing could induce her to return. The cat was a sensible cat. She did not wish again to experience the effects of gases and vapours, and therefore endeavoured to keep as far from them as possible. There are thousands of human beings who have suffered and are suffering through the use of strong drink, but they have not sense enough to imitate the chemist's cat. When I see a working man losing his time and wasting his money in the public-house, I cannot help thinking that he does not display so much sense as the chemist's cat. In short, all who are the slaves of drink, whether rich or poor, would do well to follow the example of the chemist's cat, and never suffer the bottle or glass to come near them. It is supposed by some persons that inferior animals are not gifted with reason, that being the high privilege of man alone. But, alas for the honour of man! thousands of human beings have not sense or strength enough to imitate the chemist's cat.



## LITTLE ROSY.

Gleaned from the beautiful story of "Mabel Vaughan," written by the Author of "The Lamplighter."



**H**OSE who think that they are going to read about some smart little lady who lived in a very grand house, and always wore a silk dress and kid gloves when she went out for a walk, will be quite disappointed. Our little Rosy grew in a very different garden. The dingy shop, which was her mother's chief support, was in a narrow street, and the floor of the sunken building was a good deal below the level of the pavement. Thus the cheerful sun which rose behind the house, and set behind that on the opposite side of the street, never found its way into the close, cellar-like room, where Widow Hope sold needles, tape, and various other articles of trifling value, including candy of her own manufacture.

There were two windows to this room, both fronting the street. One contained samples of the widow's scanty stock-in-trade. A few cards of buttons, discoloured by exposure or soiled by time, a few clay pipes in an earthen mug which had long wanted a handle, with here and there a paper of pins, a skein of coarse thread, or a last year's almanack, told what might be found within.

Besides these articles there were some little attempts at ornament, which should not be omitted. These were two clumsy wooden figures, the one a parrot, gorgeous in green and yellow paint; the other a laughing, portly old sailor, who with his hands on his side, and his feet in the position for commencing a horrupe, appeared resolved to be jolly in spite of circumstances. These decorations were hung out as signs for the public generally; but for the immediate neighbourhood, the opposite and ungarished window had a different and far deeper meaning; for here might always be seen the arm-chair of the invalid child, little Rosy, whose thin, pale face was as familiar as the day to every one who passed up and down the narrow street. Few were so thoughtless, or so hurried, as to pass the widow's shop without bestowing a kindly glance upon one whom everybody loved, and everybody pitied. Children on their way to school stopped for a moment to look smilingly up at the well-known window, sure of an answering smile in return; old women pressed their faces against the glass, and spoke a word of inquiry or kindness, and hard-faced men exchanged some friendly signal with Rosy. Or if, as was sometimes the case, the arm-chair was empty for a day, many an eye missed the little sick girl from her place, and peered anxiously into the room beyond, hoping to make out how it fared with the child.

Little Rosy had a sister whose name was Lydia, and who was a few years older than herself. She was nursemaid in the house of a lady of fashion, who did not think much about anybody except herself. One day this lady was very cross with Lydia and gave her a month's warning; and the poor girl was

very sorry to leave her place, though it was not a pleasant one, but it was better than hanging as a burden on her mother. In the evening she went home to tell the bad news, and after she had told her mother and had 'a good cry,' she went up to see her sick sister. And if we go with her, we may see some sights, and hear some words, which would make us very much more thankful than we are for the common blessings of health and strength.

Let us try with our minds to go with Lydia into the bed-room. There is a taper dimly burning there, an indulgence always craved by the sick child, who, propped up by pillows, is reclining on the bed. It would be difficult to guess her age; for though her little wasted limbs and tiny hands would seem those of a young child, there is no youthful glow in the pale and sunken face resting on the pillow. Her hair is light, and has a golden tinge; her transparent forehead is marked with deep blue veins; there is a dark circle beneath her eyes; her features are narrow and contracted; her thin lips pressed close together as if sealed in that position by long and persevering efforts to hide every sign of the pain which has, nevertheless, set its stamp on each line of her expressive face. There is no beauty, no loveliness, no childish promise in that pinched face, on which disease has stamped itself for years. Only in the deep blue eyes, which, like brilliant jewels, seem starting from their withered settings, can one read aught of hope; nor is it any earthly hope with which the soul seems ever looking forth from those bright windows, on—on through the mists of Time, to some happy, though unknown land, where the patient little sufferer may hope to rest.

Lydia opened the door with so little noise, that her sister did not hear the sound. Her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall, and she did not observe Lydia's entrance till she stood close beside her. She then turned her head slightly, unclasped her thin hands, and laid one of them on the hand of her sister, saying softly, "Lyddy!"

"Have you been very ill to-day, Rosy?" asked Lydia, in a low voice.

"Oh, Lyddy," said the child, "I've had to sing all the time when I have been awake."

Lydia sighed, for Rose had told her as a great secret just before she left home, that she never sang except when in great pain.

"Oh, poor Rosy!" she exclaimed, in a tone of deep compassion.

"No, not poor," said Rose, thoughtfully, "not poor;" and fixing her eyes upon the opposite wall with that earnest gaze which seemed to look far off into the future, she added, "Little Pilgrim and I have kept each other company all day,—the path is dark, Lyddy, but God's blessed angels keep watch above the clouds, and the way grows brighter at the end, you know."

As Rosy spoke, Lydia's eyes unconsciously sought the object on which the child's attention seemed riveted, as if trying to find in it the source of that joy, which now lent a momentary glow to her sister's sunken features. The feeble light of the taper shone upon a small engraving which hung on the wall. A portion of the picture was in shadow,



"He gently rested her head on his shoulder."

but the figure of a youthful traveller was seen in the foreground, above whose head rolled many a dark and threatening cloud, while the path beneath his feet was obscure and narrow. He trod with a firm step, however, and an eye uplifted to the spot where, in the clearer firmament, three cherub heads might be distinctly seen, looking forth from above the silvery summits of those very clouds which at their base were so dark and fearful.

It was no new appeal which this little fellow-pilgrim made to the heart of Rosy,—no fresh lesson of hope which she drew from the sight of the angel-guard, set above life's dreary pathway. For many a year the picture had accompanied her from one

room to another, hanging always opposite her bed during the long weeks of illness that had often confined her to her pillow. But its eloquence was not exhausted yet; on the contrary, every day her spirit drank deeper of its heavenly lesson, and became more and more convinced of the reality of its blessed promises: while to her lonely hours of pain it acted as a soothing balm, none the less useful because it had been often applied.

Little Rosy had a brother too. Jack was a very rough boy, and his work made him all the rougher, for he was almost all day in the streets, or in the market-place, hawking his mother's sweet-stuffs. Like many other lads, Jack fell in with a bad com-

panion, Bob Martin, who had led him into a street-brawl, and he was shut up in the police-office for the night, and only escaped being sent to jail by paying a fine, which took all his mother's hard-earned savings, and forced his sister Lydia to go out to service. Of course this brought Jack into disgrace at home; but he was blind to the silent woe painted on his mother's face; he only whistled, or put his hands in his pocket and lounged out, when Lydia poured out her unsparing reproaches. He was steeled against the ill opinion of all the neighbours, but the sick little Rosy had a strange power over him.

There was one eye which followed him, even when absent from its presence—one voice which never spoke to his ear unheard—one little hand whose restraining pressure had power to check him in his headlong career. Gently and noiselessly had the spell been cast around him; but the boy's rude nature softened, and his heart bowed down with something like holy awe, when he listened to the sweet, loving words, or gazed upon the little withered form of his sister Rosy.

She alone had received him after his disgrace, in that spirit which at once whispers to the sad and contrite heart forgiveness, love, and hope. She had extended her thin trembling hand, and while the tear started to her large blue eye, had pressed it to her fevered cheek, and murmured, in broken accents, "You will not stay away from Rosy another night?" and he had laid his head on her pillow and wept, though no one but Rosy knew it.

On the evening that Lydia sat by the bedside of her sister, after they had talked of many other things, Rosy said in a quiet whisper,—

"Lyddy, where's Jack?"

"Gone off with Bob Martin," replied Lydia, with some returning bitterness mingled in her tone of voice, "and I may as well go back alone," continued she, making a movement to rise from her place by Rosy's side, "for, like enough, he won't be home till morning."

"Yes, he will," said Rose, confidently; "he will come to give me my drops at ten; he has never forgotten it since you went away. Is it not near that time now?"

"It can't be far from it," said Lydia. "I will go and get my bonnet, and see if my shoes are dry."

At this moment Jack's voice was heard in the shop, and just as the church clock struck the hour of ten, he entered Rosy's room on tiptoe, holding in his hand a cup and phial. Lydia had not yet left the room, but sat behind the bed, quite out of sight, and Bob Martin himself could scarcely have been more astonished than she was at the sight which now met her eyes.

Could this be Jack, the noisy and often surly Jack, who now stood near the light, carefully measuring out and counting the drops? Could it be his rough hand which was tenderly passed beneath his sister's neck, while he gently rested her head on his shoulder, and placed the medicine to her lips? Above all, could it be his rude accents which were now softened to ask so kindly and lovingly, "Do you feel any better, Rosy?"

Yes, it was Jack; there could be no doubt of that; for as Lydia followed him into the kitchen, after his labours as a nurse were completed, he betrayed his ordinary self by the abrupt and harsh manner in which he addressed her with, "Well, Lyd! you here yet?"

"Of course I am," said Lydia, half provoked, half grieved, at his surly manner towards her; "did you suppose I had gone back alone?"

"Jack!" called Rose from the next room.

He was by her side in an instant.

"You'll go home with Lyddy?"

"Yes."

"And then come back to me?"

"Yes."

"That's a good boy."

"Good night, Rose," said Lydia, stooping over her bed to kiss her, while Jack went to look for his cap. "I can't tell when I shall see you again. Good night, darling."

Oh! what a wonderful power the sick girl had over the rough nature of her brother Jack; and how many more sisters might have something like the same power if only they would be as gentle as little Rosy was, if only they would love as truly, and pray as truly for those they love, as little Rosy did. But it was not Jack alone the sick girl loved and watched over, and tried to guide aright; she had a little school in her own room which she taught every day that she was strong enough, and indeed, on many days when she was not strong enough and ought to have given herself a holiday. One day, Miss Mabel Vaughan, a kind young lady, sister of Lydia's mistress, called to see Rosy, as she sometimes did. She entered the shop and there she found Mrs. Hope. After a few words of greeting, Mrs. Hope opened the door of the inner room very quietly, so as not to disturb those inside, and she wished Miss Mabel to go forward. But the sight which the young lady saw stopped her, for Rose was seated in her little arm-chair in the centre of the room, and around her were grouped some half-dozen children, none of whom could have been more than seven or eight years of age. Their eyes were fixed upon Rosy's face, while she repeated, slowly and distinctly, the last verse of the hymn they were singing. It ran thus:—

"Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye;  
Fed by the Father's hand,  
Love cannot die;  
Oh! we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall reign with Thee,  
Blest, blest, for aye."

As Rose spoke the last word, the children began to sing. It was sweet and touching to hear their childish voices uniting in the simple melody which Rose had taught them. But it was sweeter and more touching still to see them, when the hymn was finished, kneel down, and repeat after her the words of the short closing prayer with which they closed their school.

"They're mostly German children," said Mrs. Hope to Mabel, as they drew back that they might



not disturb the little worshippers; "this is a German neighbourhood, rather; they can't get much education in the schools for want of knowing the language. Rosy first taught them English, and then how to read and say their prayers: singing comes natural to 'em. That makes fifteen she's taught, and some of 'em are bigger than she is, poor child! It ain't much," added the mother, "but then it's better than nothing to be sure, and it makes Rose happy."

"Better than nothing!" exclaimed Mabel, earnestly, "yes, indeed, it is everything."

And Mabel felt what she said. In that moment the wealth, the learning, and the pride of this world, sank into nothingness, when put side by side with the pure and childlike faith which takes hold on eternal life.

There was no time for further conversation, for a confused murmur within the room was followed by the opening of the door and the departure of the little band of children, who, after casting curious and lingering glances at Mabel, dispersed in different directions, while Mrs. Hope ushered her visitor into the neat though humble kitchen.

Rose, somewhat exhausted with her labours, had thrown herself back in her chair, but she revived at sight of Mabel, and exclaimed with fervour, "Oh, dear Miss Mabel, how glad I am to see you!"

It was with something like reverence that Mabel seated herself beside Rose on a low stool, from which one of her children had just risen, and taking her little shrunken hand, pressed it lovingly.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Rose," said she, gazing into the child's face. "She really has a colour in her cheeks," she said to Mrs. Hope, who stood watching Rose's countenance with mingled pleasure and anxiety.

"Yes," replied the widow, with some hesitation, "I'm afraid it ain't quite natural, though; she's apt to be feverish about this time of day."

"You are tired, Rose, with teaching your little class," said Mabel. "It is too much for your strength, I think."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Rose, eagerly. "It is very easy teaching them—I love to."

"I should like to bring Rosy some oranges," said Mabel to Mrs. Hope, "if you think that they would be wholesome for her."

"I dare say they might be refreshing," said Mrs. Hope; "she usually has a sad feverish time towards morning. I tell her it would not be so if she would get to bed early, and not have any excitement in the evenings; but she sits up, playing jack-straws and so on, and sometimes after she's in bed, Jack props her up with one thing and another, and there she stays working out puzzles, and models, and I don't know what they call 'em, until her poor back aches and she can't go to sleep."

Rose looked earnestly at her mother as she entered this complaint, and Mabel glanced inquiringly at Rose, surprised at a charge which seemed to imply want of prudence and obedience to her mother's wishes.

"You should not do that, Rose," said she, as with both her soft hands she smoothed the light hair from

the child's transparent temples. "Do you like games and puzzles so much?"

"Jack does," said Rose, in a soft, meaning whisper, meant only for Mabel's ear.

The words penetrated to the heart of the listener, for Mabel, too, had a brother, a wild young man, and though she loved him dearly, yet she felt she had not done all she could to keep him at home, as little Rosy had done for her brother. And she could not but wonder at the depth of sisterly love, and the power of self-sacrifice expressed in that simple utterance, which were irresistibly touching on the lips of one whose feebleness might seem to excuse her from caring for, or taking charge of others.

*(To be continued.)*

## BOYS, LET'S STAND FIRM.

BOYS, let's stand firm,  
Whate'er betide us,  
Toiling up life's rugged height;  
Let no power on earth divide us  
From the way of truth and right.

Boys, let's stand firm!  
We can conquer  
Aught which in our path appears;  
Let us trust, and not be faithless,  
Cast away all doubts and fears.

Boys, let's stand firm!  
And God will help us,  
When temptations gather round;  
Look not on the sparkling wine-cup—  
Dash it, dash it to the ground.

Boys, let's stand firm!  
Now in our boyhood,  
Let us clasp each other's hand;  
Pray to God that He will guide us,  
Make us good and upright men.

## MARK GILBERT'S LEGACY.

*(Concluded from p. 56.)*

### CHAPTER VI.



CHRISTMAS Eve came round again. The old church of Leeferd was decked in its festal garlands, and its bells were sending forth a merry peal, that, travelling quickly through the frosty air, told the neighbouring villages that the Rector of Leeferd and his daughter had returned home. The widow Gilbert sat alone in her cottage, thinking of that night (only twelve short months ago), when all was so bright around her—sad memories pressed upon her of the event which had begun in joy, and ended in so much sorrow—sorrow that had now reached nearly its highest point, for in two days the little family were to leave their old home, and separate from each other. The land-

lord allowed them to remain in the cottage till the boys could go to their places, and this had enabled Polly to spare her strength, and take in needle-work instead of going out to work, so that, with John's weekly earnings they had managed to make out a scanty subsistence, happy and thankful that the time of their being together was by any means prolonged.

"Well, my dears, you have seen the rector and Miss Wilson," said Mrs. Gilbert, as the children, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, entered the cottage. John and Phæbe responded to their mother's question by entering into all the particulars of the arrival. How the bells had begun to ring just as the carriage turned the corner of the road leading to the village; how all the school-children, headed by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, had met the travellers at the Rectory gate; and how Phæbe had led Davy up to Mr. and Miss Wilson when they were entering the house: "And, O mother, they were so good to us!" broke in Phæbe; "and they said they would come and hear all about us to-night, and to-morrow we are to dine there as usual."

The widow listened with a sad smile, while she busied herself placing the supper on the table. Good Mr. and Mrs. Brown had brought in theirs to add to the meal, and, as Mrs. Brown said, to help to cheer them a bit; so they sat down thankfully, but not cheerfully, for the thought of this last time of supping in their dear old home made the children silent.

John was restless, and a choking sensation that would come in his throat when he looked at his mother made him at last get up and fidget about the kitchen. Round and round he went, taking up and laying down the different little articles that lay about, or picking the dead leaves off the plants that stood in the window. At last he stopped before a new deal box that stood at the further end of the room. The village carpenter had made it as a present for Davy, and it was neatly packed with his humble wardrobe, and the various things which his mother had put in for his comfort at the school where he was to go the day after Christmas. John opened the lid, and began to examine the contents.

"I say, mother," he said, drawing a little parcel out, and holding it up for her to see, "what's this?"

Mrs. Gilbert put her finger to her lips, and nodded to him to be silent; but the sight of the little six-sided box, which John so well remembered to have carried home on the night of his father's death, and which he had never seen or heard of since (for Mrs. Gilbert had stowed it carefully away), so completely excited the boy, that he would not heed the sign.

"It's the music," he went on,—"the thing that Davy played when the lady came last summer to the hay-making feast,—the new one, that father bought in London! Oh, Davy, do play just one little tune on it!"

Davy listened with a wondering face.

"What are you saying, John?" he said. "What music are you talking about?"

"Why, this," answered John, placing the box on his brother's knees; "it is the music that father bought for you, and mother has put it in your box to go with you to the school."

Polly was soon beside her blind boy, her arm round his neck, and pressing his head lovingly against her bosom.

"I am so glad that I have been able to keep it for you," she said; "it will be a pleasure to you, and Mr. Brown has got a promise from some of the gentlemen that you shall be taught how to play on it."

"But, mother, you promised me that you would sell it, and use the money for yourself and Phæbe."

"No, dear lad, I promised that if I really wanted the money I would sell it, but I have done without it; it would have cut me to the heart to have taken it from you, so let us open it, and, to please John, just try to play a little. Let it be father's favourite, 'God save the Queen.'"

So the pretty instrument was drawn from its case and placed in Davy's hands,—hands trembling at first, but soon drawing forth, by the wonderful power of ear, the fine chords of the national hymn.

"Please to put it away now," he said, when he had played it all through, and manfully resisted the tears that had risen to his sightless eyes. "O mother, dear, it was good of you to keep it for me!"

"I cannot shut the box close,—look, mother!" said Phæbe, who had taken the concertina from Davy, and restored it to its case.

Mrs. Gilbert lifted the instrument from the case, and in doing so saw a packet that looked like a letter lying inside.

"What can this be?" she said, turning it round in her hands; and then suddenly flushing scarlet, she broke the seal. "Children, it's the money,—father's money,—God be praised!"

Nine Bank-of-England notes, new and crisp, for ten pounds each, were indeed there. What a burden was lifted from the heart of the mother! What happiness for gentle Davy, and joy to John and Phæbe, who capered about almost as merrily now as they had done when father was putting up the holly and ivy twelve months ago! Mr. Brown ran off to tell the welcome news at the Rectory, and soon after the clergyman entered the cottage.

"O sir," said Polly to him, when, after the first words of greeting and congratulation, he was talking with her apart, "I have been often sorely tempted to mistrust God, for I have all along thought of Mark's words on this night year when we first heard of the legacy! 'Wife we must strive that it may be a blessing to us, for I have heard that money sometimes brings folk evil.'"

The Rector did not fail to point out that the sufferings of the past year had, doubtless, been permitted in order to deepen her faith, and to prepare herself and children for the path of life that still lay before them; and expressing his pleasure at the thought of their all meeting at dinner on the morrow, he wished them all a cordial "Good night," and soon after the widow and her children were left alone. The latter were quickly asleep, smiling in happy dreams. If their mother lay awake it was only because she was too happy to sleep, and was wondering if Mark knew that the legacy was found.

It is once more "Christmas Eve,"—cold and frosty



as it was eight years ago, when Mark Gilbert made his cottage gay with evergreens.

The old church at Leeford is decked with more than usual care in honour of the great festival of to-morrow. A new organ is to be used for the first time, and a rehearsal of the performance is now taking place. The old windows are trembling in sympathy with the deep pedal notes which a young man is drawing forth. His face, which is remarkable for its calmness and sweetness of expression, is slightly turned upward, unconscious of the gaze of three persons standing near. These are Mrs. Gilbert, John, and Phoebe, who are listening with their old delight to the playing of their own Davy—blind

Davy still, but poor no longer, for he is the organist of a Cathedral; and his fame as a musician already is so far established, that pupils, even from a distance, seek his instruction.

The legacy has done this, and more too, for John, having been placed for a small fee with a clever farmer, has learned his business so well, that the chief landlord of the place has taken him as overseer: his mother and sister have moved with him to the pretty house built for the holder of that office, and there they live in happy industry. David spends all his holidays with them, and Christmas Eve is always the most important to them all.



# Chatterbox.



"Mother dear, do come home now."



## ADAM SWAINSON.



OTHER dear, do come home now ; you're getting so wet, and it's all dark out to sea."

As he spoke little Adam Swainson pulled his mother's hand and looked up in her face. But the pale, haggard woman at his side made no answer ; she only drew her ragged shawl more closely over her head, and still kept her eyes fixed on the dark, rough sea, with an eager, hungry look. For hours she had stood there, at the end of the rope-walk above the beach, leaning over the paling, heedless of the fierce storm which beat against her. How often had her hopes risen, only to be more bitterly deceived, as one after another of the Sandgate fishing-boats dashed in with a grating sound against the beach and were drawn up in safety. Still she gazed, but still the "Sally Ann," the boat her husband had sailed in the day before, was not amongst them.

After a while, the little fellow made another attempt to rouse her from her grief, and this time with better success.

"Mother, baby's been crying ever so long, and Janie, she can't make him good, nohow."

At this appeal the poor woman started as though she suddenly remembered herself, and then, without a word, she slowly turned to go down the steps.

"I'll stay and look out for father's boat," said Adam.

"No, no ! come home this minute, child ; you'll only be after some mischief if you're out of my sight. I'll send Joe."

There was no anger in the words, Mrs. Swainson was too wretched for that, but they were spoken in a peevish, unloving tone which wounded the child's heart. He did not expect kindness, he had never been used to it ; he knew that he was an idle, good-for-nothing fellow always in mischief, for he had been told so often enough : but now that he longed to be of some use and comfort to his mother, it seemed hard to have all his love repulsed, and it was with a sore heart that he followed her home.

A well-meaning, industrious woman was Polly Swainson, but trouble and a hard life had soured her once happy temper, and made her weak and querulous. Poor woman ! it is easy for those who have never known trials like hers to blame her shortcomings.

She lived in the very worst part of Sandgate just above the beach cottages. The way to it was under a dark passage, and up some steep, narrow stairs to the top of a dingy house ; where one poor, little room, miserably furnished, was all she could call her home.

A girl of nine years old was sitting on a stool in front of the fire with a baby in her arms, which she was trying in vain to hush to sleep ; while two other little children were quarrelling on the floor.

"Where's Joe ?" asked the mother, raising her voice to be heard above the noise.

"He's just gone out," replied Janie, almost crying. "He was so cross, and, O mother, he would

eat the bit o' fish I'd put by to keep warm for your supper !"

"You're always telling tales of poor Joe when it's your own fault, Janie. There, give me the baby and put Dick and Polly to bed."

The tired children were soon asleep, and, leaving them in charge of the motherly little sister, the anxious, half-distracted woman crept out to wait and listen on the beach. The hours of that dreadful night passed very slowly for the weary group of watchers who knew that the life and death of brothers, sons, and husbands, hung in the balance. The great waves dashed in angrily on the beach, white and foaming, and the rain fell in torrents until towards morning, when the wind subsided a little. Before daybreak the cruel agony of suspense at least was over, for there was no longer any doubt as to the fate of the "Sally Ann." The "Barton" made her way in with great difficulty, for her mast was broken and she had sprung a leak, bringing the news that the ill-fated boat had been totally wrecked at some distance from the shore. Five of the eight men who were on board had been picked up by the "Barton," but Richard Swainson was amongst those who were missing. Three homes were made desolate that night ; but beyond the immediate sufferers—the families of the lost fishermen—a tragedy of such frequent occurrence caused but little excitement in the town.

"And so poor Dick Swainson's drowned !" said Mrs. Pott, the grocer's wife, to her friend, the mistress of the "Rose and Crown," as they met next morning in the market.

"You've lost a good customer, any-ways."

"That's true enough," replied stout, good-tempered Mrs. Smith ; "yet he wasn't a bad fellow all the same, and I'm not one as makes mischief. It's a bad business for his poor wife left with those six children on her hands, and she not much of a manager at the best of times. I'm truly sorry for her, that I am."

"Folks do say she won't miss him so much after all, for he wasn't what you'd call a good husband. Every penny he could lay his hand on went to the drink when he was ashore, and I've even heard of his beating her—not that I believe half I'm told now-a-days."

"Why, bless you, Mrs. Pott, wives always think more of husbands who give them a deal of trouble ; and that's a fact. So I'll be bound, poor creature ! she's in a sad way this morning."

Thus, as in the manner of neighbours, they discussed the poor woman's loss, and speculated on the amount of her grief. Yet they were both kind-hearted, well-disposed people, who were really sorry for the widow and would do her a good turn if they could.

And Polly Swainson herself, meanwhile, was like one stunned and bewildered by this terrible blow, which had come upon her so suddenly. True, it was that Dick had not behaved very well to her of late years, since he had been in the habit of taking a "drop too much" ; but in her great sorrow the poor woman forgot all her husband's faults and shortcomings : her thoughts went back to the time when she had first known and loved him, and she

remembered with bitter remorse her own ill-temper and the reproaches with which she had too often greeted him when he returned to her.

"Come back! come back!" was her wild cry, "and I'll never, never say another unkind word to you."

Mrs. Swainson, however, had not much time to give to her grief, she must do something at once, for there was not a penny in the house. Leaving Janie with the baby, and the other children as usual playing in the street, she went off to the laundress who usually employed her two or three days a-week.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said the kindly old body, as they sat down together for a cup of tea that afternoon; "it's a sore trial for you, Polly, with all those children to find bread for, and things so dear too. But let me see; your Joe's getting a big lad now, quite old enough to keep himself, I should say. Any-ways, a stout lad like that would have done so in my young days, and been a help to his mother too. Why, how old is he?"

"Twelve last Michaelmas," replied Mrs. Swainson, drying her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief; "and he's steady, and sharp at his book-learning, too; I can tell you. He don't tear his clothes and get into mischief like that lazy brother of his, who's a sore plague, though he's nigh upon eleven year old and ought to know better."

"You've never a good word to say for Adam, and yet there's something I like about the little lad; but that's neither here nor there. What are you going to do with Joe, that's the question?"

"He must turn to something now, poor fellow, sure enough. But, O Mrs. Hunt, I can't let him go to sea; indeed, I can't spare Joe!" and at the thought she burst into tears.

Poor woman! This eldest boy was her idol. She was blind to all his faults, which indeed had been greatly increased by her foolish indulgence. She was often harsh and unjust to her other children while she weakly gave up everything to her favourite.

Some such thought as this passed through Mrs. Hunt's mind, but she did not speak it, for she pitied the poor woman; she only shook her head, and after awhile said,—

"I wasn't thinking of the sea, Polly, but there's other things the lad might do. Now my sister's husband over at the shop has talked of wanting a boy to run errands. Would that suit your Joe, d'ye think?"

Mrs. Swainson brightened up at this, and promised to see about the place that very night when she went home. She did so, and the result was that, before many days had passed, Master Joe, in spite of some grumbling on his part, was employed as an errand-boy by Mr. Atkins the baker. The boy was not much pleased with his new occupation; he did not see why he should have such hard work; a fisherman's life would have been more to his mind, and he troubled himself very little about his mother's fears.

Some weeks had passed away, and the autumn was far advanced when, one day, little Adam Swainson was standing on the shore looking sadly towards the sea which was rippling in upon the rocks. Poor little fellow! he felt very unhappy, and had not the heart to join the other boys who were playing near him and whose loud voices and laughter sounded

in his ears. This was his trouble—he longed to do something to help his mother, for she was far from strong; and, though she almost worked herself to death, she could scarcely earn enough to make both ends meet. The cold weather was only just beginning, and what would become of them all in the winter, when provisions were so dear and there was so little work to be done? If he could only earn a few shillings a-week like Joe! But nobody would employ poor Adam. Some said he was too young; others, that he was idle and mischievous; others, again, said that he might easily find a place if he could only read and write. Bitterly did the boy now regret his past idleness and the time he had wasted, for his mother had said that she could no longer afford to send him to school. He had asked Joe to teach him a bit of an evening out of an old, torn spelling-book; but his brother was always cross at home, and only jeered at him and called him a dunce. As Adam watched the sea, the old desire of his childhood returned to him stronger than ever; but of this he dared not speak now, for he loved his mother above all things, and she had said it would break her heart if ever her boys went to sea.

Adam was soon roused from his thoughts, however, by a familiar voice near him:—

"I say, lad, can you come and mind my fish-stall whiles I go home and get a bit o' dinner?"

It was old Mother Robson the fish-woman who called him; and Adam readily agreed, delighted at the prospect of earning a few half-pence. There were only a few herrings and small plaice on her stall, but the good woman did not like to lose any possible customer who might happen to come in her absence.

The boy had not been there many minutes, and was whistling with content at having something to do, when Joe Swainson happened to pass the beach, and, seeing his brother sitting behind a stall with a business-like air, shouted out to him:—

"Hallo, Adam! keeping shop, are you? Much you know about it, I guess."

So saying, Joe put down his basket of bread and came a little nearer to have a look at the fish.

"Give us that little 'un, there's a good fellow. I'll fry it for my dinner."

"No, no!" cried the boy in alarm; "do let it alone, Joe; you know it ain't mine."

"Mother Rob 'll never be a bit the wiser, if you don't go and tell her, like a little sneak. But what's that thing on the ground?" added he, picking up a little worn leather bag.

"O Joe, do let it be! If it ain't her purse that she's left behind, and won't she just be in a way when she finds it out. O dear! do put it back, you might lose something out of it," he cried, as he saw with anxiety that his brother had opened it.

"Catch me doing that!" said Joe, with a knowing laugh. "There, there, set your mind at rest, you stupid; I must be off now, for I'm ever so late, and mind you don't tell any one I stopped here on the road. Promise me you won't, Adam, or you'll get me into a scrape."

"Yes, yes, I promise," said his brother eagerly, only too glad to see him depart.

(To be continued.)





### OLD-FASHIONED WINTER.

**F**IVE-AND-TWENTY years ago  
 Winter was a time of snow ;  
 Frost and snow, I well remember,  
 Were the emblems of December.  
 Then in one night's time there fell  
 Snow, which made impassable  
 Road and streets, until the spade  
 To every house a path hath made.  
 Then the drifted snows were seen,  
 Fit palace for a fairy queen,

With vaulted roof and porticoes,  
 Spangled o'er with diamond snows.  
 Then we heard of travellers weary,  
 On the commons wide and dreary,  
 Knowing not which way to go,  
 Dying in the pathless snow.

Then the boys at snow-ball played,  
 And snow-men and monsters made;





"Then we heard of travellers weary."

Or a piled-up strong snow wall,  
Pierced with arches wide and tall ;  
Or in orchards, all a-row,  
Scooped-out cottages of snow.  
Then the ponds and streams were frozen,  
And the sliding places chosen,  
And no word the boys could say,  
But of sliding all the day.

Then on pavements you might see  
Sawdust scattered carefully,  
And good people, staff in hand,  
Shod with strips of woollen band,  
Creeping o'er the icy stones,  
Having dread of broken bones.

Then the cows were in their shed,  
And the sheep with hay were fed ;  
And the servants of the farm  
Housed up every creature warm ;  
And, up-muffled, cheek and chin,  
Brought the logs for evening in ;

And the fire, so well supplied,  
Crackled up the chimney wide ;  
And slumbrous was the hot fire-side.

Then the spinning-wheel went round,  
With a dreamy, buzzing sound,  
For the sheets and table linen  
Were of the good housewife's spinning ;  
And the village-weaver made  
At his loom sufficient trade.  
Then the icicles hung low  
From the heavy roofs of snow,  
Like a line of daggers strong,—  
Some were short and some were long ;—  
Melting when the days were bright,  
Freezing o'er again at night.

Then the chamber-windows bore  
Fan-like leaves and branchings hoar,  
And the water in a trice,  
In the ewer was solid ice.

Then hands were chapped and noses red ;  
 And folks were even cold in bed,  
 Till their teeth chattered in their head ;  
 Then the famished birds were tame,  
 And hopping, to the window came,  
 Begging little crumbs of bread ;  
 Begging to be housed and fed.  
 And the fishes in their need  
 Picked the pyracantha seed ;  
 And the kindly heart was stirred  
 Finding many a frozen bird.

Then, when sitting by the hearth,  
 Holy, Christian thoughts had birth ;  
 Pity for the poor and old  
 Perishing in want and cold ;  
 Pity for the children small  
 Who 'mid many wants knew all —  
 Hunger, nakedness, and pain ;  
 Seeking kindness, but in vain ;  
 Sorrow ever bubbling o'er  
 Till their little hearts were sore.  
 Then our gratitude arose  
 To Him who gave us more than those ;  
 And human love sprung forth to bless  
 The lowly children of distress ;  
 And the soul glowed with thankfulness.

MARY HOWITT.

### LITTLE ROSY.

(Continued from page 62.)



ON another day, when Mabel was on her way to pay another visit to Rosy, she called at a fruiterer's to get some grapes for her little friend, and while the youth who waited on her was weighing the grapes, her attention was attracted to a couple of boys who were lounging outside the shop.

"I say, Jack," said the taller of the two, "if you'll wheel that 'ere load o' shells down to Tattam's at the river-side, I'll treat to seats in the pit at the theatre to-night. Come, old fellow, what do you say to that? Come, say 'done' to that."

"I won't touch none o' your oyster-shells," answered the boy who was thus addressed,—a short, stout, freckled, and thick-lipped lad, with a frank, honest countenance.

"You won't?" answered the first speaker—"more fool you. It pays a sight better than sellin' your mother's candy;" and he threw a glance of contempt at a tray loaded with sweet-stuff, which hung by a leather strap around the neck of his companion.

The latter, evidently hurt by this sneer at his trade, which he had in truth somewhat outgrown, turned very red in the face, and with mingled shame and anger, retorted, "Candy sellin' is a better business, anyhow, than workin' for folks that promise big and don't pay. Better to settle old scores 'fore you talk o' runnin' up new ones."

"I don't owe yer nothin'," replied the first speaker, angrily.

"Don't yer?" exclaimed Jack. "What did ever I get, I want to know, for luggin' them two kegs of oysters from your old man's cellar down to the ferry? Nice kind o' business, wasn't it? to see you jump on board the boat with your kegs, and go off a leavin' me in the lurch. I ain't forgot it, I tell yer."

The larger boy laughed at the thought of what he had done, seeming to think it a capital joke.

"Why, what could I do?" exclaimed he. "Couldn't keep the boat a waitin'; hadn't no chance to bribe the capt'n; had to be off in a jiffy. But look here, Jack," continued he, persuasively, "you wheel the shells down to Tattam's, and I'll pay up—honour bright!"

"What, pay for both jobs—this and t'other one too?"

"I guess so. I'll see," said the tall boy.

"No, none o' yer guessin', Bob; we'll have a clear bargain this time."

"Well, well," said Bob, "you shall have a chance at the theatre, any way."

"And the cock-tail too?"

"Twan't a cock-tail I promised," said Bob.

"Twas a cock-tail—'twan't nothin' else," retorted Jack, with spirit.

"Oh, Jack! you're goin' in like a fine feller," exclaimed Bob, slapping him on the shoulder; "the theatre and a cock-tail. Well, you shall have both on 'em if you'll go right away. I'll have the shells round here in the wink o' your eye. I left the wheelbarrow just round the corner; you hold on till I fetch it;" and with these words Bob shot off through a side door to complete his bargain.

"What does he mean? what is he going to give that boy?" asked Mabel of the youth who was tying up her purchases.

"Mean by what, ma'am? A cock-tail?"

"Yes."

"Something to drink," replied the young man.

"I thought so—I was afraid so," said Mabel, "it is a shame!" Then, as the shopman passed out with the packages, she hesitated, and finally walked straight up to Jack, who was casting a sidelong glance at her, as if he thought she was talking about him.

"Don't you take it," said she, kindly, at the same time giving more force to her words by laying a gentle hand on Jack's arm.

Jack—Jack Hope, for he it was, though Mabel had no suspicion of the fact, looked up, met her mild, reproving glance, cast an eye at the same time at her rich dress, then looking down half-defiant, half-mortified, he stood kicking one foot against the counter.

"What shall I give you not to take it?" asked Mabel after a pause.

There was another instant of silence, for Jack made no reply to her question.

Mabel drew a bright half-crown from her purse, and laid it on the counter. Jack glanced at it with an eager longin' that could not be mistaken.

"Do you want that?" said she.

"I want it bad," said the boy, "but—but—"

"But what?"



Jack hesitated, then said, bringing out his words with a jerk, as if they were forced from him, "I don't like to be bought off—it's mean."

Mabel was puzzled for a moment, then said, "Isn't there some one at home you could spend it for? Haven't you a mother or a sister? It would not be mean if you bought something for them."

Without knowing it, she had struck the master-chord. Jack looked searchingly up in her face, forgetting his former awe in the deeper curiosity to find out how she had pierced his secret thoughts.

Mabel saw her advantage and acted upon it.

"Do not take what that wicked boy promised you," said she, "and don't go to the theatre either; keep out of such bad company, or you will be ruined: here, you shall have the half-crown and welcome, only don't put it to a bad use: perhaps you can think of something to buy with it that will please them all at home and make them proud and happy."

"I do want it for somethin' particlar," said the boy; "it ain't nothin' bad, it ain't."

"Well then," said Mabel, "take it; I believe you, for you look as if you were speaking the truth: here, put it in your pocket."

"What shall I tell Bob?" said the boy.

"Oh, don't tell him anything; run off before he comes back; that's the best way."

Jack lifted his tray of candy, which he had laid down when he meant to enter Bob's service. In her eagerness to see him depart, Mabel helped him to fit the leather strap to his shoulder. "There, now run," said she, smiling with pleasure at her own success. "Good-bye! Good-bye! remember!" and Jack trudged off, he looked back once or twice to watch her carriage for a minute, and then took to his heels according to her advice.

About half-an-hour afterwards, as Mabel was sitting in the Widow Hope's shop talking with Rose, the shop-door was violently flung open, the bell which hung at the back of it rang unmercifully, and Jack rushed hastily in holding up his half-crown, and crying, "Hurrah, Rose! no matter now where I got it, but here is just money enough to pay for—" he had reached this point in his exclamation, when he suddenly caught sight of Mabel, who had been hitherto concealed by the door behind which she sat. He stopped short, staggered back in his astonishment, turned very red in the face, clapped both his fists to his mouth, and darted out as abruptly as he had entered.

Rose, sadly mortified at this unmannerly entrance and flight, endeavoured to excuse him to Mabel by remarking, "That is Jack—he isn't much used to company."

But Mabel, whose mind was wholly filled with surprise at finding that the candy-boy and Rosy's brother were one and the same person, did not seem to hear her, and Rose, fearing from her silence that she was displeased, suggested, in further excuse for Jack's behaviour, "He is not always so rude, Miss Mabel."

"Rude! Oh, no!" answered Mabel, promptly, observing Rosy's troubled expression; "he did not mean to be rude; he was surprised; that was all.

I feel very much interested in Jack, Rose. He seems to be a good-hearted boy."

Rose looked deeply gratified.

"He is—he is, Miss Mabel," exclaimed she, earnestly; and thus encouraged to speak about him, she did not pause until she had finished the list of his good qualities.

Mingled with her praises, however, it was easy to detect a secret anxiety and doubt lest these very good qualities should become corrupted by evil companions, and recalling to mind what she had seen in the street a short time before, Mabel understood better than ever the self-devotion and perseverance with which his little invalid sister strove to keep Jack as much as possible at her side, and sat up to work out puzzles with him, even when her back was aching, and almost breaking with fatigue.

It was a few days after this, that Mabel was called to her front-door to speak to a little girl who had come on an errand from Mrs. Hope. The message was that Rose was very low, and wished to see her, would she try and come at once? Mabel went as soon as she could get ready. When she got near the house, there seemed to be an air of unusual quiet and sadness in the little street; the neighbours looked after her as she passed along, wondering whether she, like them, knew of the fearful change which a few hours had made; the children had ceased their play, and two of the elder ones sat weeping on the door-step of the closed shop. In the humble courtyard, women were engaged at their wash-tubs, or in hanging out clothes, and as she stooped in passing beneath the wet linen, more than one sorrowful eye followed her, while now and then a childish face glanced up with a pitiful, imploring look, as if hoping she had come gifted with some magic power to make Rosy well again. Just as she reached the widow's door, she stopped short, believing that the Angel of Death had preceded her, for outside the shed, stretched across a little wood-pile, lay a forlorn figure convulsed with sobs. It was Jack. The poor boy had thrown himself there in an agony of grief, and was too full of sorrow to notice anything around him. Overwhelmed with pity for the boy, to whom she could not venture to speak, and suspecting that a similar scene was going on in-doors, Mabel was hesitating whether she should not depart without intruding into the house of mourning, when the widow, who had caught sight of her figure through the window, came out to meet her. Mabel took her hand, and glanced from her face, which was perfectly calm, to that of the sobbing boy.

"Poor fellow!" said his mother, "he takes it hard, and no wonder. She's been talking to him," she added, in a whisper; "and so beautifully, he won't forget it to his dying day. She's asleep now, as quiet as a lamb: it's a chance whether she ever wakes, but if she should, Miss Mabel, I thought she'd like to rest her eyes on your face again; she asked for you once or twice in the night, so you will please to come in."

Mabel followed without speaking—for she could not speak—into the little room. Rosy was, indeed, sleeping sweetly,—her little hands clasped on her breast, her golden hair thrown back upon the pillow,



and a smile upon her face, which seemed to tell of heavenly dreams.

An hour passed on and still she slept; the room was so quiet, that each breath of the little sleeper might be counted; there was no noise outside, for love had set its faithful guard around the house, and every footfall in the neighbourhood was softened,—every loud voice was hushed.

By-and-by a flushed, swollen, and tear-stained face appeared at the door-way, and Jack, in his stocking-feet, came slowly in, and sat down among the watchers. There was another pause, and at length, softly, and without warning, the blue eyes once more unclosed, with one more fond, loving glance: they rested in turn on each of the assembled

group, who seemed to stand, not eye to eye, but soul to soul, taking their last farewell of her who would soon be a spirit before the throne of God. The breath grew shorter, the blue orbs closed: they listened,—there was no breath at all, and then the glory came and settled on the little face.

As if the parting spirit, which had left its radiance on the mortal clay, still hovered above their heads, they all stood motionless and awed; then, as the dreadful truth came upon them, Jack darted from the room with a loud cry of anguish, Lydia buried her head in her mother's lap, and Mabel, drawing her veil over her face, glided noiselessly away.

\* \* \* \* \*

(To be concluded in our next.)

Parts 1 and 2 for Dec. and Jan. are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.



# Chatterbox.



Mary eating with the Dog.





### A LESSON FROM A DOG.

**T**HE potato famine in Ireland was nowhere felt more severely than in that part of the country where the following story is told as a true tale.

In a small village in one of the most barren districts of the west of Ireland there lived a very poor widow, whose sole inheritance from her husband was two healthy children, girls, of the respective ages of three and five. Painfully, and by the utmost efforts, she had contrived to pass two years of her sorrowful widowhood. Bad and scanty food, obtained only by labour too great for her delicate frame, had at last thrown her upon her sick bed, and death, in pity, removed her in a few days, and without great suffering, from all her earthly troubles.

The poverty of the whole parish was so great that nothing could be done for the poor orphans. All the neighbours, with the utmost desire to help, were too famine-stricken, and heard their own children too often cry in vain for bread, to assist others.

"If the children could only be got to Kilburn,"—a village some miles distant,—said one of the neighbours, after the poor mother had been buried, "a brother of their father lives there, and he could not possibly refuse to take care of them."

"But matters are as bad there as here," replied another, "and I fear they will be no better off there." "It cannot possibly be worse than here, for nothing but starvation stares them in the face. If we send them to their relations, we have done our duty. We cannot possibly keep them here."

All were at last agreed upon this; and as there was a carrier who the next day was going near to Kilburn, he was requested, as an act of charity, to take the children with him. The man readily consented, and the neighbours felt satisfied that they had done all that could be required of them.

The carrier, as agreed, came the next day and took the two girls—Lizzie was seven now, and Mary five—in his cart with him. The timid children kept very quiet and close together; the carrier hardly looked at them. Towards noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them a road to the left, and bade them to go straight forward, and if they did not turn from the highroad, they would, in about two hours, come to the place. He then drove off. The children sobbed out "Good-bye," and looked out after him as long as they could see the least speck of the cart, and then they both began to cry.

Lizzie ceased her crying first, she took hold of her little sister's hand, who had seated herself on the ground, and said, "Get up, Mary; we must not stay here, if we wish to get to Kilburn. We cannot stop here on the road."

"I am so hungry," sobbed Mary; "we have had nothing to eat all day."

And again they both began to cry; for Lizzie was equally hungry. The poor children had gone to bed

without food the night before; it was a long time since they had had a full meal; the neighbours, where they had stayed since the death of their mother, had not given them any breakfast, as the poor people had really themselves nothing to eat. It was now dinner-time, but there was no dinner for them.

"Come, Mary," at last said Lizzie, "we must try to get to some house, we may perhaps get a little bread or a few potatoes. If we stay here we shall starve; no one will bring us anything to eat here."

"Oh! if our dear mother were but alive!" exclaimed the little one, getting up with difficulty.

The children were very weak, and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. Several times Mary declared that she could not go any further, and sat down on the highroad; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Lizzie persuaded her to get up again, and to pursue their way. At last Lizzie fancied she saw a house, and pointed towards the spot. "Now, Mary, we shall soon get something to eat; we shall find kind people there."

It took them more than a quarter of an hour before they reached the farmhouse, for such it proved to be. With hesitating steps they entered into the house, for they had never begged before, in spite of their former misery. But at this moment they could think of nothing else but of their terrible hunger. When a few steps from the house they heard the farmer violently scolding one of his men. Then he went into the house, fiercely closed the door after him, so as to make the windows rattle, continuing his abuse all the time. The children, terrified and with beating hearts, stood still at the door until the voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door, and both the children entered. The farmer sat in an arm-chair by the fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word, and to tell their errand. "Can't you speak?" he asked still more roughly.

Lizzie at last took courage, and said gently, "Oh, if you would be so good and give us the least little bit to eat—a small piece of bread, or a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer; "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighbourhood. We have plenty of these here, and do not want them to come from other parts. We have not bread for ourselves in these hard times. You will get nothing here. Be off this moment!" The children, dreadfully frightened, began both to cry bitterly.

"That will not do you any good," continued the man; "that kind of whining is nothing new to me, and won't move me. Let your parents feed you; but they no doubt prefer idling rather than getting their living by honest labour."

"Our parents are dead," said Lizzie.

"I thought so," replied the farmer; "whenever children are sent out to beg, their father and mother are always dead, or at least their father. That is a mere excuse for begging. Be off this minute!"

"We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lizzie; "we are so tired that we cannot move

a step. If you would but give us the least little bit to eat, we are so hungry."

"I have told you I should not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a threatening look. Lizzie quickly opened the door, and drew her sister along with her. The children again stood in the farmyard, but knew not what to do. Suddenly little Mary drew her hand from her sister's clasp, and went to the other side of the yard; there was a big, fierce dog, chained; his dinner stood before him in a wooden basin. Mary put her hand into the basin, and began to eat with the dog. Lizzie went nearer she saw that in the basin there was some liquor, in which a few pieces of bread and some boiled potatoes were floating: she, likewise, could not resist, she had but one feeling—that of the most gnawing hunger: she took some of the bread and the potatoes, and ate them greedily.

The dog, not accustomed to such guests, looked at the children full of astonishment; he drew back a little, then sat down, and left them his dinner, of which he had eaten very little. At this moment the farmer stepped into the yard; he wished to see whether the children had really left, and then he saw this singular scene. The dog was noted for his fierceness, and feared alike by old and young; he was obliged to be constantly chained. No one dared to come near him, except his master. Even the servant put the food before him in the most cautious manner.

In the first moment the man thought of nothing but the fearful danger in which the children were, and quickly walking towards them, he exclaimed, "Don't you see the dog? He will tear you to pieces!" But suddenly he stopped, as if rooted to the ground; the dog had got up again, and gone near the children, then he looked up at his master, and wagged his tail. It seemed as if he wished to say, "Don't drive my guests away!" At that sight a great change came over the man; the spectacle before him acted upon him like an electric shock, and feelings such as he had never had before seemed to stir within him.

The children had risen, terrified, at the call of the man, fearful of punishment for having eaten against his command. They stood with downcast eyes. At last, after several minutes' silence, the farmer asked, "Are you really so fearfully hungry that you do not even despise the dog's food?" But without waiting for an answer, he continued, "Come in, then, you shall have something to eat, and as much as you like." And taking them by the hand, he led them into the house, calling out to the servant, "Biddy, get some hot bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master—the brute had taught the man. Touched by what he had seen, the farmer was anxious to make amends for what his conscience showed him to be a great sin. He seated the children at the table, sat down by them, and kindly asked them their names.

"My name is Lizzie," said the eldest, "and my sister is called Mary."

"Have your parents been dead long?"

"Our father has been dead two years, but our mother only died last week."

At the thought of their recent loss, both children began again to weep.

"Don't cry, children," said the farmer kindly. "God will in one way or another take care of you. But tell me, now, where do you come from?"

"From Loughrea," replied the child.

"From Loughrea?" asked the man, "from Loughrea? that is strange!" He began to suspect the truth, and asked hesitatingly, "What was your father's name?"

"Martin Sullivan," replied Lizzie.

"What—Martin—Martin Sullivan?" he exclaimed, jumping up at the same time and casting a piercing look at the children, thoroughly frightening them. His face grew red—then tears came into his eyes—at last he sobbed aloud. He took the youngest child in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and kissed her. The child struggled, and called for help to her sister; she could not think what the man meant.

Then he put down the little one, and did the same to Lizzie, who took it more quietly, as she had seen that the man had not hurt her sister. At last he became more composed, he dried his tears, and said, "Do you know my name, children?"

"No," replied Lizzie.

"How happened it, then, that you have come to me?" he asked. "Has any one sent you to me?"

"Nobody has sent us," replied Lizzie. "We were to go to Kilburn, where a brother of our father lives, and they said he would gladly receive us. But I do not believe it, for our mother always said that he is a hard-hearted man, who does not care for his relations."

"Your mother was quite right when she said so," said the farmer. "But what will you do if the hard-hearted man does not receive you?"

"Then we shall have to starve," answered Lizzie.

"No, no," exclaimed the man quickly; "it shall never come to that—never! Dry your tears. The merciful God has had pity on your helplessness, and has made use of a fierce brute to soften the hard heart of your uncle, and therefore He will never forsake you—never!"

The children looked at the man in utter bewilderment; they did not understand what he said—his words and his behaviour were alike strange to them. This he soon perceived, for he added, "You were going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there! I am your uncle, and now that I know that you are the children of my brother Martin, I make you welcome."

The children's tears quickly changed into smiles, and the meal which Biddy just then put on the table for them made them forget their grief.

Patrick Sullivan had taken this farm near Kilburn about a year before. A kind Providence had directed the children's steps to him; but if the dog had not taught him a lesson of kindness, who knows what might, after all, have become of the poor orphans! But He who is the Father of the fatherless would assuredly not have forsaken them.



### ADAM SWAINSON.

(Continued from p. 67.)

IT seemed a long time to Adam before Mrs. Robson came back; the poor woman had missed her purse, and, as he had expected, was in sad trouble about it. "Why, to think of me leaving it on the ground like that!" she exclaimed, almost out of breath. "Oh dear! oh dear! what a hunt I've had for it! I've been in such a flurry looking about everywhere, and had never a moment's peace. What would my goodman ha' said? for if there isn't his week's money in it, and ever so much besides. It's well I picked you up, my lad," she added, looking anxiously

towards the boy, "for the Swainsons always was honest folk."

As she spoke Mrs. Robson opened her leather purse with trembling eagerness, and began turning over the money as though she felt rather more doubt than her words expressed. Suddenly her face changed, and Adam, who was watching her attentively though he scarcely knew what he feared, turned pale.

"Stop!" she cried fiercely, laying her hand heavily on his shoulder as he stood bewildered before her; "where's that new half-sovereign? Give it me this moment, you little thief!" she continued, shaking him violently.

The boy trembled and seemed so entirely to have



lost all presence of mind, that any one who had seen him at that moment would have had no doubt of his guilt. He returned no answer at first to the old woman's angry words, for he scarcely heard her,—a terrible suspicion had filled his mind. Was it possible that Joe? . . . but he scarcely dared to own even to himself the fear that his brother had taken the money.

Meantime Mrs. Robson searched Adam's pockets, and, not finding the lost treasure, her anger increased. "What have you done with it?" she screamed. "Come along to your mother this minute, and we'll see if she can't make you give it up! You shall go to prison, that you shall, you young thief!" As she shouted these words at the top of her voice, people stopped to listen, and a crowd soon gathered round the two. At the threat of telling his mother, Adam started, as though waking up from a dream and his courage returned to him.

"Indeed, Mrs. Robson, I don't know anything about your money—I never took it!"

"Just hear him," cried the enraged woman. "If he isn't a barefaced one! why it was only this very morning that Jemmy Styles he come and asked me for change of a half-sovereign, and says he, 'Granny, you might give me som'at over, for such a bright new bit o' gold;' and now it's gone, and you've the face to say you didn't take it!"

In vain did poor Adam plead his innocence, no one had been near the stall but himself, and appearances were decidedly against him. He was dragged to his mother's door and she came downstairs hastily, wondering what the noise could be about. Poor Mrs. Swainson was sadly alarmed to see her boy Adam thus brought home, for she had vague suspicions that he was always in mischief, and was now in terrible fear as to what new thing he had done.

"Well, Polly Swainson, I do wonder at you," cried the injured fish-woman. "If that's the way you bring up your children, to be a pack o' thieves, a pretty life they'll lead you!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the mother, bursting into tears.

"There's nothing the matter," exclaimed Adam stoutly, "except it's only that Mrs. Robson's lost a half-sovereign out of her purse, and says I stole it. Now you never knowed me steal a thing, mother, did you?"

The poor boy's appeal was lost in the angry tempest of words that followed, for both the women had hot tempers, and a violent quarrel was the consequence. Mrs. Robson declared that she would have her money back, come what might of it, and Polly Swainson cried in one breath,—

"You wretched child, you be the plague of my life, you be!" and the next moment would exclaim, "How dare you call my boy a thief? Whose grandfather was hung for stealing a sheep, I wonder!"

As may be supposed, this bringing up of the ill deeds of her ancestor did not tend to pacify Mother Robson, and at length a regular fight between the two women was only prevented by the interference of the bystanders.

Meantime Adam Swainson was very wretched. He

knew that he was innocent himself, but what if Joe should be guilty? What a blow that would be to his mother, who was so fond of Joe and thought so much of him! Poor fellow, with his warm, affectionate temper, he felt it very hard that his mother should think ill of him, when he only longed to help her and be a comfort to her. How anxiously he looked forward to Joe's return home at night, that he might speak to him about this,—perhaps he had only taken the money for fun to tease the old woman. The poor boy lingered about in the street waiting for his brother for hours; he had not the heart to go home and face his mother's anger, so he stayed outside till it was quite dark, but still there were no signs of Joe. How terribly long that evening seemed to little Adam! At length, worn out with cold and hunger, he crept softly indoors and up the stairs. His mother welcomed him with a sharp word, and then took no further notice of him; but little Janie got him a crust of bread, and after a while the poor fellow sobbed himself to sleep.

It was ten o'clock before Joe returned, but he found some supper ready, and his mother sitting up waiting for him. He did not take the trouble to explain why he was so late, for he knew that he might always do what he pleased at home; his mother would never find fault with him.

"O Joe!" she began, "here's a pretty state of things. Here's that good-for-nothing brother of yours been and turned out a thief, and as like as not he'll be took to prison to-morrow. Oh dear, oh dear, he'll bring us all to shame!" she continued, half crying; "it's well your poor dear father didn't live to see the day!"

"There, don't take on about it," replied Joe, sharply. "Haven't I always said Adam would turn out badly, lazy fellow that he is? That's nothing new."

He seemed disposed to drop the subject, but Mrs. Swainson poured out all the story to her son, who listened impatiently and changed colour once or twice, especially when he heard of Mrs. Robson's threat of having Adam up before the magistrates.

Next morning Joe tried to get away unobserved after breakfast, but his brother was too quick for him, and caught him before he reached the first corner of the street.

"O Joe," he exclaimed, as soon as he had breath enough to speak, "do give her back the money; I'm sure you only meant it for a joke!"

"Money, you goose! what are you talking about? There, let me go," he added, roughly shaking off his brother's hand, "I'm in a hurry."

Now it was Adam's turn to be indignant.

"How can you be so wicked?" he cried. "You know nobody else came near the place while mother Robson was gone, and it was you who found the purse, and you opened it too, you know you did."

"So did you, my fine fellow; and you was the one left in charge, mind you. Ah, you see, it's my word against yours and we all know which is worth most! I did but stop one minute to have a look at you; and don't forget too, my lad, that you promised not to speak of it, or you'll just get me turned out of my place for wasting my time." So saying,

Joe ran off, leaving poor Adam quite confounded and scarcely able to believe his senses.

As he thought it all over, he burst into tears and sobbed as if his heart would break. If Mrs. Robson did not find her money, and that was not likely, and if Joe persisted in denying that he had touched it, what would be the result? He should be branded as a thief, and nobody would ever employ him. And if he broke his promise and told of Joe, even if people believed him, it would only end in his brother being turned out of his place. He could not bear to think of that, with the long winter before them and only the daily labour of his mother, who was far from strong, to keep the whole family from starvation. Whichever way he turned his thoughts, there seemed no hope or comfort; he could not ask for counsel or help, for he dared not tell his sad story to any one. Perhaps it was even better that he should be wrongly accused, if at that price he could keep Joe from becoming another burden to his mother at home.

Then in the hour of his worst trouble the boy remembered that there was One who knew all things, who knew that he was innocent; and with the simple faith of a child he prayed to his Father in Heaven to help him, and to show his friends that he had not done this wicked thing. Thus did the lessons taught long before at the Sunday-school, little heeded at the time, by the grace of God, bear fruit in his heart in the hour of need.

When Adam went home, his eyes were red and swollen with tears; but he felt more patient, and, though he could not yet quite forgive his brother, he tried to overcome his angry feelings.

The boy was not handed over to the police, for the theft of which he was accused. When Mrs. Robson's first outburst of passion had passed away, she considered that, as the half-sovereign had not been found upon him, she could not prove her case; and besides, notwithstanding her violent temper, she was kind-hearted and did not really wish to bring further trouble on the poor widow with her large family. But she could not control her tongue, and every time she met Adam she had some bitter, cruel words for him, so that the poor boy almost trembled at the sight of her. It was very hard for him to be called a thief by everybody. This was, indeed, a heavy burden, and he often felt ready to sink under it. Joe meantime was thought well of by his employers and most of those who knew him. He thought only of the esteem of men and cared not for that of God who knoweth all things.

In the midst of all poor Adam's trouble there was one comfort for him; his mother, "to keep him out of mischief," had sent him to school again, for, as she told a neighbour, "It do save more than the twopence a-week in the wear and tear of his clothes."

Oh, how he laboured to make up for lost time! No honest labour is ever completely lost; and the boy, who was not wanting in cleverness, soon met with a fair measure of success. His master, pleased with his perseverance, took a fancy to the lad, and encouraged him as much as possible, lending him books to read at home after school time,

(To be continued.)

## LITTLE ROSY.

(Concluded from page 72.)

THE little form which had taken birth, and lived, and pined, and perished in the city street, was not to sleep its last sleep within those crowded walls. The neighbours who loved her so well buried her on a quiet hill-side, where the grass and wild flowers might grow on the grave,—where summer insects and soaring birds might chirp and sing above it.

No hired hands dug the child's grave; the ruddy waggoner, who used to give little Rosy the cheering nod as he passed down the street every morning with his team, and the noisy milk-boy, who had a heart as tender as his voice was deep,—these two dug the grave in a little country churchyard, that sloped down to a river. And no hired hands made the little coffin. For a carpenter, whose workshop was not far off, knew and loved the child; and when he heard that she was really dead, he said to his wife,—

"The Blessed Lord spared our Jemmy to us, it's now six months ago, wife, and there's the coffin I worked away at, that long week, while you watched to see him die. I couldn't ever sell it, nohow. I've cried over it many a time, and often thought, when I've laid eyes on't since, that it seemed like a keepsake, to remind me of the mercy of the Lord. But I've been thinkin' to part with it. If 'twouldn't be no offence to anybody, I'd like to see the little golden-haired girl, that had such a pretty smile for everybody, laid in the cradle I made for my boy. It's the best o' stuff, and I driv' every nail myself. S'pose you go round to-night and speak on't to the poor woman. Speak gently to her, wife; poor soul, her child is gone."

And so it came that Rosy lay in her pale marble beauty, in the coffin that the good carpenter had made for his little Jemmy.

A messenger was despatched in due season by Mabel, to make every possible offer of assistance, but all that love could dictate had been done already; the humble neighbours had vied with each other in their efforts to comfort the family and honour the memory of the angel-child.

On the day appointed for the funeral, Mabel went to the house at an early hour. All was quiet and in perfect order; she entered at the shop-door, but the bell was muffled and gave no sound. The kitchen into which she passed was empty, save that the child, clad in her snow-white robes, lay there as if in sleep. The little hands were peacefully folded on the breast, the serene smile still rested on the face, and beauty was stamped upon the features from which pain had for ever fled. Death had not only glorified the soul, but seemed almost to have touched with glory the body too.

As Mabel stood resting her hand on the mantelpiece above the kitchen stove, she caught sight of an open photograph case, which she saw contained a likeness of Rosy. It had been taken at some happy moment when the gentle smile was on her face; the little arm-chair, and the child's simple dress were faithfully preserved by the magic instrument. Mabel was wondering in her own mind, that

she had never seen it before, and was blessing God in her heart for the happy invention of these sun-pictures, the benefit of which rich and poor may almost be said to share alike, when Jack appeared at her side, and tried to speak. Except at Rosy's death-bed, Mabel had never seen him since the day they met in the grocer's shop, and the latter scene rose full before her as she turned and met his eager face. Impressed by her glance, and half choked with his own grief, the boy made one or two vain attempts to speak to her, but could not. At last, pointing to the likeness of his sister, he gasped out, in a broken way, the words, "I—I—paid for it—with—that half-crown," and overcome by his feelings, he rushed away.

The little neighbourhood now began to assemble for the funeral, and Mabel, retreating to a corner, was touched to see them enter. All ages were there. Old men and women came, and children were borne in their father's arms to take one more look at Rosy. The girls of her little class came wearing no badge of mourning, but each bearing under her arm the little Testament, the pledge of Rosy's love.

There was a short, but solemn service in the house, which was concluded with a hymn by the little scholars—the sweet lifting-up of childish voices, the simple offering of loving hearts. There was a pause, and then the crowd began to file away, lingering about the door until the little form should be borne through their midst. There had been no arrangements made about bearers, and so there was a little hesitation, when a tall youth stepped forward, lifted the coffin gently in his strong arms, and carried it slowly and tenderly through the parting crowd. The widow and her children followed the teamster, for he it was, who was carrying the body of his little friend. With one consent the assembled neighbourhood formed in long and regular procession, and moved sadly away, through the busy streets to the quiet church-yard.

Mabel found herself alone in the deserted house. She had left her carriage at some little distance, feeling that its rich trappings would be a mockery in this place of humble, sacred sorrow. She looked round the little shop, as if bidding it a long farewell, then stepped upon the footpath. An old woman stood there, leaning upon her staff—a very old woman, too infirm to follow the mourning procession—the same old woman who lived in the opposite house, and had long been used to watch little Rosy from the window. "We shan't ever see her there no more," said she to Mabel, pointing with her crutch to the little empty arm-chair, "but," and she looked up to the sky above, "heaven don't seem far off to an old body like me, now that I know she's sittin' at some bright window up there, watchin' to see me comin' in."

After a few kindly words with the old woman, Mabel went to her carriage, and as she entered it, she told the coachman to drive slowly after the child's funeral, but to keep at a distance from it. They did so; and as the humble train moved into the simple churchyard, Mabel got out and joined the mourners, who were grouped around the grave. They saw the child laid in her quiet resting-place,—

they waited and listened with sad hearts, while the sturdy teamster and the rough, but tender-hearted milk-boy gently heaped the earth upon her grave, and then they went away. Mabel lingered somewhat behind the rest, feeling, as the earth closed over the remains of her young friend, scarcely less bereaved than the broken-hearted group who had looked their last upon the darling of their once happy home. "Dear Rosy," thought she, as seating herself on the grass of the sloping hill-side, she strewed the mound with the flowers which she had brought for the purpose, "He maketh thee to lie down in the green pastures. He leadeth thee beside the still waters;" thy earthly pilgrimage was hard, but its end is peace, joy, and everlasting life.

### THE DUSTMEN OF LONDON.

By W. Baird, M.A.



DUST-HEAP is not very attractive to the eye, and has as little romance about it as anything in the world, and yet the dust-heaps of London supply a means of subsistence to more than a thousand persons. It is necessary, alike for our own benefit and that of our neighbours, that our dust-heap should, at regular intervals, be cleaned out and carted off, and there are certain persons in our streets who devote themselves to this special labour, and manage to scrape a living from it. The dustman requires three things in order to ply his trade successfully. He needs a stalwart horse, a large cart, and a good pair of lungs. The first is required to drag the heavy loads consigned to his care; the second to contain those same loads; and the third to announce his coming to expectant housekeepers. "Dust oh! dust oh!" is not a very melodious cry; but when the dust-bin is getting over-full, it is a welcome one.

The dustman generally wears a coal-heaver's hat, a short smock, stout laced boots, corduroy knee-breeches, and white stockings; or, if he is not able to procure the last two articles, he hitches up his trousers by tying a piece of twine round them, just below the knee to keep them from his ankles. London dustmen usually hunt "in couples." Each dust-cart is furnished with two baskets and two shovels, so that they may carry away the dust more quickly from the dust-heap to the cart.

When the dustman has a full load, he conveys it to the "dust-yard." These "dust-yards" are mainly found near the river and at the east end of London. In them the dust is sifted, and the very fine dust is shipped off to various parts, in order to be sold for use in the brick-yards. The rest is set apart for manuring particular kinds of land. In the dust-yards, the wives and children of the dustmen find employment, and it is said that frequently the wife is able to earn quite as much by "sifting" as her husband is able to make by "collecting." The trade





"Dust, oh!"

of a dustman is very often hereditary. Children brought up from their earliest years in the dust-yard grow up, in time to succeed to the labours of their father, and most of these children are simply educated with a view to being dustmen, and nothing else. Very few of them can read or write—the dust-heap is their school-room, almost their dwelling-place; and, alas! the public-house or the low theatre are their highest notion of enjoyment.

How thankful most of our little readers should be that they only see the dust as it falls from the cheerful fire in the grate, and not as it is being sifted or sorted in the dust-yard.

### A RIDDLE.

By Dean Swift.

WE are little airy creatures,  
All of different voice and features,  
One of us in glass is set,  
One of us you'll find in jet;  
T'other you may see in tin,  
And the fourth a box within;  
If the fifth you should pursue  
It can ever fly from you.

*Answer:* The vowels.

The words "ABSTEMIOUS" and "FACETIOUS" contain all the vowels in their right order.

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# Chatterbox.



"The good King wept with the poor Widow."

### A DAUGHTER'S KINDNESS REWARDED.



**I**N the north of Europe is a mountainous country called Sweden. Its winters are long, snowy, and cold. Its summers are short, but very lovely and sweet-aired, especially in the valleys between the high mountains.

The inhabitants of that country are noted for their industry, virtue, and contentment. One morning, a long time ago, a certain king of Sweden, called Gustavus the Third, was riding through a village in one of the beautiful valleys not far from Stockholm, the capital city. As he passed along he saw a young girl filling a pitcher with water that gushed from the cool rocks which overshadowed the roadside. He stopped at the fountain, and asked the girl for a drink. She knew not the stranger, but gracefully stepped forward and lifted the pitcher to his lips as he sat upon his horse. She was evidently very poor, but her kindness, so tenderly expressed upon her countenance, together with her artless politeness, at once attracted the king's attention and touched his heart. Judging by her appearance that she was a child of poverty, he told her that if she would go to the city he would find her a pleasant home.

"Ah! good sir," answered the girl, "Providence placed me here, and I am not anxious to change my position in life. I am content; and if I were not content, it would be impossible for me to accept your kind offer."

"Indeed! why not?" said the king in surprise.

"Because my mother is poor and sickly," she replied.

"And you remain at home to take care of her?"

"I am her only help and companion," said the girl, looking upon the ground. "I am happy in my lot, and am thankful that I can take care of and comfort the one so dear to me. No offer, however tempting, could induce me to leave my mother."

"Where is your mother?" inquired the king, becoming more and more interested in the noble girl.

"In yon little hut by the side of the road," said she, pointing toward the humble dwelling. It was a low, thatched building, covered with moss and vines, very neat and clean, but so old and weather-worn that it afforded but a poor shelter in time of cold and storms.

Gustavus alighted from his horse, and followed the girl into the hut to see her mother. He found her sick and suffering, lying upon a bed of straw—a pale, thin woman, sinking under her infirmities, and looking forward to the grave as a bed of rest. The king was almost overcome at the pitiable sight, and said while tears came into his eyes—ah, yes, and those tears were more beautifully radiant and glorious than the brightest rays that ever glanced from his crown of diamonds—"I feel sorry, mother, to find you so destitute and afflicted."

"Yes, yes, my dear sir," said the woman, in a feeble voice, "but I am glad that God has given me an affectionate daughter. She is always trying to relieve me, and is my constant comforter. May God in His love remember and bless her—my dear child!" and her voice was choked back by sobs, and her face covered with tears.

The good king wept with the poor widow.

What a sight! How the angels of heaven hovered over that lonely hut, breathing joy unspeakable into three hearts—the suffering woman's, the sympathising king's, and the loving daughter's. The monarch never received such a blessing on his throne in the palace, as there in the lone hut by the wayside.

He handed the daughter a purse of gold, and directed her to a better house, where she and her mother might be comfortable, saying as he departed:

"Go on, my young friend, in your way of dutiful love and care, and you shall lack for nothing while I have the means to help you. I am your king. Farewell!"

Gustavus ever remembered the poor family, and made provision to have a sum of money regularly sent to the woman for her support; and at the mother's death he presented the daughter with a handsome fortune.

Young readers, remember the command, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

### SNOW-FLAKE AND SNOW-DROP.

**T**HE flakes of snow were falling fast,  
On a cold and wintry day,  
And merrily they skipped about,  
And were full of fun and play.

And as to earth they quickly fell,  
They discoursed right joyfully  
Of all the wondrous sights which they  
On the gladsome earth should see.

They talked of field, and lane, and grove,  
Where they soon should sparkling lie;  
And of the busy crowded street,  
With myriads hurrying by.

"I hope," said one, "the Sun won't come,  
As he's almost sure to do,  
With glowing face to spoil our fun,  
And to mar our beauty too.

"I've heard it said, up in the sky,  
That were he with all his might  
To fix on us his bright red eye,  
That we could not bear the sight.

"But that beneath his scorching gaze,  
We should fade away and die,  
And lie uncared for and disliked  
By all the passers-by."

"We must not speak ill of the Sun,"  
Said a little gentle voice,  
"They say he is a friend to men,  
That they in his beams rejoice."



"I do not care to be admired,  
Or to sparkle as I lie,  
But to do all the good I can  
To mankind before I die.

"And if I make one heart rejoice,  
As the sun shines full on me,  
And in me praise my Maker's love,  
I shall die contentedly."

They spoke,—and settled as they fell,  
Close under a wall so high,  
And the discontented little Flake  
Awaited the passers-by.

But the Sun had heard his angry words,  
And he hid behind a cloud,  
And would not show his face all day,  
Though the Snow-flake grumbled loud.

And still it cold and colder grew,  
And the people stayed in-doors,  
And no one came that way at all,  
But the Snow-flake knew the cause.

But when the morning came, the Sun  
Shone out in splendour bright,  
And the little birds sang merrily,  
For they loved the joyous light.

"I feel quite hidden"—thought the Flake,  
"How I wish I were up there,  
On that high wall so clear and bright,  
I should have so much more air."

No sooner had he said the word,  
Than there came a gust of wind,  
Wafting him to the wall's high top,  
But leaving his friend behind.

But the angry Sun soon spied him out,  
Conspicuous up on high,  
And fully did he fix on him  
His red and fiery eye.

And thus the little Snow-flake died,  
All unnoticed and unknown,  
As many a one has done before  
Who has lived for *self* alone.

Meanwhile the other sparkled on  
Far safer, though more obscure,  
And shed on everything around  
Its radiance mild and pure.

And many a one who passed that way,  
And beheld him shining there,  
Praised in his heart the gracious God,  
Who maketh all things so fair.

Next morning when the Sun looked down,  
He saw in this Snow-flake's stead  
A tall white flower with slender stem,  
And modest drooping head.

Men said it was a Snow-flake once,  
For they knew not whence it came,  
So they called it after this their thought,  
And *Snowdrop* was its name.

## ADAM SWAINSON.

(Continued from p. 78.)



**T**HUS the dreaded winter months passed away, and on the whole Mrs. Swainson managed to get through them with her young family better than she had expected. In the first place, there was no long continuance of severe weather, and, though the poor widow was often at her wits' end to know where to turn for food and firing, yet some timely help would always come at the last moment from the kindness of her neighbours. Thus, as it often happens, that which seemed so dark and gloomy, when looked forward to from a distance, was not so hard to bear when the time really came.

Meanwhile Joe still remained in the service of Mr. Evans the baker; he was never found out in any mischief or wasting his time like most boys of his age; for it was quite a passion with him to be thought highly of by everybody. Had he but spent half the time in seeking to be as good as he seemed, this story would have been very different.

One little affair happened during the winter, which we must mention here, as it throws some light upon the latter portion of Joe Swainson's history. It happened one day that a lady lost a valuable ruby brooch, and was quite convinced that she had dropped it in the baker's shop. Search was made everywhere, but without success, and Joe, who had that day been employed in sweeping out the place, was closely examined. He managed to reply so cleverly as to turn off all suspicion from himself, and direct by his hints, upon a young man who had been apprenticed a short time before to Mr. Evans. John Roberts indignantly asserted his innocence, but at length the setting of the lost brooch was found in his pocket, while the jewel itself was missing. In vain was he urged to confess the theft, and even offered a free pardon if he would return the ruby. The lad persisted in denying that he knew anything about it, and was dismissed with a ruined reputation. He had no home to go to, for his only relation, an old uncle, refused to have anything to do with one who had thus disgraced his name, so Roberts was turned out into the street without a character.

But Joe Swainson prospered and was thought well of meantime.

"Can you recommend me a steady, intelligent boy, to help my gardener?" asked a gentleman of the neighbourhood one day of the schoolmaster.

"Why, sir," he replied, "I don't know of a better lad than Adam Swainson. I feel sure you'd like him; and it would be a charity to employ him, for his mother is left a widow with a large family."

"Will you kindly send him round to speak to me to-morrow night then, at Oatlands," said Mr. Hayward; "and if the boy suits me, I have no doubt we shall agree about his wages."

On hearing this piece of good news next morning,



"Don't mind Joe, he's always cross!"

Adam could scarcely believe it to be true; he was almost wild with delight, and had great difficulty in waiting till afternoon school was over, before rushing home to tell his mother, who had been out to work for the day as usual. He burst into the room shouting,—

"Oh, mother, mother! I'm going to have a place, and now I shan't be a burden to you any longer, but I'll earn something to help you!"

"Do be a bit quieter, Adam," said his mother, rather peevishly. "My head aches ready to split, and I daresay this fine story will all come to nothing."

She did not mean to be unkind to the poor little fellow, who felt all his joy depart; but the woman was weary and out of temper, she had been standing all day over the wash-tub; yet if it had been Joe instead of Adam, she would have received him far otherwise. Little did she dream of the sad harvest of trouble she was laying up for herself by her unwise conduct.

"Why, who's going to take *you*, Adam, I wonder?" asked Joe, who had just come in for his tea. There was something in the tone of his brother's words which made poor Adam turn red with anger, but he struggled hard to keep his temper, and told

all the story—how the schoolmaster had recommended him to Mr. Hayward, and that he was to go over to Oatlands and see him that very evening. As she heard all this and began to realise it, his mother's face brightened, and she set to work to patch his best clothes, which were sadly worn, and to "tidy him up a bit," as she said.

"Now, mind you don't be after any of your old tricks!" shouted Joe after him, as the boy set off on his journey.

"The same to you!" returned Adam, passionately.

This was more than he could bear—to have the theft, of which he had been falsely accused, thrown in his teeth by Joe, who, of all people in the world, must know best that he was innocent.

It was a lovely spring evening, and as Adam walked up the hill and along the pleasant country lane, his heart grew lighter, and he tried to forget his troubles, which, though they may seem trifles to us, were very real and serious to him.

If he could only obtain this situation, and be able to help his mother instead of being always in her way, it would be like beginning a new life. He thought how he would seek to regain the good character which he had lost through no fault of his own,—how he would labour to make people again respect him as an honest lad.

He was so full of earnest thought that his walk seemed very short, although it was nearly two miles from the town to Oatlands. The house was in a somewhat lonely situation, away from the highroad, with a few fields round it, and a small wood adjoining. Poor Adam felt very anxious during the few minutes he had to wait in the old-fashioned kitchen for the master of the house. He was not long kept in suspense however, for Mr. Hayward took a fancy at once to the boy's bright, honest face, and, after a few questions, engaged him to help in the garden. He was to begin his work on the following Monday, to take his meals in the house, only returning home at night, and to receive four shillings a-week. This sounded quite a large sum to the lad, who believed that now his fortune was made, and eagerly promised to work hard and be a good boy.

When he returned home with the news of his success, Joe heard it all with feelings of bitter envy.

"A fine bargain Mr. Hayward will have of a lazy fellow like you," he muttered. "Ah, if he only knew what I know, and I could tell him!"

Adam caught the words, and felt very angry, but Janie hastily exclaimed,—

"Don't mind, Joe, he's always cross. I'm so glad you've got such a good place! O Adam, I'm so glad!" and the little girl jumped about and clapped her hands with delight.

Adam was her favourite brother, for he was kind and good-tempered at home; always ready to mind baby or play with the little ones.

On this occasion he kept his temper,—he was so happy that it was no very hard matter. But as he thought afterwards of those unkind hints of his brother, he wondered greatly whether Joe really had taken that half-sovereign. Was it possible that he had suspected him falsely all this time? "But who

else could have done it?" he repeated sadly to himself, over and over again.

The eventful Monday arrived in due course, for time never tarries for our fears nor hastens for our hopes. Adam went off to his new work, eager and happy, while Joe, with his heart full of envy and hatred, returned to the shop. Why did this piece of good fortune come to his brother? If Adam did well in this place, and was honest and industrious, might not people begin to think that perhaps he had not stolen Mother Robson's money? And then, whom would they suspect? Thus did his guilty conscience see danger where none really existed. The boy did not try to check these evil feelings, but indulged in them until he had quite persuaded himself that his brother had wronged him, and he began to long for revenge. Joe Swainson went about his work that day steadily and industriously as usual; but who would not have shrunk from him in horror, had he betrayed, but for one moment, the hateful passions that filled his heart?

It was a week later, a bright Sunday morning. Adam and his little sister Janie had just gone to the Sunday-school, and Mrs. Swainson was staying at home to mind the children, when Joe, after first looking about in all directions to see if he was watched, set off on the road to Oatlands. As soon as he got beyond the town, he hurried on as though afraid of being pursued; yet what cause had he for fear beyond that consciousness of doing wrong which makes a coward of any one?

He took no notice of the hedge-banks, thick with violets and primroses; he heard not the chorus of birds singing in the trees above; for he was full of his own thoughts and wicked plan, and listened but to the tempting of the evil spirit. It did not take him long to reach Oatlands, and when there he began to look about for the gardener's cottage, which he soon found from the description Adam had given of it. It was a little to the left of the highroad, and half hidden by trees. Joe went through the trim garden, and gently knocked at the door, which had been left partly open.

"Who's there?" asked a woman's voice; and Mrs. Western, the gardener's wife, came out into the porch.

"Please, ma'am," said the boy, in a very civil way, "may I make so bold as just ask for a cup o' water? I've come a long way to go to Eardley Church, but I lost my road, and I'm afraid it's too late now, for I don't hear no bell going."

"Bless you, lad, why it's nigh upon twelve o'clock, and a good step farther to the church! Come in, and sit down a bit while I fetch the water, for you don't look over-strong, poor fellow!"

Joe began vigorously scraping off the dirt from his boots, before stepping on the clean floor, in a way which quite won the good woman's heart.

"There, that'll do nicely," she said, approvingly. "It ain't dirty weather now. Ah, you're not like some as don't mind what dirt they brings in!"

While Mrs. Western went to the pump, Joe employed himself in looking about him. The room was beautifully clean and neat,—not a speck to be seen anywhere, not a thing out of its place; the



old-fashioned furniture polished so brightly that he could see his face in it; some flowers in the broad window-sill; and the Sunday dinner cooking on the fire, and filling the air with a savoury smell.

The gardener and his wife were evidently well-to-do people, and had a very comfortable home for their advancing years.

Mrs. Western soon returned with a glass of fresh sparkling water, and Joe, who was a sharp lad, easily entered into conversation with the good woman, who, living in an out-of-the-way place, did not often have the chance of a bit of gossip.

"Master Western's gone to church," she said, presently; "he never misses, wet nor dry,—if so be he bean't laid up with the rheumatics. I goes of an evening, for, you see, I don't like to leave the place shut up, and no knowing what tramps is about."

(To be continued.)

### CLOVERBOBS;

OR, HOW DR. ROUNDER BEAT HIS BOYS.



QUEER old-fashioned house was "Cloverbobs," where the kind, sensible, but somewhat queer Dr. Rounder kept his school. It is somewhere between fifty and a hundred years ago that it was in its glory; now, the good Doctor, and Mrs. Pinnicker, the housekeeper, ay, and many, most of his pupils have passed away, and of Cloverbobs not one stone remains on another to tell of old days.

The Doctor had a magnificent garden and orchard, in which all manner of pleasant fruits were to be found, from the early strawberries to the fine autumn plums and apples. From him the boys had full liberty to revel in those inviting pastures. He considered that the fruit was sent to be eaten, and that the boys of Cloverbobs were sent to eat it. All the boys were of the same opinion; but Mrs. Pinnicker, the housekeeper, did not agree with them now and then. Many grievous complaints did she carry to her master of the nursing and doctoring arising from the boys eating unripe fruit, or too much of what was ripe; and she so wearied him with her words that he was fain to let her lock the gate, and give out such measure of the dainties as she thought fit. For this, the big boys resolved to be revenged on her. The theft of her spectacles, the drowning of her cat, and various other plots were made and abandoned, as unworthy of gentlemen, and disgraceful to the Doctor's pupils. Nevertheless, something, it was decided, must be done.

Now where there's a will there's a way, and that may be said with a strong significance of a boy's will. What chance, then, had the housekeeper against the wills of between thirty and forty boys?

The apples had been chiefly gathered in with the plums, which were stored for preserving, and the whole were laid in the most housekeeper-like order on the floor of a large room at one end of the straggling old house. Of this room, into which

the boys saw all the good things go and never come out, Mrs. Pinnicker kept the key—a great door-key, that hung with others from her girdle. To get the key was impossible, and to get at the apples without it equally so; at least so it appeared till accident showed it otherwise.

Boys are like sunbeams; wherever there is a chink or a chance they will get in; walls, doors, bolts, and bars, will not keep them out. It chanced that in a game of hide-and-seek, one boy, the hider, had determined to puzzle his companions: so he got on the roof of the house, and, making towards the apple-room end, got down an ivy-covered chimney. The chimney was very roomy, and he descended rather quicker than he wished into the chamber beneath, and fell within a few inches of a large hole in the floor where the grate had been. At first he was in a panic, but finding he was not hurt, he soon recovered himself, and began to look about him. It was a dingy place: the window was almost covered with ivy; but there was light enough to show him that the boxes of all the pupils were kept there. Having ascertained this, he went to the edge of the hole, and looking down, could see nothing but a flat hearth-stone.

"There's no fireplace there," he thought; but, while he thought and looked, a strong whiff of apples came up, and suddenly gave him an explanation of his whereabouts. "Of course," he exclaimed; "I am over the fruit store-room."

Piling the boxes up, he soon got out from the chimney, and, smoothing the ivy, he descended with all speed to give information to his comrades.

Excitation was in every heart that night; for, although much had to be done to carry out their enterprise, the first step and most important had been taken: the apples were found to be within reach without the big key.

After many a consultation under the old walnut-tree in the playground, measures were agreed on; and the very next day the ringleaders were down the chimney smelling the apples and scheming how to get at them. It was too far to jump or drop down; but a rope—there were the cords of the boxes; what could be more handy? They twisted and twined them in and out to the size of a cable, and then, letting down the smallest of the party, charged him to come up with his pockets full. But pockets, even large ones, would not hold many; and the small boy had small pockets, of course; so he had to go down several times before he could satisfy his companions.

"The thing would be to drop down a basket," said one.

"Our supper-basket," said another.

"Yes," said the small boy; "and it would be easier to go down and come up in the basket: the cords hurt I can tell you."

Accordingly that very night, the supper being distributed as usual by the head boy, the basket was left in its ordinary place, but the following morning nobody could find it: where it was hidden, and how, I cannot tell, but the next play-hour saw it in the box-room.

To prevent the possibility of their letting go the

rope when the basket contained their messenger or the apples, they secured it round an iron bar that went across the window, and wound or unwound it as need required.

For some days their depredations went on, and now their revenge was at hand. They knew it was Mrs. Pinnicker's time for fetching fruit for the Sunday pies, and they hid about here and there to watch her go into the room. They saw her put her bright key into the lock, and go in and close the door behind her. Would she never come out? were they to wait in vain for the pleasure of seeing her horror-stricken face? The bell rang, the playtime was over, and they were forced to forego their delight; but they saw her in the house, in the dormitory at night, and she looked troubled and perplexed.

They were sure she had complained to the doctor; but he must have told her it was fancy, that the apples could not go through the keyhole, and that the heaps were not any less as she declared they were.

Nevertheless they thought it best to rest awhile, and allowed her to make another visit without being beforehand with her.

Thinking now that she was satisfied, they went to work again, and the diminished heaps left no doubt in Mrs. Pinnicker's mind that thieves were somewhere; but she had told the Doctor, and the Doctor had told her she was mistaken, but that if she saw any fresh signs of theft she had better let him know, and say nothing about it to any one else.

So she went to him again with more consternation than the Doctor thought all the apples of Devonshire or Herefordshire were worth; but he said he would see the apples and judge for himself; for by a visit now and then he would be able to settle the question of theft or no theft: so he took the key.

Mrs. Pinnicker seemed so quiet about her second loss that the boys thought they might venture a fresh excursion into her treasury; and, as it chanced, they on the roof, hidden by its ins and outs, and the Doctor on the walk beneath, were making their way at the same time to the same spot.

He had let himself in and was looking at the fruit, when he thought he heard a noise above him. He waited and heard voices. He was almost as much frightened to find he had caught the thieves as he would have been if they had caught him. In nervous expectation he waited, wondering where he should see them appear, when the basket slowly made its way through the chimney-hole and gradually settled on the hearth, the small boy in it not expecting any company, and least of all the Doctor. When he saw him (which at first he had not done, as his back was towards him), he was so paralysed with fear that he could not utter a sound. The Doctor observed this and immediately took advantage of it; he put his finger on his lips as a sign that he should keep silence.

"Safe!" cried a voice above, which the Doctor knew to be his nephew's. The Doctor made signs to the trembling urchin to say "Yes," which he did, but in a very husky voice.

"Load away, then," said several voices. Whereupon the Doctor, making signs to him of his intentions, and looking at the thickness of the rope,

whispered to him to give the accustomed signal when he had taken his usual time for filling the basket. Then, settling himself with some difficulty in it, he allowed himself to be drawn up, to the utter confusion of the small boy, who devoutly wished he had never seen an apple in his life.

"A good lot this time," said the Doctor's nephew. "He's coming up with them," said another. "Mind the rope; don't let it slip; give it another twist. Well I think we shall have enough to last, this time."

While they were rejoicing in the coming spoils, the nearest boy caught sight of the Doctor's hat; and soon his face was visible, to the horror and amazement of all.

"Don't let me down among the apples, boys," he said. "I have had some trouble to come up, and should like to stay here a little, if you please."

There was no escape, no help for it: they went on pulling and twisting till he was fairly landed on the floor.

"My dear lads," he exclaimed, when he was out of the basket, "how could you drive me to make such a journey? I wouldn't for all the apples in England do it again, not even if I got them honestly."

Seeing so little anger in his face, they clustered round him, and made an awkward attempt at an apology.

"Lads," he said, "I can't forgive you: don't ask me. It is so very disreputable an affair that I wash my hands of it, and will forget it immediately. I'm only very glad that no one knows it but ourselves. Are any other of the boys concerned in it?"

They said they had trusted none younger than the one below.

"I'm glad of it for your sakes. Here, let us put these boxes straight, and untwist these ropes. I wouldn't have Mrs. Pinnicker know that you could so far forget your duty to yourselves and to me, for anything."

They could have borne a scolding, learned a lesson, or stood a caning; but this way of meeting their misdoing completely overcame them. They resolved, one and all, inwardly never to engage in anything unworthy again. The boxes were speedily replaced, and the ropes put right; and, to save the characters of the thieves, the Doctor got out by their help from the chimney. Directly he got into the house he sent for his housekeeper, and said, "There are too many apples there by half, Mrs. Pinnicker. I'm sure the boys cannot have had enough; mind that they have plenty in future. In fact, to prevent their falling into the hands of thieves, as you fancy they do, it is better you should give the key to the senior boys, and let them take a sufficient quantity. Remember, lads, not to be imprudent!" he added, filling up the confusion of the thieves.

"If that wasn't enough to conquer any heart, I don't know what would be," said one of the boys many years after, in speaking of it. "It had the effect of making us forgive the housekeeper; for how could we resent, who had been so nobly pardoned? and, more than that, it gave an effect to the Doctor's moral and religious teaching which



was most valuable to us. We were sure he was sincere; we saw that he had none of the meanness that he dealt so gently with, while he must have despised it, and we were thoroughly ashamed of ourselves."

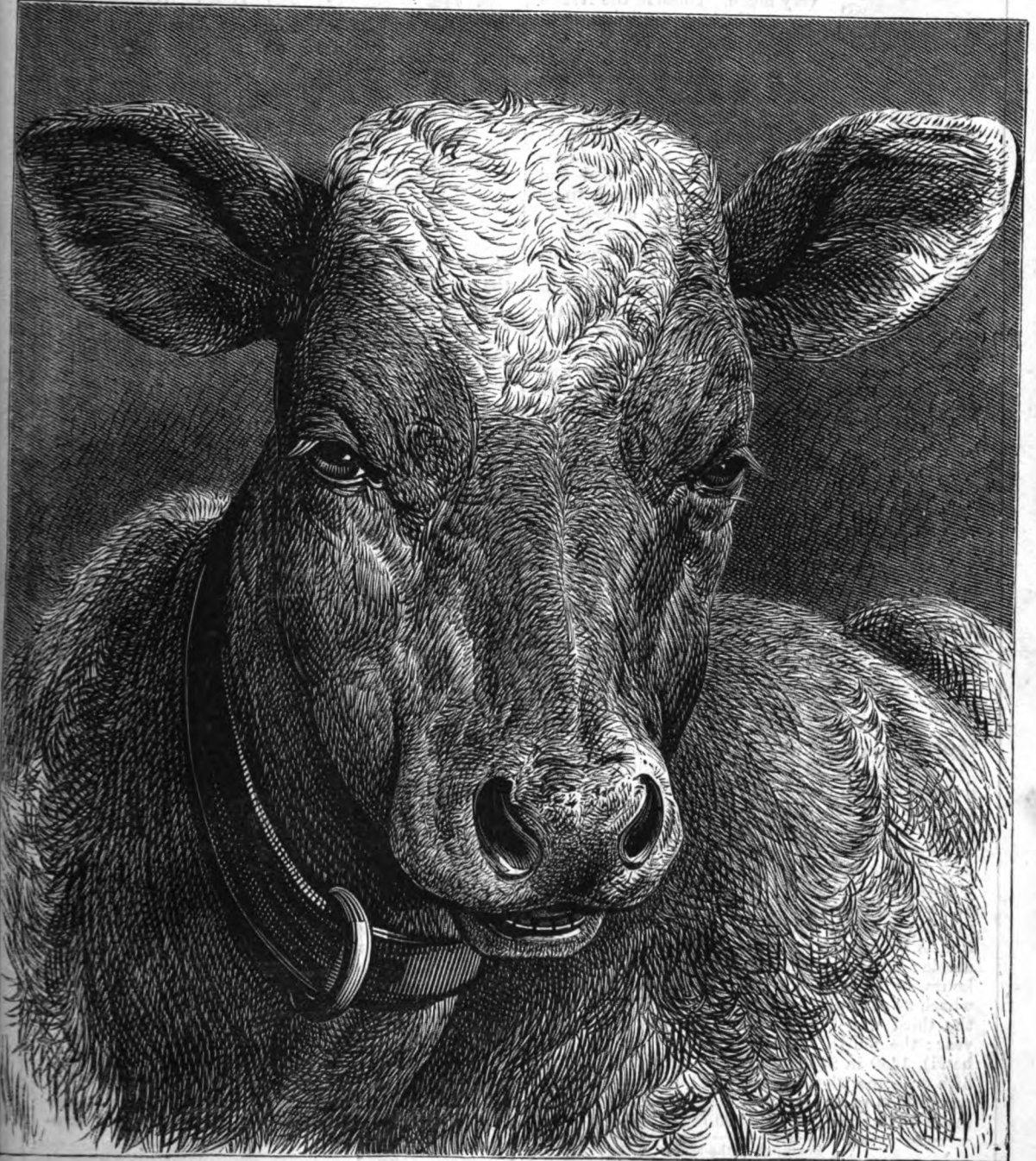
A boy seldom left Cloverbobs without a feeling that a true gentleman could neither be mean, nor

selfish, nor disingenuous, still less false or thievish. Too many left with no more than the feeling, but there were some who were so impressed by the light that shone in the good Doctor, that they were led to seek its source, and to learn lessons of goodness from the perfect Pattern which he had studied.

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# Chatterbox.



The Calf, from Life by W. KEYL.

## THE CALF.



**M**OST children love to go and see a calf lying by the side of its mother, the image of guilelessness, trust, and content. Calves vary very much. Those of the Alderney cow look so fawn-like, as to remind one of the young of the red-deer; indeed the likeness is so great, that sportsmen call the latter "calves," while the young of the fallow-deer are called simply "fawns," and those of the roe-deer, "kids." The calves of the short-horned cattle are more suggestive of veal and butchers' shops. In Ireland they are sometimes nicknamed "staggering bobs." It is amusing to watch their first steps, which give the reason for that name. I said the expression of a calf was trustful; that, again, is borne out by my having often seen several calves following the butcher right into the slaughter-house of a foreign town,\* in spite of the noise and all the repulsive sights of that place, simply by his imitating the peculiar soft low with which a cow calls her calf. How much better that way of managing it than the cruelty with which they are often treated on similar occasions!

There is a beautiful small kind of cow which comes from Brittany, in France. A friend of mine had two of them, and their calves were no bigger than a moderately-sized greyhound. But the rich pasture they enjoyed in England made them grow so fast, that in one year they became much bigger than their mothers. In fact, they looked very much in every respect like the Welsh cattle of our time; proving thereby, that the original stock from which they came must have been the same which the ancient Britons, when they occupied Brittany, imported from Wales. The same family likeness can be traced between the Brittany pony and sheep, and their Welsh relations.

## THE WONDERS OF A WATCH.

**T**HERE are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels of a watch make in a day and in a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example: The main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1400 in a year; the second or centre-wheel, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8760 in a year; the third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 69,080 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand), 1440 in 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth or 'scape wheel, 12,960 in 24 hours, or 4,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800, 1,418,112, 000 in a year.

\* Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

## HENRY ASHTON:

OR, NOT AFRAID TO WORK.



**A**DOZEN 'bus men tried to persuade those who had just got out of the morning train to enter the conveyances, but one gentleman passed by them all, and, stepping up, to two boys who were standing near the station, inquired pleasantly:—

"Will one of you lads carry my bag, as I wish to walk a short distance?"

"Catch me to carry anybody's traps for them!" gruffly responded Tom Browne, with a defiant air: "I don't have to work for my living."

"I will carry it for you, sir," said

Henry Ashton, stepping forward and taking hold of the gentleman's bag.

As they walked along, the gentleman turned and addressed Henry, with,—

"How is it that you are willing to do this, while I should guess from your dress that you are better off than your companion?"

"Why, sir, I wish to do all I can to help my mother, and so I never throw away a chance to do any little job. My father died last year, and, though my mother keeps me at school, I know it is hard for her to get along; and I am going to try to find a situation as soon as this quarter is out."

"And how about your companion?"

"Oh, Tom Browne is my second cousin. His folks are poor enough; his father drinks; but Tom says he has a rich uncle somewhere, who is going to leave him all his property when he dies, so he won't do anything."

"Humph!" ejaculated the gentleman, "Tom Browne you say, but there are a good many Tom Brownes here, doubtless—I will see."

Henry did not understand the last remark, but as the gentleman looked as though he was talking to himself, he made no inquiries.

"There is the hotel where you wish to go, sir; and, if you please, I should like to hurry a little, as the school-bell is ringing, and I must run home first for my books."

The stranger did not look displeased at this, but he walked faster as he inquired,—

"Do you live near?"

"Just around that corner, in a part of a small brick house."

As they reached the hotel, Henry handed the bag to the porter, and the owner put half-a-crown in his hand and ascended the steps. When Henry saw what the coin was, he ran after the gentleman, and offered to return it, saying he must have made a mistake, but the gentleman said that it was all right, and with many thanks Henry hurried home.

As Henry hastened to school, he overtook Tom Browne, who was sauntering leisurely along.

"Well," said Tom, "so you have turned errand-boy! What did he give you?—a penny, or twopence?"

"Half-a-crown," replied Henry.

"Whew! Half-a-crown for carrying a bag three or four streets! He must have made a mistake, but so much the better for you, if he don't find it out."

"I told him," indignantly replied Henry. "I should not have kept it, if he had not said that it was all right."

"What a goose! but now you are so flush, you can treat a fellow to a glass of beer, at least, eh?"

"I shall do no such thing! you know I never touch anything of the kind."

"Well, you're mean, that's all; but you might get a couple of prime cigars: come now."

"No, Tom, I don't spend my money in that way; I have given it to my good mother, who will use it for me, if I need it. But we must not stop to talk."

Soon Henry was seated in school, just in time, while Tom lingered behind and entered five minutes late, which was earlier than usual though, for him.

When Henry went home the next evening, he was surprised to find there his acquaintance of the day before, and his mother's eyes were filled with tears, but she did not look unhappy.

"This kind gentleman is Mr. Benton," she said, "and he has been inquiring about you, my dear, and wishes to help you along in the world."

"Yes," said Mr. Benton, "I have for some time been looking for an honest, industrious, intelligent boy, who needs assistance. I have already helped several such lads, as I do not care to leave a fortune when I die, but prefer to see it well spent while I live; and I will give you a good education, and place you in whatever business or profession you are qualified for when the time comes, if you continue to be such a boy as I now have reason to think that you are."

"Oh! sir, I am very much obliged to you; but I could not leave my mother," Henry added, thoughtfully.

"No, I should not wish it. You can attend the schools and colleges in this city, and remain at home while pursuing your education. But you will perhaps be more surprised to know that I am Tom Browne's 'rich uncle,' and who is not going to leave him his property when he dies!"

"Oh, sir, then if you're Tom's uncle, why he ought to be the one to be helped, and not I," Henry ventured to say.

"So he ought, but he isn't," said Mr. Benton, smiling; and he continued, "I knew of the family, but had never seen any of them except the mother, and determined to do well by Tom, if he should prove worthy; but I have discovered that he is an idle, worthless fellow, and I cannot carry out my designs with regard to him. I am only his mother's uncle by marriage, so you are as much my nephew as Tom, and you may call me uncle."

"I shall love dearly to do so," replied Henry, warmly, "and perhaps you can do something to make Tom better," he added.

"I will do what I can for him, but I fear I cannot improve his character or habits. He will become a drunkard, if he keeps on as he has begun. But I must leave you now; I will call again to-morrow."

And here we will leave them all, hoping that Tom's vexation on learning what his "rich uncle" thought of him may do him good; and feeling certain that Henry Ashton, if his life is spared, will make a truly useful man.

## THE TWO ELM-TREES.

A FABLE FOR QUARRELSOME SISTERS.



WO young Elms had been planted side by side in front of a gentleman's house. Having everything done for them by the gardener, they were free from care, and you would have thought they had nothing to do but to grow and enjoy themselves. But unhappily they were a good deal given to quarrelling. Perhaps the time hung heavily on their hands, and they did it for amusement: but so it was, that scarcely a day passed without bickerings and disputes between them of some kind.

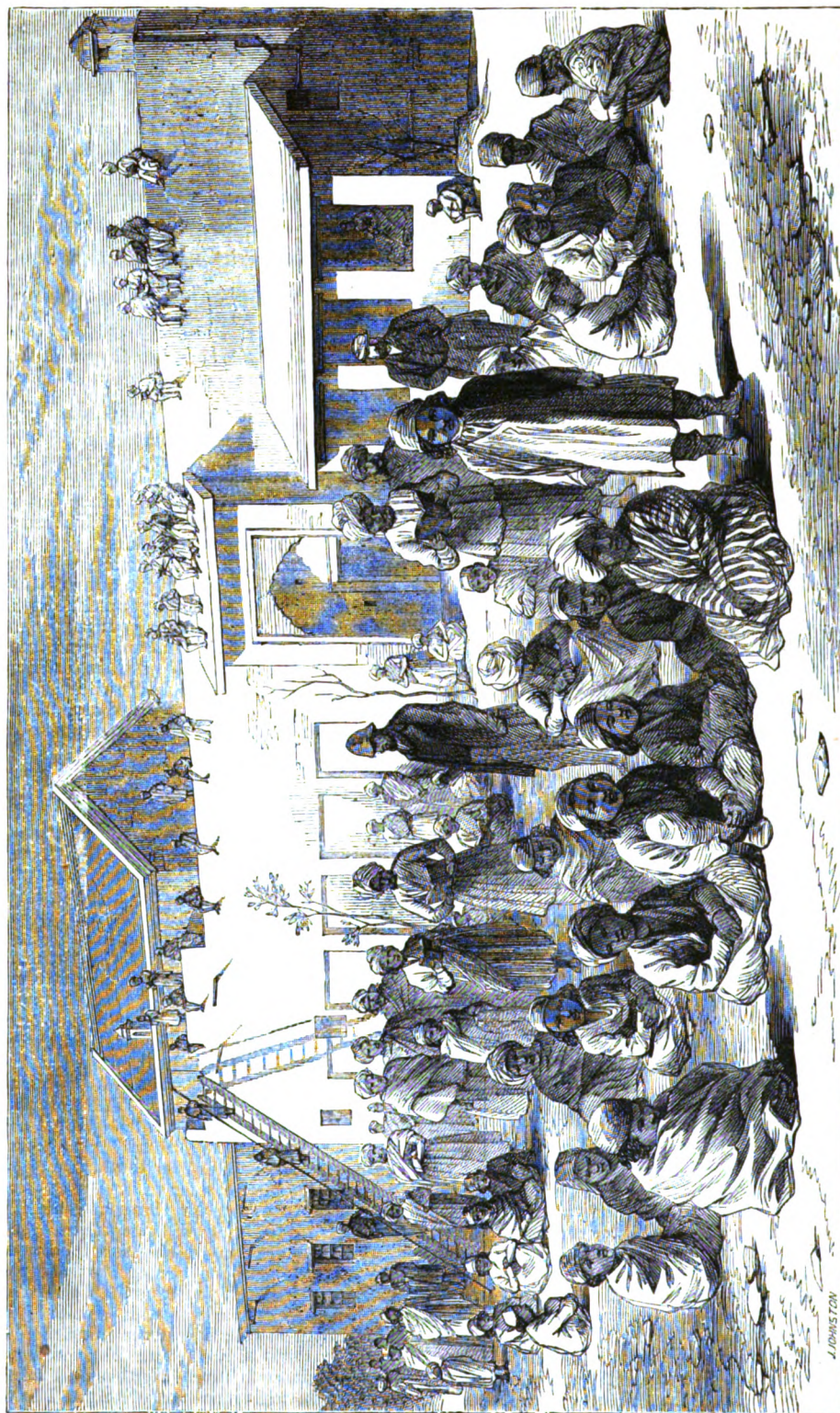
"What a noise you make with your leaves!" one of them would say to the other; "you quite disturb my meditations." "The same to yourself, sister," would be the answer: "I am sure your rustling is at times quite disagreeable." And in the morning you would generally hear one of them exclaim, "Sister, you are always in my light!" whilst in the evening it would be the other who would cry, "How provoking you are, sister! why will you never let me see the sun!"

In the course of time their discourse took a new turn: "How is it, sister," each of them would often say,— "how is it that you are continually encroaching upon my space? The gardener did not plant you here but there. Pray do not interfere with me." Or again: "I am certain, sister, it was you who broke my arm in the high wind last night." Poor foolish trees! It was wonderful to hear how they would rustle away in their wrath for hours together.

But in spite of their quarrelling they continued to grow taller and stouter every year; and let them do what they might, they had been planted so near each other, that by degrees their branches not only met, but actually intermingled. In fact, the higher they grew, and the more widely they spread, the more completely did they feel themselves obliged to mix their leaves and branches. There was no help for it if they meant to live at all. Were it not better, then, that they freely forgave the past, and lived in affectionate friendship for the future?

When matters had gone so far as that, they were sure to be soon arranged, for these trees did not require any friend to bring them together. And the very last conversation which passed between them, of which there is any record, was to the following effect:—"Sister, you must feel that east wind very much." "Yes, sister, it certainly is rather keener than usual; but never mind me. I hope I keep the worst of it off you. For you have not been used to it as I have. Neither do I think it will ever be able to injure me so long as I have you by my side."—*The Home Book.*





### THE MISSIONARY SCHOOL AT PESHAWUR.

IN the Punjab, a vast district of Hindostan, there is an ancient city called Peshawur, which is pronounced as if it were spelt *Pesh-our*. It once belonged to the Afghan princes; it was taken from

them by the Sikhs, and now it belongs to the British Crown. The city stands in a plain, surrounded by mountains, and watered by the Indus and other rivers. The houses of the town are built of unburnt

brick in wooden frames. The streets are narrow, but paved, and with a kennel in the middle. They are crowded with people of many different races, and in many different dresses. Persians and Afghans





in brown woollen tunics or flowing mantles, and caps of black sheep-skin; mountaineers with sandals of straw; Peshawur people in white turbans and dark blue frocks, or sheep-skin cloaks; and many other strangely dressed men and women.

Seeing that people of so many nations are to be met in Peshawur, the missionaries thought that they might there teach some folk who would carry back to their distant homes the seeds of Christian truth, and so they settled there as soon as the town came under British rule.

Besides preaching in the bazaars (as the streets of shops are called), the missionaries had a ruined building granted them by the resident magistrate, and they soon changed it into the school, of which we give a picture from a photograph. If you look into the picture you will be able to find out the English missionary and his wife, and another European teacher, and you will also see that many of the scholars are grave men of different Asiatic nations, though there are plenty of boys, too, and some of them seem to have the same liking for climbing as English school-boys, for they have mounted on to the top of the wall to have their pictures taken, though they "make believe" to be very busy with their books. All the men who attend the school do not come for the purpose of being taught religion; some of them wish to learn the English language, that they may be better traders or servants, but we may be sure that the missionaries at the same time teach them some of that knowledge which alone 'maketh wise unto salvation.'

Here is a sort of *carte de visite* of some of these

grown-up pupils of the Peshawur school. The one on the right is a Persian, whose father had a pension of 1200*l.* a-year from government for services which he rendered to our army when it was in Cabul. The other two are Affghans, uncle and nephew (the uncle in the centre), members of the family of the former Judges of Peshawur.

### JOHNNY BALL.

**Y**OUNG Johnny's a schoolboy, so blithe and so gay,  
Hestirs with the lark and he's up with the day,  
Like a bird on the wing, (for to linger he'd scorn)  
Ere the clock gives its warning, young Johnny is gone;  
He's the brightest, the quickest, the best of them all,  
Is this prince of a school-boy, this young Johnny Ball.

Young Johnny's the foremost at work or at play,  
He's as quick to oblige as he's prompt to obey,  
He works like a horse till his lesson is done,  
And then—why! he's off like a shot from a gun;  
At work or at play he's the first of them all,  
Is this prince of a schoolboy, this young Johnny Ball.

So, so, Johnny Ball, when your school-days are past,  
And we miss you (as miss you we shall) at the last,  
In that great school the world, oh, let this be your plan!  
Be the same Johnny Ball, only grown to a man;  
Then, remembered and loved both by great and by small,

You'll live, and go down to the grave, Johnny Ball.  
T. C. W.



# ADAM SWAINSON.

(Continued from p. 86.)

"HAT a nice house and garden you've got, too, ma'am!" exclaimed Joe, with an admiring tone. "To my mind, there's nothing like a gardener's place. Ah, what wouldn't I give to get the chance of such a thing!"

"You don't say so? Well, to think that it's only a fortnight ago that the Squire says to me, 'Mrs. Western,' says he, 'can you tell me of a likely lad to help in the garden, for your good man's getting on in years?' 'No, sir,' says I, 'that I can't. We're out of the way of things, you see, up here, and never had chister nor child of our own.' And sure enough Master Western ain't the man he was."

"Have you got e'er a one to help now?" asked Joe.

"Why, ycs, the Squire's picked up some boy or other from the school over yonder at Sandgate, but I don't know much about him. His name's Adam something or other."

"Is it Adam Swainson, I wonder?" asked the boy.

"Ah, to be sure, that's it! It's a queer name. Do you happen to know him?"

"Well, I'm not one to make mischief, so perhaps we'd best say nothing about him, ma'am."

But the good body's curiosity was excited by these hints, as Joe had wished, and she cross-questioned him on the subject until the boy had told the whole story of the missing half-sovereign in his own way, and he ended by cleverly insinuating that he would not tell tales, but there was more behind.

"Then you mean to say it's a downright thief we've got!" exclaimed the gardener's wife, indignantly. "Well, to be sure, won't I tell Western when he comes home from church, and get this Adam packed off pretty quick!"

"Don't you think, perhaps, ma'am, you'd better wait awhile, and see how he turns out?" said Joe, who began to be alarmed at his own success. He was full of hatred and envy towards his brother, but yet he scarcely wished to see him turned out of his place at once. Besides, an inquiry might be made, and his Sunday morning's work might be discovered.

"Wait, did you say?—no, not one minute, not if I know it! The Squire shall hear this very night what sort of a boy he's picked up, as sure as my name's Sally Western!"

Just then Joe caught sight of some people in the distance, crossing a stile into the road, who looked as if they were coming from church, so he wished "good-bye" hastily, and hurried off across a field, in dreadful fear of being seen. And well might the traitor dread discovery, who in his cowardly malice had thus sought to deal a deadly blow to his brother, whose only crime was his good fortune. Joe kept along inside the hedge, for he heard footsteps in

the road, but presently he came to the end of the field, and found that he must scramble through another hedge to avoid being seen. He nearly lost his footing in doing so, for he found that, instead of the dry ditch he had expected, there was a small pond beyond, and he had some difficulty in saving himself by clinging on to the brambles. While he was thus hiding he saw some beautiful white ducks in the water, and a new thought occurred to him. Those very ducks would be worth, as he well knew, three-and-sixpence or four shillings a couple in the market, "and no questions asked." Why should he not thus add a little to his savings? And suppose they were missel, why nobody would suspect him; it would be all set down to Adam, especially now that the gardener's wife had been poisoned against him.

When this wicked temptation crossed his mind, he never for one moment tried to resist it, but, as he turned homewards at last, he resolved to come again in a few days and have "more than a look at them ducks."

You will think that Joe Swainson was a very wicked boy, and so indeed he was. Yet, only one short year before, he would have shrunk from such crimes,—he would never have gone so far wrong. One evil deed had led to others,—one falsehood persisted in had so deadened the voice of his conscience, that of late he had found the downward course fearfully easy. And at the same time, though he must have known how little he deserved it, he was anxious to be approved of by everybody, and was, as he thought, very careful not to do anything which might be found out.

The next morning, Adam went off as usual to his work, happy and light-hearted, quite unconscious of his brother's treachery. Poor fellow! he soon discovered, however, that an enemy had been at work.

Old Western, who though usually sharp with him about his work, was not unkind on the whole, received him on that Monday in a very different manner.

"Here's a pretty tale we've heard of you, sir! So you're a thief, are you? Stole a poor fishwoman's purse down on the beach, and goodness knows what besides! Well, I'm only just waiting till the master comes round this way to see about that grass-plot; and he'll soon settle the matter and pack you off about your business!"

In vain did poor Adam protest and declare his innocence; there was something in his manner, as the shrewd old man noticed, which showed that this was not the first time he had been thus accused. Poor fellow! this was a terrible blow—to find that the false report which had already so deeply injured him, had followed him even here and threatened to destroy all his newly-found happiness.

His tears fell fast and dropped upon his spade, as he paused for a moment from his work in bitter grief, feeling as though his heart would break, if he should thus be turned away from his situation in disgrace.

Presently he heard a firm step coming down the gravel-walk from the house. His heart beat quick, for he felt that his fate hung in the balance, and that in a few minutes it would be decided



whether all his future life should be one of honour, or one of shame; for so it seemed to him in that terrible moment of suspense. He heard Mr. Hayward go up to speak to the gardener, but he dared not raise his head and look round, though he was so close by that he could hear every word that was said. They began to talk of the new lawn that was to be laid down, then of the flower-beds, of the spring crops in the kitchen-garden, and each moment Adam's anxiety became more intense, until he could scarcely bear it. At last old Western came to the subject of which his thoughts were full, and pointing over his shoulder at the boy, said abruptly,—

"I've got a word or two to say about that youngster, yonder; I suppose, sir, you didn't go for to take him without a character of some sort?"

He spoke with the freedom of an old servant, and Mr. Hayward, who was used to his ways, replied quietly,—

"I hope that he goes on well, and that you have no fault to find with him, Western, for he was very well recommended to me by the master of the National School."

"Much he knew about it then," growled the gardener. "My missus tells me quite another tale; she says this lad's a regular thief, and that nobody will have nothing to do with him down where he comes from."

"Indeed!" said his master, much concerned; "I'm very sorry to hear this. But are you quite sure there is no mistake about it?"

"Oh, dear no, sir; more's the pity!" exclaimed the old man, and then he went on to repeat the oft-told tale of the stolen money, while Adam, who could hear every word, felt his face burning with anger.

Mr. Hayward listened in silence to the whole story, and then turning to the boy, called him to come and answer the accusation made against him. At this critical moment all Adam's courage returned, and he boldly and resolutely declared that he was no thief, and that he never had taken anything which did not belong to him.

"Then I understand that you deny the truth of this account from beginning to end?" asked the squire. "You know nothing about this Mrs. Robson and her half-sovereign?"

"If you please, sir," replied Adam firmly, yet respectfully, "it's all true about my minding her stall on the beach, but I didn't take a farthing out of her purse. Indeed, sir, I know that things do look badly against me, but if you'll only believe me . . ."

"That's a likely thing!" interrupted old Western; "the master ain't quite so easy took in as that!"

"Don't be too hard on the boy," said Mr. Hayward, "for this concerns me. Adam Swainson," he added, turning towards him, "you don't look as if you were telling me a lie, and I sincerely hope that you may be innocent. For this time, at any rate I will trust you, but remember that the first occasion on which you are found out in any act of dishonesty, you will be dismissed at once without any further trial."

The poor boy could scarcely believe his ears; he felt like a prisoner, under sentence of death, who suddenly receives freedom and pardon.

Was it possible that he could be treated so kindly, so generously? He was ready to kiss his master's hands,—to do anything to show his gratitude; but as he was only an awkward lad, he did nothing but stand there, looking stupid, and unable to find one word of thanks.

Mr. Hayward passed on with a friendly nod, and Adam overheard him saying,—

"Now, Western, don't throw this unlucky story you've heard in the poor fellow's teeth, or you'll make his life miserable. Let bygones be bygones."

"We shall see what you'll say, sir," grumbled the gardener, as he went on out of hearing, "when things are missed right and left." . . . .

Adam heard no more, but this was quite enough to leave a sting in his happiness—a serpent in his paradise. Yes, there was trouble in store for him yet, and, beyond all, a great sorrow which he little expected.

The old gardener felt very indignant that his master had not followed his advice, and poor Adam had to suffer from all his ill-feeling and injured pride. As for Mrs. Western, she declared that the thief should never come inside her door; and she "gave him a piece of her mind," as she called it, every time she met him.

Thus the days wore away, and the boy tried to be patient and bide his time, but it was hard discipline for him.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## THE RED SHOEBLACK'S SONG.

**L**EARN away cheerily,

Not slow or wearily,

Paying attention, boys, fix'd as you can;

Reading and writing

And summing uniting,

To make ev'ry scholar a wise little man.

Be kind to the others,

As if they were brothers,

And mind what the master says,—that is the rule;

Wash your hands properly;

Comb your hair tidily:

See, what good order we keep in the school.

When in the morning's glow

Off to our stands we go,

Dressed in our uniform all spick and span;

Brushing and brightening,

The polish still heightening,

We'll make every shoe shine as much as we can.

"Clean your boots, high and low,

"Only a penny, too,"

Gaily we call as the people go by;

Civilly, steadily,

Working so readily,

To earn a good living and character try.

And when the day is done,

Back to Ship Yard we run,

All in good order, a box on each head;

Counting the coppers there;

Won't the Committee stare

When they behold such a number outspread?



The Shoeblack.

Then such bread and butter!  
 We scarcely can utter  
 The praises of all in the good Matron's store;  
 Hot coffee, ginger-beer,  
 Winter and summer, cheer  
 Diligent workers when labour is o'er.

Home we go cheerily,  
 Songs troling merrily,  
 Bringing the wages we've earned in the day;  
 "Father and mother dear,  
 "Look what I've brought you here."  
 "That's a brave boy," with a smile they will say.

Then to school haste away,  
 Don't let us stop to play,  
 Learning will help us life's battle to fight;  
 So for an hour or two  
 Each his best tries to do:  
 When we come back we shall sleep well at night.

Learn away cheerily,  
 Not slow or wearily,  
 Paying attention, boys, fix'd as you can;  
 Reading and writing  
 And summing uniting,  
 To make ev'ry scholar a wise little man. J. F.



# Chatterbox.

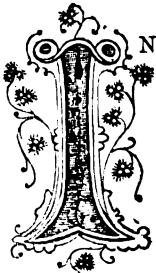


Twisting the Yarn.



## "A TWISTED YARN."

A STORY FROM THE RHINE FOR  
ROPE-MAKERS' BOYS.



**I**n a village on the banks of the Rhine stood a great walnut-tree; planted years and years ago, it had looked down many times on the march of war and desolation through its fair country; many times it had seen the smoke of bivouac fires rising through the evening stillness; many times the tramp of troops, whether fighting for old Fatherland or against it, had shaken the ground through which its fibre roots stretched in their search for nourishment; and if its ringed heart could have felt fear, it would surely have often quaked with dread at the peril so near it. But notwithstanding all these trials, here it still stood in its old age, hale and hearty, spreading its great boughs with their crown of green leaves, bright through all the summer drought and laden with rich fruit in the autumn; it was a mine of wealth to its possessor, old Claus Steinmaner.

Claus Steinmaner's cottage stood not many yards away from the tree. It had a black-beamed front and high gable, and was somewhat rickety-looking now, and by no means so steady on its foundation as it might have been: but this was not to be wondered at, for it had flourished when the walnut-tree was a youth, had watched its planting, and taken (as a near neighbour should do) a kindly interest in its growth; and last, not least, in the opinion of old Claus, it had seen many generations of the Steinmaners born, become aged, and die within its sheltering walls.

Claus himself was elderly now (old, the children called him), with white hair and a white beard, over which his dark eyes kept watch with a youthful brightness that puzzled the young ones sadly. He was greatly beloved by the children, and had almost as much to do with them as their schoolmaster, and for this reason. Under the shade of the walnut-tree was a strip of grass—a miniature meadow in fact, and at one end of the grass stood a small wooden pent-house, in which were two or three big wooden wheels. In the long summer evenings you might always see from seven to ten children busy here. Some turning the great wheels, some arranging the hemp ready for the twist, and the twist themselves walking slowly backwards, twisting a lengthening line of yarn stretched between them and the wheel. They liked this sort of work much, it came in after school-time; and they earned money by it too, only a few groschen in a week perhaps, but then every groschen is something, and represents an amount of cherries, nuts, or chocolate, not to be despised by any child, certainly not by the children of this little town of Rheindorf.

It was a pleasant place to work in. Over head were the branches of the great tree, heavy with its clusters of nuts; at these nuts the children glanced

now and then, speculating which special ones would fall to their own share: not far off was Claus Steinmaner's cottage with its garden, and goat, and beehives; behind that again was an old tower, up which the children often scrambled in playtime, because its top commanded a view of the railway station, and you could watch the trains coming and going at your ease; high above them, and quite out of the way of the important bustling railway officials, and beyond the tower again, the hills rose, with green fields and fruit-orchards without number. Among the children moved old Claus himself, watching their work, blaming the idle, praising the industrious, promising them an extra groschen at the end of the week, and mingling his remarks with queer little stories of all sorts, of which he seemed to have an endless stock.

Old Claus loved the children, and the children loved him, but many of them often tried his patience sorely with their tempers and freaks, and none worried him more in this way than a boy of fourteen, called Hans Steinmaner. He was a distant relation of Claus', and moreover a widow's son, and these two things put together stood him in good stead; for often was Claus tempted to tell him to come no more unless he worked better. But he knew that the mother and her six children found it hard enough to get on in the world, and old Claus was the last man to take bread out of the mouths of the widow and fatherless, to save loss to himself.

Yet there was no reason why Hans should not work as well as any child there. He was clever at school and out of it, quick in eye and hand, tall and handsome. Strangers were sure when they stopped to look at old Claus' rope-walk, to single out Hans to speak with, and were always pleased by his bright face and well-mannered answers. English tourists passing through Rheindorf with sketch-book and knapsack, stopping to take a drawing of the old walnut-tree and its surroundings, bestowed their spare groschen on Hans in preference to the others. Wandering burschen shared their cherries with him, and pulled his curls as they bade Claus farewell, and thanked the old man for their rest in his pleasant harbour.

Yet for all this, Hans' work was worth scarcely anything to his master. Little Gretchen, his sister, three years younger than himself, whose big blue eyes were slow to light up, and who was so long in learning to twist, and so deliberate in her movements, that the children told her they were sure she took a nap between each turn of the wheel, was worth far more as a worker than her clever brother ever was or would be. And just for this reason: Hans rarely gave his attention to what he was about. He was (as the country people say) *seldom all there*; he was careless: and if you saw his hands busy in one place, you might be almost certain that his *thoughts* were in another.

"Take care, Hans!" old Claus would cry; "you are slackening the twist;" and Hans, whose wandering mind had been caught by a swallow then skimming by, would start and look at his work, resolve to take more pains, and really do so for a minute or two.

Then a neighbour would pass with his dog and gun, and Hans' eyes were gone again, until Gretchen would say in her gentle voice, "Oh! Hans, the hemp is running short, should not you join more on now?" or, "Dear brother, you have twisted a strand; take care!" Then Hans would start again, and try to remedy his mistake; but when the hour for going home came, Claus would look grave as he inspected Hans' yarn.

"Boy!" he would say, "here again are faults at every ell or two; it is wasting good hemp, the yarn is worth nothing. They cannot take this at the factory."

Sometimes Hans looked sorry at these words, more often he shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"I can't help it," he said, "the hemp was so rough;" or, "Lisa did not turn properly."

"Or Hans did not think," said old Claus. "His thoughts were far away in the woods, strawberry gathering, or something else. You must learn to do better, Hans, or I can no longer employ you."

And all this while up in the wooden shed hung a row of great blue and gold letters, carved by a boy who had once twisted yarn under the old walnut-tree, but was now gone to be a wood-carver at Coblenz. He had sent to his former master, as a remembrance, a carving of the old man's favourite text from the Holy Book: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And Claus had placed it where he and his scholars could always see it and be reminded of their duty.

"Look up, Hans! look up!" he would say, when he saw the yarn slackening under the boy's idle fingers. And when Hans looked up, his eyes fell full on the solemn words. Well would it have been for Hans if he had attended to their teaching, and remembered that no task our Heavenly Father sets us to do can be small in His sight; that He thinks as much of the child's neglected lesson as of the unfinished work of the great man who has hundreds of his fellow-creatures depending on his care.

"What is the use," grumbled Hans one afternoon when he had been more than usually careless; "what is the use of making all this fuss about a trumpery rope-yarn? If it is done badly what does it matter, it hurts no one."

"Oh, Hans!" cried little Gretchen, "it hurts kind old Claus. You know if the yarn is badly done he gets far less money for it than he would if it were all good and tight."

"He needn't mind," said Hans; "a few groschen more or less, or even a thaler or two, does not matter to him."

Now it so happened that Claus was just behind the children when these remarks were made. He did not stop and scold—that was not his way; he walked round the workers once more; then taking his pipe from his mouth, he said suddenly,—

"Children, do you know where your yarn goes to when it leaves my hands?"

Two or three voices answered at once, "To the factory."

"Yes; and where after that?"

The children did not know. "Tell us, please, old Claus," they cried, for they guessed he had some story in his head for them.

"It goes," said old Claus, "much of it to the great ships that sail over the sea, and bring nice things from foreign lands, and if the ropes get bad and a storm comes on and one snaps, it may be the cause of terrible danger to all those on board the vessel. Don't you think, children, you ought to be careful to make the yarn strong and good that is to be twisted by-and-bye into a great rope to hold the sails of the ships, and to help them on their way across the wide sea?"

"Yes," cried all the children, without looking up from their task, and one little boy asked,—

"Did you ever see a rope break, Father Claus?"

"Yes," said the old man, and a sad expression came over his face as if at some painful recollection. "Once, long ago, when I was a sailor on board an English ship, we had come a long way from India, and been many weeks on the wide sea, with very many passengers, men, women, and little children. We had a pretty fair voyage the greater part of the way, but when we got near England a fierce storm came on, and at last, in the middle of the night, in spite of all that the captain and the sailors could do, we struck on some rocks just under water, not far from the shore, but with such a stretch of wild white surf between it and us, that no boat could have lived there a minute—it would have gone down like a walnut-shell. The ship was filling fast, and every one was in sore trouble expecting instant death, when a rocket was thrown on board from those on shore who were trying to save us, and to this a small rope was fastened, then another, and a larger one was passed by its means from the ship to the beach, and at last one so large that we ventured to trust the passengers to it, and slipped them across one by one in great haste, as we did not expect to keep afloat much longer. The ropes looked strong enough to bear anything, but alas! one of them was not sound! Three passengers passed safely, then came the turn of a lady and her child, a sweet little creature about three years old, with whom I had often played during the voyage. They were lashed to the chair as the others had been, and were half way across when one of the ropes gave way. The chair with its precious burden tilted, swung for a moment on the remaining rope, and at last broke from that too, and the lady and her baby fell into the boiling surf beneath, and never rose again."

The children looked very grave. Old Claus sighed, and then went on:—"It cost the life of our good captain and three of the crew also. They insisted on being the last to leave the vessel, and we lost so much time in fixing new ropes, that before they could be pulled across the ship went down."

Hans was working steadily now, and determined to twist no more strands by his carelessness. Old Claus looked at him for a second, then began again.

(To be continued.)



### THE DOG AND THE TARTS.

**T**HERE was once a dog whose name was Black Muzzle. A finer fellow never trotted. He had a thick, glossy fur, and oh, such a splendid tail! He was also so brave he could hold his own with any dog alive. Black Muzzle used to go errands for his master; at these times he would trot along without a look on this side or on that; he felt so proud! Well, one day, he was sent to the baker's for some tarts, and away he trotted with his basket in his mouth. The baker put the tarts safely at the bottom of the basket, and Black Muzzle set off for home. Now another dog on the road smelt the tarts, and he thought he would go a little way with Black Muzzle, just for the sake of company, as it were. At last the strange dog put his nose into the basket and seized one of the tarts. Black Muzzle at

once dropped his basket and sprang upon the dainty thief. The noise and bustle soon brought other dogs to the spot. On seeing the tarts they also began to help themselves. Poor Black Muzzle looked round in dismay. His tarts were fast disappearing one by one. It was enough to send any dog crazy, was it not? What was he against so many? Black Muzzle thought out the question in a twinkling. He made peace with his enemies, and joined the feast with a right good will.

### THE TRAP-SPIDER.

**T**HE trap-door spider is a curious creature, and inhabits many parts of the world, but the best specimens of the class are to be found in Jamaica and Australia. It makes a tunnel in a sloping bank, and to this tunnel it fits a lid, so beautifully con-



structed that it closes without giving any evidence of its existence to the creature passing by it. The hole is bevelled inwards as truly as though it had been turned, and the lid fits with a nicety that could not be beaten by the cleverest human workman. The hinge by which the trap is fastened is also a specimen of splendid workmanship, and exactly fits the mouth of the trap. The creature, which is very large-bodied, sits at the entrance, with the lid open wide enough to let it see anything near, and immediately it does so, out it rushes and drags in its victim, and shuts the trap-door with a loud click.

### MY NELLY.

**Y**OU never heard her slam the door,  
Nor cups and saucers clash,  
Nor throw up with an angry jerk  
The sliding window-sash.

You never saw her fling a book  
With force upon the ground,  
And rush, with bonnets by the string,  
And ringlets all unbound.

You never heard impetuous words  
Of anger from her lips,  
Nor felt the sting of furious blows  
Dropped from her finger-tips.

And would you know the reason why?  
She is a Christian child,  
And knows, if she would please her Lord,  
She must be meek and mild.

Sweet, pleasant words she always speaks,  
And gentle are her ways;  
O, beautiful my Nellie is,  
And happy all her days.

### ADAM SWAINSON.

(Concluded from p. 95.)



**B**EFORE long it happened that Adam was sent to mend a gap in a hedge at some little distance from the house. It was in the very field where Joe had hidden himself on that fatal Sunday when he went to the gardener's cottage. Adam worked away at the hedge steadily for awhile, but it was not in boy's nature to avoid casting many a longing glance towards the little pond on the other side. If he could but have a delicious bathe in it on that hot morning!—or it would even be better than nothing to throw a few stones, and see them ripple in the smooth water. As he looked down wistfully, he suddenly noticed something moving on the opposite bank, behind an old overhanging willow-tree. Then he saw a hand put out from under the branches, and stealthily seize one of the white ducks, which seemed to be half-dozing in the shade. Who could it be? Perhaps it was one of the Squire's servants, who had been sent to fetch it by the cook, for

the loud quacking and struggles ceased in another minute, as though the poor creature had come to an untimely end. All the other ducks were in great commotion, swimming about with a loud noise when they heard the sad fate of their companion.

Certainly it seemed very strange altogether; so Adam determined to watch who it was that had thus disturbed their peace. His misgivings increased when he saw under the shade of the tree two bare feet, which seemed about to step into the water. Upon this Adam gave a loud shout, partly to startle the enemy, whoever he might be, and partly to warn him of his danger, for the water was very deep just under the willow-tree. Startled by this sudden noise, the stranger lost his footing, and fell head foremost into the pond.

For one moment Adam remained as though rooted to the spot; and then he called loudly for help. He could swim but very little, and he knew not what to do. Meantime, the boy who had fallen into the water sank, and the minutes seemed fearfully long to Adam before he rose again. The unfortunate lad had struck his head in falling against a bough of the tree, and the blow had stunned him: he was thus unable to make any efforts to save himself. As he came to the surface at length, Adam gave one wild cry, and sprang into the water. He had seen the upturned face with the sunlight full upon it, and in that moment had recognised his brother. Before the poor boy could reach him, however, Joe sank again; and Adam, breathless and exhausted with his vain endeavours to reach him, would undoubtedly have been drowned had not help arrived in time.

A labourer working in the next field had heard the boy's cries, and seeing him struggling in the water, with some difficulty brought him safely to the bank. He was quite unconscious by this time, so the man carried him at once to the gardener's cottage, the nearest place where he could receive any assistance.

Poor Adam, as we know, was no favourite with Mrs. Western; but she was a kind-hearted woman, and a case of real need like this one called out all her womanly sympathies. Adam soon returned to consciousness under her care, and when he quite understood where he was, and remembered what had happened, he cried out in sudden fear,—

"Oh, where's Joe?"

Mrs. Western, not knowing what he meant, tried to soothe him.

"Bide quiet, lad," said she, "and don't fuss yourself."

"But, Joe," persisted the boy anxiously, "where is he? Who took him out o' the pond?"

"Why, how you talk, child! it was *you* as was well-nigh drowned and had to be picked up out of the water by Bill Jones."

At these words Adam half guessed the truth, he started up and tried to leave the bed, but he was too weak and fell back. Then in eager words, broken by sobs, he made the gardener's wife understand how he had gone into the pond to rescue his brother, and he cried bitterly,—

"Oh, save him, save him!"

Alas! it was too late. When the poor boy had told what had happened, no efforts were spared to

save Joe's life. But he had been so long in the water already, that although he was brought into Mrs. Western's cottage, and all possible means were employed to restore him, it was in vain,—he was quite dead.

We will not dwell upon the scene which followed, nor seek to describe the poor mother's agony and despair when she learnt the sad fate of her favourite son. As for Adam, the sudden shock of his brother's death, combined with the chill he had received in the water, brought on brain-fever, and before night he was delirious.

All was over,—it was the day after the funeral. Mrs. Swainson had been over to Oatlands to see her boy Adam, who was getting better,—indeed the Doctor had said that morning that he might soon be moved home.

She was about to leave the cottage when the gardener's wife said to her,—

"Can you wait a minute down-stairs? I've a few words to say to you."

The poor woman sat down wearily on a chair; she felt so wretched and broken-hearted that nothing seemed to have any power to interest her. Mrs. Western took a small wash-leather case out of her pocket and gave it to the mother, saying—

"I found this sewn inside of your poor boy Joe's jacket, and I just took care of it; for there was so many folks about then, it might have been lost, and it feels like money in it. It never come into my mind to give it you till this minute, for I clean forgot all about it."

Polly Swainson, as she took it, said—

"You've been a kind friend to me and mine, ma'am, and I don't know how I can thank you enough."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Western a minute later; for the poor woman, as soon as she had opened the bag, let it fall to the ground, turned as pale as death, and buried her face in her hands. For some moments the unhappy mother made no answer; then at length, in a low broken voice, she said,—

"I see it all now . . . how could I be so blind? Oh, my poor, poor boy! it is all my doing! . . ."

The gardener's wife looked at her in amazement. Had the trouble been too much for her, and driven her out of her mind?

After a long silence, only broken by her sobs, Mrs. Swainson opened her heart to her kind friend at her side. She pointed to the contents of the little wash-leather bag,—a large ruby, the same which had been missed from the lady's brooch, a bright half-sovereign, and a few other pieces of money.

The truth had suddenly burst upon her with overwhelming bitterness that it was her darling son—her Joe, whom she had almost idolized—who had deceived her, and cast the blame of his sin upon others. There was no doubt in her mind about it, for many little things almost forgotten flashed upon her memory, and confirmed the truth. And to think that it was, perhaps, her blind indulgence which had encouraged him, and suffered him to go on to his destruction!

Terrible thought! He had been snatched away in the midst of his falsehood, and it was now too late for repentance. His day of grace was over,—he had gone to his account.

Well might the wretched mother grieve in anguish of soul, and refuse to be comforted. She had sown in selfishness and weak indulgence, and now the harvest had come.

Mrs. Western, with womanly instinct, tried to turn her thoughts to the boy who had been spared to her, to the brave little Adam, who had nobly borne shame and reproach that he might not betray his brother, and had risked his own life in the vain endeavour to save him. Surely with such a son left to her she could not be utterly desolate!

A few more words will end my story.

As the years passed on, Mrs. Swainson learnt more and more to value Adam as he deserved,—to look upon him as her comfort and support, and thus to realize the dearest wish of his heart.

Perhaps, at some future time we may have more to tell of Adam Swainson.

## THE GOATHERD BOY.

By J. F. Colb, Esq.



HE mountain traveller, as he wends his toilsome way six or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, in regions where the Alpine rose-bush and sturdy pine alone are able to resist the frost and raging storms of a nine-months' winter, often hears in that lonely wilderness, breaking softly through the silence of those sublime scenes, the sweet sounds of tinkling bells; he looks up in surprise, and sees high up on a rocky terrace, overgrown with scanty pasture, a group of graceful, nimble goats, a little bell fastened to the neck of each, and close by, sitting carelessly on the edge of a precipice, he perceives a bold lad, who gazes at him with a wild, astonished look, for he cannot at all understand what brings such a fine gentleman up here in his domain, and with the proud independence of an Indian chief he never moves from his place if the stranger tries by kind words to make friends with him. This is the real, genuine goatherd,—a fellow who seems to be made of the same stuff as the hard mountain masses which tower up around him, or stretch out at his feet in terraces of rock, overhanging dark and yawning abysses. He is here the true king of the mountain, whose wide dominion no mortal disputes. Early in the morning, with the first sunbeams, he blew his horn, and assembled together his nimble subjects in the mountain village below; and shouting and singing as he passes along fearful precipices on narrow ledges of rock, he has mounted up to his airy kingdom, where the vulture and the golden eagle build their solitary nests.

Up there in the mountains the goatherd requires to be able to lead the goats to the green spots on the mountain tops, and to have ever a watchful eye

for the dangers which continually threaten them. But he is quite the man for this post of watchfulness. The distance to which his experienced eye can see seems almost incredible. At a distance, where an inhabitant of the plain could scarcely discover two black points, he can distinguish exactly the flock of goats, and descry the movement of each separate animal.

And just as it is with his eyes so is it with his limbs. Knowing neither fear nor dizziness, the goatherd boy is the most daring and unwearied clamberer. If his time is not otherwise occupied, for mere pastime he climbs up sharp peaks and mountain points, the very sight of which makes the spectator giddy; he glides along the ridges of rocks almost as narrow and sharp as a razor, and over frightful precipices, without the slightest fear. But this is very necessary in his calling. The greater the difficulties which the passage presents the more eager is the Alpine goat to traverse it, in order to reach some point, where, on a narrow, jutting rock, a few hardy herbs flourish in tempting green. A goat will often spring down eight or ten feet to reach some tuft of grass, but as soon as her appetite is satisfied, she desires to rejoin her companions, and attempts to return. To go down is easy enough, but how is she now to get up the rugged wall of rock which rises before her? A mournful bleating, entreating for help in distress, reaches the sharp ear of the goatherd. It is truly marvellous how easily the sound is borne through the light air of these lofty regions, and frequently the shepherds are seen seated talking with each other comfortably at a distance apart, which even the loudest shout would not traverse on the plain. The lad has heard the cry of distress, and however steep the precipice may be, or inaccessible the point on which the rash goat is in trouble, nothing will hold him back from coming to the assistance of his charge. Taking firm hold of jagged points of rock, bushes, and even of grass roots, which grow in the cavities between the boulders, he scrambles down the precipice, balancing himself on the narrowest edges, where his feet can scarcely find a footing, till he reaches the unfortunate animal, which he puts on his shoulders, and carries up the precipice. But if the difficulties are too great, he fastens (as in the picture) a cord round a sharp peak of rock, lets himself down to the goat by this, slips the other end round the bleating creature, and then draws it up to a place of security.

The rugged precipices and the deep abysses are not the only dangers in this adventurous undertaking. High above the loftiest peaks, in the blue, clear air, the sharp eye of the goatherd has remarked a tiny black point, at first scarcely visible, then becoming gradually larger, which first seemed to be quite stationary, and then, as it increased in size, began to float round in wide circles. The goatherd was not the only one who had heard the goat's cry for help. The mighty golden eagle in his airy domain heard it too, and his far-seeing eye spied the goat hanging to the narrow precipice. And if the lad had not come to the rescue, the bird with piercing shriek would have darted down on the goat like a falling thunderbolt, and two blows from

his wings would have sufficed to dash the poor creature down into the abyss below, where her shattered limbs would become the easy prey of the monarch of the air.

For the golden eagle and the vulture the goatherd must always be on the watch, and were it not for the timely intervention of his strong cudgel, they would carry off many a tender kid as their prey. Almost more dangerous to the young goats, because he attacks with far more cunning, is the fox. Up aloft in the clefts and labyrinths of rock many a sly rogue is concealed whom the goatherd cannot get at, so must content himself with being ever ready to defend his charge against his cunning attacks.

In fine weather the life of the goatherd is a merry and happy one. From his rocky throne he can comfortably survey his extensive kingdom as he sits there aloft, with his battered old hat placed jauntily on one side of his curly head. In his domain the busy marmots abound, amusing him with their droll gambols and their careful gathering together of their winter stores; the lizards gliding swiftly up and down the smooth rocky sides, give him lessons in climbing; the beautiful white grouse with her pretty chickens, wanders about, stretching out her long neck, and peeping carefully between the rocks; and the hazel hen chirps in the pine-trees. Nature speaks to him in a thousand voices, and these voices are the more expressive, because no other voice can be heard near them. Around, the Alpine roses bloom in bright red splendour, and in the evening at the setting of the sun, all the mighty mountain ranges and distant peaks which have frowned so darkly down upon him during the day, glow in that brilliant beauty which no pen has ever been able to describe. Then, with his tattered cap adorned with the brightest roses, he drives his flock down to the valley, and rejoices in the coming morning which will call him up again to his beloved mountains.

But in truth it is not so every day; in rainy weather, when the whole chain of mountains have put on their gray cloudcaps, the rain-drops beat icily cold on the cheeks of the poor shepherd-lad, and only an old sack protects his shoulders from the wet; everything around him is melancholy then, as he wanders aloft in the dreary ravines where scarcely a dry corner or roughly-made turf-hut is to be found to shelter him from the weather. The thunder-storm too, as it roars and rages around the mountain peaks with a power and fury never dreamt of by the inhabitants of the plain—the pouring rain which turns every rill into a swollen and muddy torrent, roaring down the mountain, destroying everything in its way,—these give him many a watchful hour of trouble. His fare is very poor. Bread almost as hard as sticks, for up in the mountain village no new bread is baked, and cheese, just as dry, are his only food. A fresh and strengthening drink his goats, however, provide him with.

His wages are as pitiful as his fare; for a whole summer the goat-boy only receives half-a-franc (5*s.*) for each goat. And yet the contented fellow is happy enough in his situation. He has early become acquainted with hardships, while of many





things which the civilized man considers necessities he has never so much as heard the name.

When the goatherd boy grows up he must take to another trade. The Alps still remain his home, but he now becomes the bold chamois hunter, and perhaps some fine morning he ascends the well-known mountain passes with his trusty rifle on his

shoulder; in the evening his betrothed, or young wife, awaits his return in vain, the yawning ravine, on the dizzy edge of which he had carelessly gambolled as a boy, has now become his silent grave, and the avalanche, to whose roar he had often listened, has, perhaps, thundered the last salute over the brave mountaineer's lonely resting-place.

# Chatterbox.



### THE FATHER AND HIS SICK CHILD.



FATHER—for he bore that sacred name—  
 Him saw I—sitting in an open square,  
 Upon a corner-stone of that low wall  
 Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced  
 A spacious grass-plot; there in silence sate  
 This one man, with a sickly babe outstretched  
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought  
 For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air.  
 Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,  
 He took no heed; but in his brawny arms  
 (The artificer was to the elbow bare,  
 And from his work this moment had been stolen),  
 He held the child, and bending over it  
 As if he were afraid both of the sun  
 And of the air, which he had come to seek,  
 Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable.—WORDSWORTH.

### "A TWISTED YARN."

(Concluded from page 99.)



NOT long after this I saw another broken rope too, children. I was out with some mates of mine on the coast of Scotland—watching the people take sea-birds' eggs. The nests are made in steep cliffs that face the sea, where no human foot could climb, and the men who get the eggs are lowered down over the face of the rock, by ropes, until they come opposite the holes, when they stop, untie themselves from the rope, and fill their baskets. When the day's work was nearly done, and most of the nesters had returned, there was still one to come up; a fine young lad of eighteen, whose mother we had seen just before we left the village, warning him to be careful. He had begun to clamber up again, and we were expecting to see him safely on firm ground once more, when we heard him cry out. I jumped forward and looked over the cliff. Some way below, quite out of our reach, the rope had fretted against a rocky point and was cutting rapidly in two. In a second my mate and I seized it and pulled away desperately, hoping to get the fault up before it severed. In vain—presently we heard another shriek, and then a terrible thud on the beach two hundred feet below us. The poor fellow did not stir again; we could see him as he lay. Soon a boat pulled round to the shore and brought the body home to his father and mother, who were nearly wild with grief."

Claus stopped here, for little Gretchen had ceased working and was sobbing bitterly. Many of the other children, too, looked so sorrowful, that the old man was almost vexed he had told them these

stories, but he hoped it would do them good, Hans especially, and make them afraid to be careless; and for a quarter of an hour at least, it really seemed to have that effect. Hans twisted away diligently and carefully, and did not stop once to watch the swallows, or the bees going home after a hard day's work to their hives. Nor when the shadows and sunshine quivered through the waving walnut-leaves, did he look up to see if the nuts were larger to-day than yesterday; but at the end of that time came a sound of horses' hoofs, and the children saw a gentleman, who did not look like a German, riding a fine horse, and on a pretty pony by his side was a lovely little girl with yellow hair, blowing like a gold mantle over the jacket of her riding-habit, and a blue velvet hat, from which drooped a long snowy white plume; behind them again came the groom, most finely dressed of all, the children thought. It was a pretty sight not often seen in quiet Rheindorf, and the children stopped from their work to see them pass, and then soon went on again; all, at least, but Hans: he stayed to watch the riders passing between the rows of fruit-trees, until they disappeared. This was bad, but even after that Hans went off into a dream which lasted until he was roused by the master's voice; then he went on in such a hurry, that he forgot to add fresh heup when it was wanted, and so made a weak place in his yarn, as any one could see with half an eye.

When, a little while after, the children came up to have their work measured and paid for, what was Hans' astonishment, in place of receiving his coin, to have his yarn handed back to him instead.

"You had better keep it," said old Claus, quietly; "it is no use to me, Hans: I could not send such work as that to the factory."

So Hans went empty-handed home, for he left the spoilt yarn in a heap at the root of the walnut-tree,



while little Gretchen had her money safe in her hand to give to her poor mother.

"Dear brother," said the little girl, gently holding out half of her small treasure, "take this to give to mother; I had rather we should share."

"No, I shan't," said Hans, rudely; "if old Claus chooses to be so cross, I can't help it."

Gretchen made no answer to this speech, and presently Hans began again.

"What nonsense it was his telling us about those things to-day, as if it was likely that anything spun in Rheindorf should go so far as he fancies! No, depend upon it, Gretchen, our rope will never get further than the river, and I'm sure it won't hurt there. I shan't go any more to the rope-walk; old Claus has taken a spite against me, I know."

Foolish boy! how little he did know! It was true, however, as he had said, that his work was not used in the great ships, or ever went farther than the Rhineland, and it was true also that he was not going any more to work at the rope-walk, for that evening old Claus came to the cottage of Widow Steinmaner, and told her that he had long been patient for her sake with Hans, but that he could stand no more of his carelessness and bad work, or give him employment again. At which the widow shed many tears, and then she and Claus had a long talk what had best be done with the boy. At last they settled that Hans must leave school and Rheindorf altogether, and be apprenticed to a shoemaker cousin at Coblenz. And after a week or two Hans had to go and serve there, for seven long years, sitting all day among leather smells, in a little dirty court-yard, and longing for the old walnut-tree with green fields behind it, and the rushing river not far away, and most of all for old Claus' stories and kind cheery voice, instead of the thumps from his master's great stick, which now fell on his bruised shoulders whenever he was caught idling at his task.

Meanwhile, what became of Hans' bad-spun yarn? Was it such a harmless thing as he thought it must be, provided only it kept within the Rhineland, and did not go travelling out past Antwerp to hard tasks in the rough ocean beyond? You shall hear.

When Christmas drew near, old Claus would shut up his cottage, and putting the key in his pocket, journey all the way down to Cologne, where lived his only brother, with whom he used to spend Christmas, and among whose children "Uncle Claus" was a great favourite. As far back as they could remember, he had always been at the dressing of the Christmas-tree, and they would not have missed him for anything. While he was at Cologne, he would carry his yarn to the rope-makers, each child's work done up separately, and there he sold it, being paid according to its quality. For Hans' bundle it is hardly necessary that I should tell you he got very little. When it came also to be twisted into a rope it was a great trouble to the workman into whose hands it fell. It was so full of faults that half the man's time was spent in thinking how he could conceal them. He did his best, trying not to put two bad bits near together, and to make the weakest strands the innermost, so that they should be strengthened

by those outside them. But with all his pains it was a poor thing after all. Tolerably good-looking outside, but not to be depended upon inside. The master put it among the inferior sorts, to be sold for what it would fetch. It had lain in the store about a year when one morning an English merchant, a Mr. Grey, came in; he bought, first of all, one of the very best ropes in the shop, testing its strength and asking the master as to its quality: then he asked for a cheaper sort, and without taking more than a glance at it, Mr. Grey purchased Hans' rope also, which was rolled up along with its companion, and accompanied its new owner to his country-house at Gottenberg. Mr. Grey gave them to his man-servant, telling him he had brought the rope for Miss Lillie's swing, which he was to put up directly, and the other was for commoner purposes. Mr. Grey gave many directions to his groom how to make the swing strong and safe, and Wilhelm fully intended to carry them out, but he was so busy that evening that he could do nothing to it until it was nearly dark; and then by mistake, instead of the strong rope Mr. Grey had bought for the purpose, he put up the inferior one made out of Hans' yarn.

Gottenberg looked its best next morning in the bright June sunshine. The roses which filled the gardens and wreathed summer-houses and balconies were in full blow; in fact, the place seemed bowered in roses, and sunny shadows fell through the young vine-leaves over the wall upon Lillie Grey's equally sunny hair, as she stood looking with a delighted face at her new swing. She was the same little girl whom Hans had seen riding with her father through Rheindorf. It was her twelfth birthday, and everything seemed to promise that it should be a happy one. The sun was bright and the air was cool, the birds were singing in the pretty garden, which was so different from their dull house in Cologne. Her mother had given her a tiny gold watch. Her big brother Theodore was come from Bonn, to be present at her fête, and several children were asked to play with her. The only thing against her pleasure was, that her father had been obliged to go to Cologne by the first train on business; but then he would be back by dinner-time, and after dinner they were to go in their own boat across to Königswinter, ride on donkeys up the Drachenfels, and have coffee at the little inn there.

So, what with amusement in hand and more to come, the children were very merry. They played hide-and-seek in the garden, with Theodore heading their fun; then, when hot and tired with that, they began to swing, Theodore sending them backward and forward through the air, gently or fast, according to their tastes.

Lillie would not swing until last; she was a gentle, little girl, who seemed to love what was good and holy as soon as she could understand right from wrong, and whom all the spoiling of father, mother, and brother, had never made selfish.

"How will you swing, Lillie?" asked Theodore, settling her comfortably on the cushion, and arranging her hands on the rope.

"Oh, high, brother!" she said, "as high as ever you can go; it is like flying."

So Theodore began, softly at first, then faster and stronger, until Lillie screamed with delight, and caught with her feet at the tops of the flowering trees as she passed, bringing back with her in triumph bits of crimson May-blossoms.

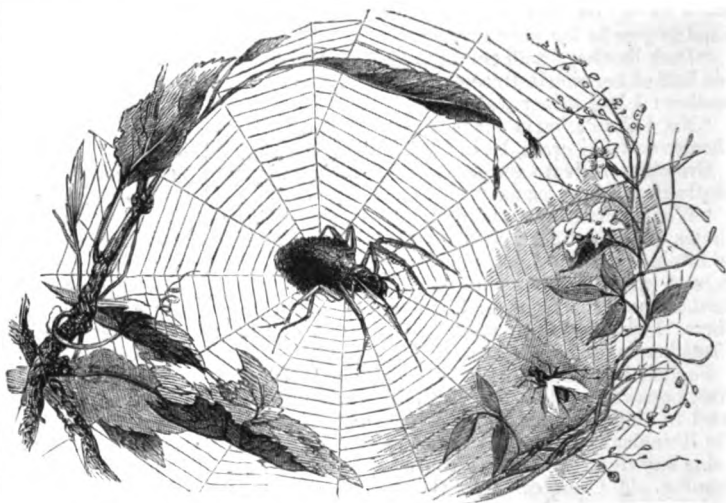
And all this while the rope had been rubbing against a knot in the stout bough to which it was fastened, which made a little fray at first, and then meeting with a weak strand, cut quickly through that; the next was easier and gave way in turn, and the next and the next.

One moment Lillie was passing swiftly toward the May-tree, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, her yellow hair waving behind her, another moment and she lay still and motionless on the lawn. Theodore snatched her up and rushed wildly with her into the house, leaving the severed swing rope trailing on the ground, and the other children crying in their fright. Up-stairs he ran with his little sister in his arms, and never stopped until he laid her on her own white-curtained bed.

It was days before Lillie recovered her senses again. She had struck her head so violently in her fall, that for many days it seemed doubtful whether she should live or die. It was God's will that she should live,—live to teach a long lesson of gentleness and patience under suffering to all who knew her,—live, dragging out weary nights and days on an invalid's couch, almost a cripple. All that love could do was done for her; all that wealth could give her, she had; but never again could she run among the blossoming roses, or rush down the steps to meet her father when he came home from his day's work. And (humanly speaking) the beginning of all this sorrow had been a careless boy, who slurred over his appointed work in far-away Rheindorf. K. V.

### WHAT A SPIDER EATS IN A DAY.

IN order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we rose about daybreak one morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught, and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at 5.30 a.m. in September. At 7 a.m. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting a little while, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at 9 a.m. A little after 9 we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At 1 o'clock a blowfly was greedily seized, and with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he began on the blowfly. During the day and towards the evening a great many small green flies, or what are



popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted 120, all dead, and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering at all from indigestion, or in any other way from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat and ate. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little bundles, until the whole web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before day-break another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider, and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows:—At day-break, a small alligator was eaten; at 7 a.m. a lamb; at 9 a.m. a young camelopard; at 1 o'clock, a sheep; and during the night, 120 larks. This would be a very fair allowance for one man during twenty-four hours; and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and such digestion, we can readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.—*Chambers' Journal.*

### LOOK UPWARDS.

A YOUNG man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, hoping to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road to pick up money in as you walk along.



### THE GIRL WHO HAD NO HEAD.

A WARNING TO CARELESS SERVANTS.

**I** DON'T know what will become of my Alice," said Mrs. Linford one day to a neighbour. "If ever she is left to herself, I am afraid she will never get on in the world."

"I always thought she was such a good girl," said Mrs. Emery; "she seems industrious and hard-working."

"So she is; but she has one fault that will ruin her if she does not take care. *She's got no head*; she never can think of anything I tell her. Now only this morning I sent her to the shop for three things, and she forgot two; when she comes back

again I dare say she will have made some other mistake."

As they were speaking Alice appeared in the distance, jumping and skipping along, playing with a little dog that had followed her from the shop.

"Well, Alice," said her mother, "have you got all things right this time?"

"Yes, mother; here is the soap and here is the —"

"Well, where are the candles?"

"I am sure I don't know, mother. I had them in my hand when I left the shop; but I really don't know where they have gone."

"Careless girl!" said her mother; "run back and look for them."



Alice ran back in a hurry, and was not gone a moment before she tore her dress against the fence, and made a rent in it half a yard long; but away she scampered heedless of her frock. About half way to the shop she saw the paper of candles covered with dirt, and the candles inside were all as flat as a pancake.

She lifted them up, and with a very long face took them to her mother, and said, "Please, mother, I am so sorry; I remember now I put them on the ground so that I might stoop down to stroke Fido, and forgot to take them up again, and now Farmer Giles' waggon has gone over them and squeezed them into nothing."

Mrs. Linford was not an unkind mother, but I think you will not be surprised when I tell you she was often very cross, for her only child provoked her by her heedlessness or carelessness every day. No wonder, then, her mother felt anxious when she knew that Alice must some day shift for herself. That day, alas! was not far distant; the poor widow, for such she was, had been unwell for a long time, and at last took to her bed and died. During her illness Alice waited upon her dutifully, but her *want of head* even now was a great source of trouble. Sometimes, when her mother felt very cold, she would find that all the coals had been burnt out and she could get no fire. At other times, when she wanted a basin of nice warm gruel, she would be obliged to leave it uneaten, for Alice had forgotten to put on the lid and it had got smoked. If she wanted clean things they were not aired; and when the doctor ordered that she should be kept perfectly quiet, this forgetful little daughter would bang the doors enough almost to shake the tiles off the roof. Yet Alice loved her mother, and would do anything for her if asked, but she seldom thought herself of anything to please her.

At last the poor widow died in peace, for she was a good woman, and went to the place where "the weary are at rest." Alice cried most bitterly when she saw the coffin put into the cold ground; and as she thought over her many careless ways, and of the trouble she had given the dear one now far away, she prayed that she might lead a better life and be more thoughtful in the future. She soon had a good chance for trying to amend. Mrs. Rose, a farmer's wife, engaged her to help to nurse the baby and to assist in the house. For a while all went on well, so long as Alice tried and prayed for strength; but as she forgot other things, she also forgot to pray. In fact, she was so hurried in the morning to get up in time, that she would leave her prayers to be said at night; and when night came she was so tired that she often knelt down and quite forgot what she was doing.

One day her mistress was going out for an hour or two, and charged her particularly to mind and take care of little Harry, who could just run alone, and was always full of mischief.

"Now, Alice," said Mrs. Rose, "I shall not be gone long. I charge you be sure and don't let baby get out of your sight."

For an hour Alice played with him and amused him, but all of a sudden she heard a great shouting.

The foxhounds were running over master's fields, and such a lot of gentlemen with red coats; she had never seen such a sight before—now they are lost behind the barn—out she runs—there they are again! there's the fox! Oh, what fun—splash! One of the huntsman is in the brook; will he get drowned? No! he is getting out and does not mind a bit. But where is Harry all the time? toddling along after "poor pooty?" "poor pooty" mews and runs away because Harry pulls her tail; there she goes under the grate, Harry toddles along after her.

"What a smell of burning," says Alice as she returns. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do? Master Harry is on fire; what will mistress say? Oh, dear! oh, dear! Tom! Jack! come in! come in! baby's on fire!"

Tom and Jack did not come, but Mr. Rose did, and soon put out the flames, but not until his little boy was dreadfully burnt. For nearly a fortnight the anxious father and mother watched their darling; his life was spared, and it was the greatest mercy he was not crippled for life. Alice was told she must leave, but she seemed so sorry, and cried so bitterly, and made so many promises of amendment, that, partly for her sorrow, and partly because she was a friendless orphan, they suffered her to stay. But yet her master and mistress never could trust her, because, as they said, "*she had got no head.*"

(To be continued.)

### POOR LILY MOORE.

IN a little bit of a shabby house,  
Scarcely so firm as to hold a mouse,  
Lived Lily Moore;  
She had neither father, nor sister, nor brother;  
No earthly friend excepting her mother,  
So very poor.

They sat them down in the early dawn,  
And sewed till the light of the sun was gone,  
For a bit to eat;  
But their fingers, wrought they ever so fast,  
Could furnish only a scanty repast  
Of bread and meat.

There came a day when the cupboard was bare—  
Not even so much as a crumb was there;  
And what to do  
To get them food for the weary day,  
And keep the hunger-wolf at bay,  
They neither knew.

Then Lily knelt down in a corner, and said,  
"Lord, give us this day our daily bread;"  
And the door flew wide,  
And one of God's angels in human guise,  
With light on his brow and love in his eyes,  
Put a loaf inside!



### "HE TRUSTED ME."



N a window in a street of a great city, there was a placard that read, "Boy Wanted," and a great many boys had been in to see about it; but it was early morning, and the merchant who had caused it to be written had not yet come into town. So the boys waited, all hoping to get the situation, and each one expecting that the good fortune would be his.

Apart from the rest was a boy whose face was sad and thoughtful. It was a good face, clear and open, yet that boy had just served a term in the city prison. He had stolen a loaf of bread from a baker who employed him occasionally to run errands—a hard, grasping, avaricious man, who had repeatedly charged him with thefts when he was innocent, and who had no mercy on him when he was guilty.

His mother—his poor, toiling, patient mother—the only friend he had ever known, had died while he was in jail; and now that he was free again, with the disgrace clinging to him, he felt like an outcast whom everybody shunned.

While the boys were waiting, the bells sounded an alarm of fire, and they all scampered off after the engine—all but the boy from the jail.

Presently a gentleman drove up in a carriage, and stopped before the shop-door. His horse was restive, and, as he was getting out, he would have fallen, but the boy started forward and caught the animal by the head, holding him firmly in one position.

"Thank you, my boy," said the gentleman. "That's for your trouble," and he offered him sixpence, which the boy refused.

"It wasn't no trouble," he said, and was turning away.

"Stop," said the gentleman; "have you been in there?" pointing to the placard in the window.

"No, sir; the gentleman as wants a boy hasn't come down."

"Well, I am the gentleman. Suppose you come in with me; I would like to talk to you. Do you want a place to make yourself generally useful?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but"—and then his courage failed. He could not say that he had been in jail.

"Come into the office, said the merchant, and he passed through the long, busy row of clerks, into the small apartment where several men were writing. They looked up a moment, bowed to their employer, and resuming their writing, were deaf to all other sights and sounds.

"Sit down here," said the merchant, kindly, "and tell me your name and age.

"John Dawson, sir; and I'm fourteen."

"Very good. Now, John, where did you live last?"

There was a struggle in John's breast, but at last he answered, as calmly as he could,—"In jail."

The merchant started as if a pistol had exploded before him. For a moment he was too surprised

to speak. This fair, frank-looking boy, did not look like a thief or rogue. There was no low forehead, no round, cropped head, no tear in the blue eyes—yet he was a jail-boy.

"What were you convicted of?" he asked.

John Dawson told him the whole sorrowful story of his sick mother, and his long struggles with want, and temptation, and sin, and how at last he stole the loaf of bread, when they were too poor to buy food and fuel.

"Oh, sir," he went on, "that baker was such a hard man. He never trusted me, he accused me of stealing when I had never touched a pin, and I believe he was glad when I did fall; but if you will only trust me I will never deceive you, sir, nor lay my hands on anything that isn't mine."

Mr. Blake, the merchant, thought for a few minutes. Here was a chance to save a soul from ruin; he might not succeed, but if the boy had a trial and turned out well, how great a work would have been done! He thought of his own little son at home, surrounded by love and virtue, and that decided him.

"I will trust you," he said firmly. "You will have plenty of chances to steal even if you are watched, but I shall not watch you. I shall trust you. If you deceive me, you ruin your own soul and offend your God. You say your mother was a God-fearing woman; for her sake do right, and you will find a virtuous life brings its own reward. Dare to do right, dare to be firm in the cause of virtue, and your own conscience will approve, and your Father in heaven will smile upon you. You can begin your work at once by taking this package to the Parcels' office, and let me see how smart you can be."

When John went out with his package under his arm he met the other boys, who had returned from the fire. They were much disappointed at John's good luck, and one cried out, "Did you tell him you had been in jail?" And another said, "Don't steal that parcel." But John kept bravely on, and took no notice of their taunts.

"He trusted me," he said to himself. "I shall pray every night to be kept out of temptation, for if I miss this time I'll never come out right again."

For two years John Dawson faithfully served Mr. Blake, and never once did he deviate from the straight path of duty. Then he went to a better situation, and in due time set up in business for himself and prospered well.

### A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

AT one of the anniversaries of a Sunday-school in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several hundred verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired, "And could you not have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."

"And was there any one of all the verses you





have learned," again inquired the president, "that taught you this lesson?"

"There was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply,—"In honour preferring one another."

#### THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

A MAN in India was accused of stealing sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was also present. Both claimed the sheep, and had witnesses to prove their claims, so that it was not easy for the judge to decide to which the sheep belonged.

Knowing the customs of the shepherds, and the habits of the sheep, the judge ordered the sheep to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men

into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see if it would come to him. But the poor animal not knowing the "voice of a stranger," would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man, who was in the next room, growing impatient, and probably suspecting what was going on, gave a kind of "chuck," upon which the sheep bounded away towards him at once. This "chuck," was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep; and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

Thus we have a beautiful illustration of St. John, x. 3-5—"He calleth his own sheep by name, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."



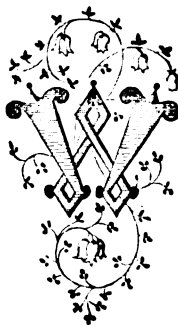
# Chatterbox.



"She could never resist the temptation of gossiping."

## THE GIRL WHO HAD NO HEAD.

(Concluded from p. 110.)



WHEN she was seventeen years old she got a housemaid's place at a neighbouring town. She was honest, trustful, and industrious, and that was all the character asked of her by letter.

Very glad was she to get a place in a town,—she could see a little of the world; and after she had been at Hoydon a few weeks she quite despised country life.

Such fine shops she saw,—such numbers of gaily-dressed women! After her first quarter, she would see if she could not dress a little better than she used to do. She little knew that a neat cotton dress, white apron, and white cap, make a servant look better than all the finery in the world; and a neat straw bonnet looks much better than a gaudy flimsy thing trimmed with bugles and cheap flowers. Alice's mistress, unfortunately for her, did not care how her servants dressed,—in fact, she was very fond of finery herself, and thought that if her servants dressed finely they would reflect credit on their mistress. So long as the work was done, Mrs. Gloss did not care what became of her servants; so it was not to be expected that Alice would improve much in her present situation. Nor did she even do her work well. Sometimes she would set out the dinner-table without knives, sometimes without forks, and often even forgot the plates. Her work was always done carelessly, rooms half dusted, and dishes half washed, and she had a habit of leaving things undone until just as they were wanted. Moreover, she never could resist the temptation of gossiping with the butcher's boy or the milkman, or indeed any one who was within speaking distance of the door-step or the window. At last everything got so dirty and untidy, that her mistress told her she must leave unless she would try and do better.

She thought she would try, but the very next day, just as the family were at dinner, a loud crash was heard in the drawing-room; what could it be? It was the favourite china vase dashed to pieces. It had fallen from the chimney-piece to the fender. The fact was, Alice had been looking at it when she had gone in to put coals on the fire, and hearing her mistress coming put it down in a hurry, just in such a way that the slightest shake would make it fall. A gust of wind had come in from the open window, which she had been told to shut, and had blown the vase over. She knew the cause of its falling, but her master and mistress could not make it out; they were both very vexed and angry, but this time she escaped, for she dared not tell the truth. As she was not scolded for it, she soon forgot the accident, and having learned to hide the truth she soon learned to tell a lie.

"If you break things," said her master, when she was engaged, "and tell your mistress or me, I will

forgive you, but if you break things and do not tell, I must make you pay.

"Where is that glass pitcher?" said Mr. Gloss to his wife one day; "I have not seen it lately."

"Nor have I," answered his wife.

At this moment Alice came in to bring a note, and they inquired about the pitcher. She declared she knew nothing about it at first, and then afterwards she said she remembered that the cat jumped on the shelf and knocked it down. She looked so red that her master and mistress doubted her, and sent for the cook, and said,—

"Cook, do you know where the glass pitcher is?"

"It is broken, sir."

"Who broke it?"

The cook then looked at Alice, who blushed more deeply still.

"I wish you to tell me who broke it, cook," said her master.

"Please, sir, Alice knocked it off the tray and it broke on the floor."

Alice could not deny it, so her master said,—

"I keep my word, Alice; you must pay me five shillings, the cost of the pitcher."

"Very well, sir," said Alice; "and I leave this day month."

"That you can do of course," replied he; "but I keep my word, and you must be bound by your agreement when you took the place."

Before the month was up Alice begged to stay, but her mistress said, "No servant shall give me warning twice. As you can tell a lie and lose your temper in such a way, you must abide by the consequences."

The month was up, and although Alice's name had been down at the Registry Office, she could get no place. Several applied for her character, and her mistress gave her as good an one as she honestly could, but all asked if she were *trustful*; and as that question could not be answered satisfactorily, she could not get a place.

At the end of the month she left, with just two pounds three shillings in her pocket. Poor girl! she did not know what to do or whither to go. She took a small lodging, where she remained several days; now and then she got a day's work, but was nearly driven to want.

One day she accepted a day's work of cleaning, for which she was to receive one shilling and her food. She owed the woman she lodged with five shillings, and was told that unless she paid the money that night, she might go and seek a lodging elsewhere, meaning in the *workhouse*. Now as Alice was cleaning the bed-room in the house she was engaged for the day, she saw some loose silver lying upon the mantelshelf. She thought, "If only I had four more shillings I might pay the old lodging-house woman. If I could just borrow four shillings off the shelf I could pay it again some day when I came to the house, and make some excuse for taking it." Her thought unhappily set her fingers to work, and four shillings found their way into Alice's pocket. Alas! poor girl, the tempter was leading her from bad to worse, from heedlessness to falsehood, from falsehood to theft. Alice took the money and paid the woman at the lodging, but the very

next night she found there was a far worse place even than the workhouse to sleep in. The prison was now her lodging. Poor girl! now she was truly penitent, and found plenty of time to think over her faults. The chaplain was very kind to her, and she told him her whole history. He wrote to Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Gloss, and found the poor girl's words true to the letter. Mrs. Gloss said she was thankful that the girl had left her before she had stolen anything; but Mrs. Rose visited her in prison, and showed her every kindness, although she was much shocked to find her in such a place. In great kindness Mrs. Rose allowed Alice to come and visit her for a short time after she left prison, and found her so humbled and penitent, and withal so thoughtful and considerate, that by the chaplain's help she got her another situation.

And there she is to this day, a valued and trusted servant, for she has learnt in prison the meaning of true penitence, and her faith in the pardoning mercy of her Saviour produced in her the fruits of a holy life. Hers, however, was a severe discipline, and I would not advise others to let their careless habits have the mastery over them, for they may have equal troubles, but not the same "happy issue" out of them.

W. M.

### THE VALUE OF A LITTLE.

DO thy little, do it well ;  
Do what right and reason tell ;  
Do what wrong and sorrow claim—  
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be  
Dreariness and drudgery ;  
They whom Christ apostles made,  
"Gathered fragments" when He bade.

Do thy little ; never mind  
Though thy brethren be unkind ;  
Though the men who ought to smile,  
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little ; never fear  
While thy Saviour standeth near ;  
Let the world its javelins throw,  
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little ; God hath made  
Million leaves for forest shade,  
Smallest stars that glory bring,—  
God employeth every everything.

Do thy little, and when thou  
Feelest on thy pallid brow,  
Ere has fled the vital breath,  
Cold and damp the sweat of death—

Then the little thou hast done,  
Little battles thou hast won,  
Little masteries achieved,  
Little wants with care relieved,  
Little words in love expressed,  
Little wrongs at once confessed,  
Little favours kindly done,  
Little toils thou didst not shun,  
Little graces meekly worn,  
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown thy pillowed head,  
Holy light upon thee shed :  
These are treasures that shall rise  
Far beyond the smiling skies.

### THE CLEAN APRON.

A LADY wanted a trusty little girl to come and help her to take care of baby. Nobody could recommend her one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of child. One day she went through a by-lane, and met a little girl with a clean apron on. She went again, and saw the same clean apron. She went the third time, and saw the same little girl with her clean apron, holding a baby at the door of a small house.

"That is the child for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked for her mother.

"Mother has gone out to work," she answered modestly ; "father is dead, and now mother has to do everything."

"Should you not like to come and live with me?" asked the lady.

"I should like to help mother some way," said the child.

The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the little girl, went to see her mother when she was at home; and the end of it was, the lady took the child to live with her; and she found, what indeed she expected to find, that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits; she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded up and put away, and kept carefully. The lady finds great comfort in her, and helps the poor mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was her clean apron; and who will not say it was a good one!"

### THE TWO DOGS.

A GOOD-NATURED spaniel overtook a surly mastiff as he was travelling on the high road. Tray, the spaniel, knew nothing at all about Tiger; but Tiger being in a better humour than usual, spoke in a civil way to Tray, and said he should be glad of his company on his journey. Tray did not consider the matter much, but answered he should be glad to go with him; so they travelled on together in a friendly manner, till they came to the next village green. Here Tiger began to show his evil temper by picking a quarrel with every dog he met,—fighting with the large ones, and ill-using the smaller, who were afraid of his size and strength. But the people of the village came from their houses, armed with sticks and stones, to take the part of their own dogs. They not only fell upon Tiger, who deserved the punishment, but Tray was also cruelly beaten.

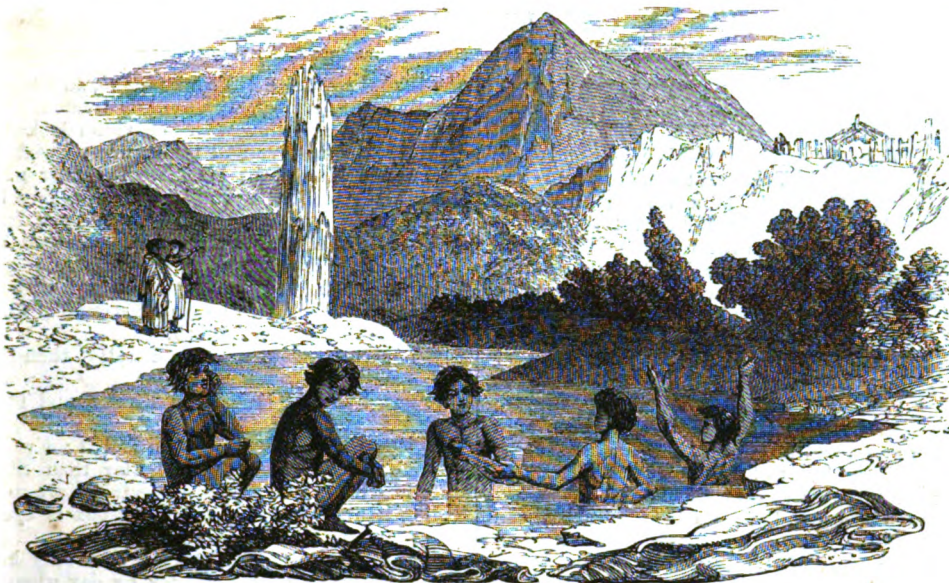
And this was a lesson to him ever after, to take care what company he kept. For if we are often found with bad companions, we cannot expect other persons to think well of us, or believe us to be quite innocent ourselves.





A New Zealand Forest.





A Geyser in New Zealand.

NEW Zealand has been called the "Britain of the South." It resembles our own country in climate, and in a good deal of its scenery; but most so from the fact that both countries consist of two large islands, each having smaller islands lying off the shores. Our notions of New Zealand, however, are generally confined to the North Island; the islands to the south, although the largest, hardly having been explored by travellers, except in the neighbourhood of its coasts and ports.

It is of the North Island, then, that we are now going to tell you. It is a well-watered land, with numerous valleys opening down from the hill-country towards the sea. Here the natives are found in large numbers, and here, in consequence of the white settlers coveting the best lands, the late disastrous battles were fought. From the higher parts of these valleys bold hills begin to rise, forming lofty chains, which meet in the centre of the island in a group of rugged mountain peaks. Among them are boiling springs,\* and several lakes, the largest being that of Taupo. All travellers tell us that these mountains must at one time have been in a volcanic state, such as Etna and Vesuvius now are; but so productive is the ground that, except in the highest places, vegetation springs up with great profusion, the lower spurs of the mountains being covered with splendid forests, of which our picture will give some idea.

There is certainly nothing here that is at all like an English forest. Everything looks very strange. There is a gigantic tree-fern, about three times the height of a man; on the other side of

the path we see the trunk of a large tree covered with parasites. Both it and other trees are in the embrace of a climbing plant called the *rata*, a curiosity of vegetation, which, seizing the stem much as a boa constrictor would its prey, winds around it till it reaches the branches. Here throwing out more shoots, it coils in tenfold strength around everything, till it comes to the top, where it does not stop, but puts out feelers in several directions, till they encounter other *ratas* in search of similar adventures. Then comes the clasp of friendly relationship. The members of the family intertwine themselves into a hundred knots, and darken the forest below. The underwood is very thick, but as it contains no dangerous reptiles, and nothing very prickly, a way may be made through it by the experienced, who, however, must look out for root-traps, and carry their axe with them. Such is the closeness of the growth of a New Zealand forest, that sun and air can hardly penetrate; and when it is "noon-day in the fields, it is always green twilight in the woods."

Our picture gives also a good idea of the natives. Foremost comes one, apparently a chief, his face is tattooed, and he carries his spear with a noble air. Beside him walks his son, and behind is a servant with the baggage. Further off follow the tribe, most of them armed. The New Zealanders are a noble race of men, and we regret that they should have been ever incited to rebel.

Sixty years ago it was dangerous for a white man to land in New Zealand, but the Gospel has changed all that. The land is much in the same state as Britain was eighteen hundred years ago—waiting for civilization. If the country is beautiful now, how much more so will it be when agriculture shall be general, when it shall possess cottages and farm-houses, hedgerows and wheat-fields—when windmills shall stand upon its uplands, and there shall be villages instead of *pahs*, each having its own church and its own sabbath bell! B. W.

\* These springs enable the natives not only to enjoy a hot bath out of doors, but will boil their potatoes; while the ground in the neighbourhood, owing to its heat, produces very early crops. In some of the pools the water shoots up to a great height, as seen in the picture. Much superstition prevails respecting these springs. They are not peculiar to New Zealand, however; they are found in Iceland, where they are called "Geysers," and the city of Bath, in England, is built around similar hot pools.



## THE LITTLE FRENCH CAPTIVE.

### CHAPTER I.

**H**AT different sorts of people one meets at a railway station!" thought Rebecca Holt, as she sat in the booking-office of the Greystone Junction, one damp, chilly afternoon in November. She had missed her train, and there was not another for an hour; so she seated herself near the comfortable fire that was blazing on the hearth, for the

booking-office at Greystone also serves the purpose of waiting-room, and amused herself with watching the many different sort of folk who passed through, either to or from the railway.

Greystone is a London suburb, if suburb it can be called, where the line of houses runs unbroken into the very heart of the city, and the number of passengers by the railways is a marvel to any one who has not been there before—high and low, rich and poor, a stream of human life always coming and going.

But here comes something altogether new—two boys, one a big lad of about thirteen, and the other a little fellow of about eight, dressed in velvet breeches and a cut-away coat, and with a curious conical hat on his head. The elder carried a harp, and the younger a violin. They struck up a merry tune, and it astonished Rebecca not a little to hear the wonderful way in which the little fellow played, and indeed a better musician than Rebecca would have been surprised at the good tone the boys brought out of their old instruments. An old gentleman who stood near, cried "Bravo!" when they came to an end, and when the youngest took off his funny little cap and went round for pennies, the old man dropped in a whole sixpence. The child's eyes sparkled with pleasure and spoke his thanks as plainly as his words; and after a whispered consultation with his companion they took tickets to some station on the line, and ran down the steps on to the platform.

"Poor little lads, they seem as if they did not often get so much," said Rebecca.

"Well, one would soon be ruined if one gave sixpence to every little boy who carried a fiddle," replied the old gentleman; "but these ones really play so well they ought to be encouraged. I fancy they get a good deal through playing at the different stations on the line; but there goes my signal," he exclaimed, as the telegraph clock over the door sounded twice, and away down the steps he ran, leaving Rebecca to wait another half-hour for her train.

Two more sets of little musicians came in. The first added a triangle to the harp and fiddle, the last played harp and concertina. They all played well, and they diversified their music with singing and dancing. Both sets took tickets as soon as they had collected enough halfpence, and ran down to the platform, where Rebecca could hear them playing till their train came in. She sat and pondered on

the life led by these little wanderers, and wondered whether they were very unkindly treated. "That first little dark fellow with the violin looked as if he needed some love and tenderness; I wish I had questioned him about his life. I wonder whether I shall ever see him again?" she said to herself.

Her attention was diverted by a poor foreign-looking woman, who had come in and stood by the fire. "Here, take my seat," said Rebecca, getting up from her chair; "you seem to be wet through."

"Yes, it rains fast, and your England is so cold," she replied in broken English.

"You come from a warm country, then?" said Rebecca.

"Yes, I am not long from France, and the cold here kills me."

"Poor thing, I dare say you feel it; I've heard that France is a great deal hotter than England, that's why all the fruits and vegetables are so much earlier there. But see, the ticket-box is open, are you not going to take your ticket?"

"I am not going by the train, I am only here to find my boy. I come here day by day when I can, and I seek, and seek, but he does not come."

"Do you expect him by train?"

"Perhaps,—I do not know—he is one musician, and they say there are great many who come here; but he—never—never all these long days."

"But do not any of the boys know him?"

"I ask many times, but they only shake the head and say, 'No, no,' and sometimes they laugh and say 'she is crack.'"

"How long is it since you saw him?"

"One year and six months. He was six when my husband (not his father) sold him because we were poor; but I never forgave him, and I never will," she said, and a fierce gleam of anger came into her face, "and now I am glad he is dead, that I may seek my child."

"Oh, hush," said Rebecca, "if we do not forgive we shall not be forgiven ourselves. Do you not know who your boy was sold to?"

"Yes, it is Louis Arc, my husband's brother; but I do not know where he lives."

"But surely some of the boys could tell you. I would ask every one I met if I were you. There have been several parties of boys in here while I have been waiting. I wonder whether yours was among them. Stay," she said, as a bright thought struck her, "let us ask the ticket man where they mostly go."

"Bless you, woman, I don't take count of where every one takes tickets to," said the man, in answer to Rebecca's inquiry. "They go to all sorts of stations, but if you want to catch any of them you should watch for them here. They go up and down the line, and lots of them live near about here."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times," said the Frenchwoman, when Rebecca reported what the man said. "Then I shall come here every day—every day as soon as I have done my work, and watch for my boy."

"What work do you do?" asked Rebecca.

"Broderie, what you call embroider. I work for a shop, but it takes very much work to get enough



to buy food and pay house: England is not cheap land."

"Not about London, certainly," said Rebecca; "but I hope you will get on, and God grant you may find your boy. Now I must say goodbye, for my train will be up in a minute;" and so saying she held out her hand, which, to her great surprise and confusion, was seized and covered with kisses.

"The good God bless you; you are the first that has spoken to me a kind word since I left my country—it is now three months."

So they parted, and in another minute Rebecca was whirling away to her home, thinking how wretched she would have been if her own boy had been taken from her like the Frenchwoman's. He had left home now, it was true, and was somewhere on the wide sea; but still that was not nearly so bad, for he had gone with a kind captain, and he was a good steady lad of eighteen.

#### CHAPTER II.

Perhaps it will be as well to give a more connected account of the poor Frenchwoman and her boy than Rebecca had time to learn. Marie Arc, for such was her present name, had married when she was very young Pierre le Roy, and they were very happy and prosperous too, for Marie had money left her by her father, whose only child she was; and this, added to her husband's earnings as a maker of *bon-bon* boxes for a manufacturer near Havre, enabled them to put by a certain sum every year for the education of their baby-boy, who was named after his father, Pierre. There was no happier mother in all France than Marie, and in her eyes there never was such a wonderful baby as hers. Other people only saw a little dark, somewhat fretful child, and he would have been thought decidedly uninteresting had it not been for his wonderful talent for music, which was displayed at a very early age. A small accordion which his father gave him was the only plaything he ever cared for, though his baby fingers could not frame any tune at first, yet his mother used to say it was wonderful what sense the child had; he did not distract your ears in the least.

Poor little Pierre, as you sat in your cradle, as good as gold and as happy as a king with your music, and your mother watched you with such a happy face as she went about her work, how little either of you thought what misfortunes your talent would bring on you! Pierre the younger was between three and four years old when sorrow fell on the little household. The husband and father was taken ill, and died in a few days. For a year Marie lived in widowhood; then her hand was sought in marriage by Philippe Arc, a young fellow who daily expected his promotion to a partnership in his uncle's thriving coffee-house. Marie rejected him at first, but at length agreed to marry him, thinking much of the good start in life she would thus be enabled to give to her boy, for whom Arc professed the greatest fondness. Poor Marie soon found what a mistake she had made. Instead of bringing riches, her new husband squandered those she had already saved; for he was a gambler, and very soon her own money as well as his own was taken

and thrown away. It was of no use to remonstrate; poverty began to show itself, and Arc first hinted, and then said openly, that Pierre must no longer be kept at home,—he must do something to earn a living. Marie sturdily refused to listen to this; he was but six, that was much too young for her nestling to go from under her wing. No, let him wait a year or two more, when he would be able to sing in the church choir, and earn money by his music. He was making good progress already in the violin. High words arose, and Arc left the house, saying, "It will be the worse for you if you resist me."

Marie tried to persuade herself he had spoken in the heat of passion, and that he did not really mean what he said; but an uneasy feeling crept into her heart, and she longed and listened eagerly for Pierre's return. He had gone to buy some cheese at a neighbouring farm. She dared not go and meet him, for if her husband came in and found her gone it would displease him, and in his present humour it might be the means of making him carry out his threat. An hour passed away, and it grew dusk,—surely this was a reason for going to meet the child; besides, he had been gone more than two hours, and the farm was only a mile off. So she set off, and about half-a-mile from the house met, not her son, but her husband, who asked her roughly what she was there for.

"Looking for Pierre," she replied: "it is so late for him to be out. Have you seen him?"

"Seen him? Yes, to be sure, and found a trade for him,—that's more."

"Philippe, you are not serious!" she said, her heart beating fast.

"Oh, am I not?" he replied, with a sneer. "He will turn his music to good account now."

"Philippe, what do you mean? I insist upon knowing," she said, clutching his arm fiercely. "Is he far from here? Tell me at once."

"Far enough for you, I dare say; but I will tell you nothing if you put yourself in a rage," he replied, shaking her off. "I have given him to my brother Louis in return for a sum of money, which will just enable me to keep my head above water. He was looking out for boys to send about the London streets."

"He shall not go!—he shall not! or, if he does, I will go with him," said poor Marie, wringing her hands.

"All very well to say that, but the boat is gone by this time," he answered, in a cruel tone of triumph.

Poor Marie! this last blow crushed her, and she could make no answer. She staggered back, and would have fallen, if her husband had not caught her. He almost carried her home, and all through that dreadful night she lay in a kind of stupor, which was succeeded by a fit of violent, passionate weeping. But tears could not bring her darling back, or save him from the privation and misery that she knew would be his lot. She almost wished he were dead, rather than she should lose him in this way; and as the weary days wore on, and left her more and more desolate and lonely, the feeling of bitter hatred and resentment to her husband, which she had never put from her, grew stronger



Little Pierre and his Accordion.

and stronger, till every good feeling seemed to be gone. There was a dark cloud over her heart. She could not pray; she would not even go to church, for she was too proud to let her neighbours pity her. She shut herself up and would see no one, but sat day after day, and brooded over what she thought the injustice of her lot. Why should this trouble have fallen upon her? She had never done anything wrong enough to deserve it. Had she not led a more blameless life than most of her neighbours,—been regular at church, and honest and upright in her dealings, and trained her boy in the same way? She could not bear the sight of her husband, and, perhaps, it was a good thing that he was but seldom at home, for she used to say in

after years that she felt at times as if no deed would be too wicked or desperate for her to do. Like her first husband, he died suddenly; though, unlike Le Roy, his end was hastened by intemperance. Not one pang of regret touched Marie's heart,—she was only glad that she was free to seek her child. Yet she had done her duty outwardly by her husband, and nursed him kindly during the few days he was ill.

(To be continued.)

Parts I. II. and III. for December, January, and February, price 3d. each, are now ready.

All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

# Chatterbox.



Little Pierre and Louis



## THE LITTLE FRENCH CAPTIVE.

(Continued from p. 120.)

### CHAPTER III.

THE mother's imaginations of the hardship Pierre was enduring were fully equalled by the reality. They began from the moment that the two Arcs met him singing blithely on his way home that luckless evening. He always had an instinctive dread of Louis Arc, and was by no means satisfied with the assurance of the brothers that he was only wanted to try and play a duet with another boy, and that he should be brought home as soon as it was done. There was something in the grip of Arc's hand upon his wrist, when his father had left them, that terrified him; and his fears were by no means allayed when, after what seemed a long walk, they entered a dingy house close to the Quay, where they were joined by a boy rather older than Pierre.

There was no mention of any duet, but Arc gave Pierre some wine to drink, as he said he must be tired from his walk. In a few moments he felt very sleepy, and remembered nothing more till he woke sick and miserable in the close, stifling cabin of a steam-boat in the English Channel. The boy whom he had seen at Arc's house sat beside him, and, instead of comforting the poor little fellow, he said sharply, "Well, so you're awake at last, are you? Perhaps you'll give over crying for your mother now; you've been going on enough about her in your sleep. Now, there you go, again!" for the mention of his mother opened the flood-gates of Pierre's tears again.

"They had no business to take me from her, it was very wicked; I'll run away as soon as ever I can," he exclaimed passionately.

"Oh, will you! you won't find it so easy; besides, how can you be so silly? Think of the riches you will get in great London."

"I don't care for money, I want my mother; I wish I had not gone to sleep, I would not have come into this horrid place. I shall die if they don't let me out."

"If you don't behave yourself, I'll fetch Arc to you. What do you suppose he gave you the wine for, but to make you sleep?"

Faint and miserable, in mind and body, the poor child laid back on his uncomfortable couch, and soon became too ill to know what was passing around him, till he found himself being carried ashore in the arms of a rough sailor, who, however, was as gentle and tender over his charge as any woman. A third-class railway-carriage and a rattling cab, which shook and jarred every nerve, at length brought them to a lodging-house in Duck-weed Lane, in the top story of which Arc had two rooms. One was comfortable enough; but that was his private room, and it must not be occupied by anything so troublesome and annoying as a sick child. No, he must be carried to the other—a miserable attic, dark and dirty; and here about twenty boys of different ages ate, drank, and slept, whenever they were not wandering about the streets. They were all out when Pierre arrived, for it was the middle of the day, so he had a few hours of quiet; but the close smell of the room, and the dirty mattress upon which he was laid, were intolerable, accustomed

as he had been to comfort and cleanliness. His companion stretched himself on another mattress and was soon sound asleep. He was the son of a poor labourer, and had easily been induced by Arc's tale of the wonderful riches to be found in England to run away from his cheerless, comfortless home. His name was Louis St. Clair, and Pierre had often heard his family spoken of as among the lowest in Havre.

By-and-bye the boys began to come in. Helter-skelter they rushed up the stairs, till an angry voice bade them "hold their noise, or it should be the worse for them."

"Hullo!" cried one, "here's the master back: my eye, Pat, you'll catch it! you'd better get your shilling back from Antony!"

"Not I," said the boy addressed, a big Irish boy, whose face, in spite of the dirt upon it, had an expression of kindness and goodness not to be seen in most of his companions. "Not I; I can stand a thrashing much better than little Tony. But who are these?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the new-comers. "Why, I declare, this one is smaller than Tony! and how ill the poor little chap looks! Here, little one, let's raise your head a bit;" and he went to his own mattress, and fetched the dirty old cloak which served for a covering, and rolling it up tight put it under the little sufferer's head.

Pierre's grateful look spoke his thanks, quite enough to satisfy Pat, who could not understand a word of French; and he made Pat sit down by him and take hold of his hand, till the door was opened, and Arc appeared and called the boys one by one.

"Now for it," said Pat, as his turn came, and left the room with a rueful face. However, in a minute or two he came back, looking considerably relieved. "I say," he said, "master is in a mighty good temper; I've only got to go without my supper."

"Bad enough too," said the boy who had advised him to take back his shilling. "You're a fool, Pat, to go and get punished for other people. Tony, you little vagabond, how can you be so mean!"

"He made me have it," whimpered Tony. "I don't want to be mean, but my back is sore now from the thrashing I got last week."

"Be aisy, you two," said Pat. "If I choose to be a fool, it's my own business. Come, be off to the master; you are the last."

When they had all delivered up their earnings, an old woman, whom Pierre took for a witch, came in and served out some porridge, Pat and others being obliged to see the rest eat while they remained hungry. But Pat's kind action in giving three-fourths of his earnings to Tony made him feel happier than if he had had ever so grand a feast. He sat down by Pierre's bed again, and stayed there till the child was asleep, for Louis took not the slightest notice of him, having found another countryman among the motley group that constituted Arc's establishment. Among these were some nine or ten organ-boys, but they were mostly Savoyards, who formed a sort of clan by themselves, and did not fraternise much with the others. The rest were Dutch, Irish, English, and the three French boys. These played on various instruments,—harps, vio-

lins, concertinas, triangles, and tambourines, all of which instruments were piled one on another on one side of the room with the organs, and they could never be put aside at night without a great deal of quarrelling for the best place, but when this point was settled the boys were tolerably good friends.

Immediately after supper they went to bed, for they were not allowed any light but what came from the street lamps. In spite of all the dirt and discomfort, Pierre slept soundly, and awoke much better in the morning. The boys, those at least among them who had to go some distance, began to stir as soon as it was light, and huddling on their scanty clothes went out. Others slept on till Molly, the old woman who had brought their supper the night before, came and woke them. Louis and Pierre were kept at home that day to practise together. Louis could play the harp very well, and it did not take long to learn accompaniments to the tunes which Pierre played on the violin.

For several days after they were sent out together halfpence showered on them. Pierre's playing was thought wonderful, for he looked even younger than he was, and his pale, sad face, attracted people's attention as much as his playing. Louis found, however, that his expectations of the wealth to be found in London were not realized with regard to himself, for Arc made them give up every halfpenny under penalty of "the strap," which instrument of torture caused Pierre's blood to run cold whenever he saw it, after having witnessed the punishment of one unfortunate boy, who had only brought home tenpence instead of the shilling, which was the least that would satisfy Arc. It was not long before he had a taste of it himself, poor child, for Louis took to playing pitch-and-toss, and idling his time away, and they had less and less money to take to Arc. At last, one day, they had but ninepence between them; there was no excuse, for it had been very fine, and they had had a most prosperous day, till about an hour before they went home, when Louis began to play at pitch-and-toss. He was lucky at first, but, like all gamblers, could not be satisfied and leave off, but went on again and again, till an unlucky throw deprived him of all but the ninepence. It was very hard that Pierre should suffer, for he had such a dread of gambling, that he would hardly even look on while Louis played, but it was of no use to say anything.

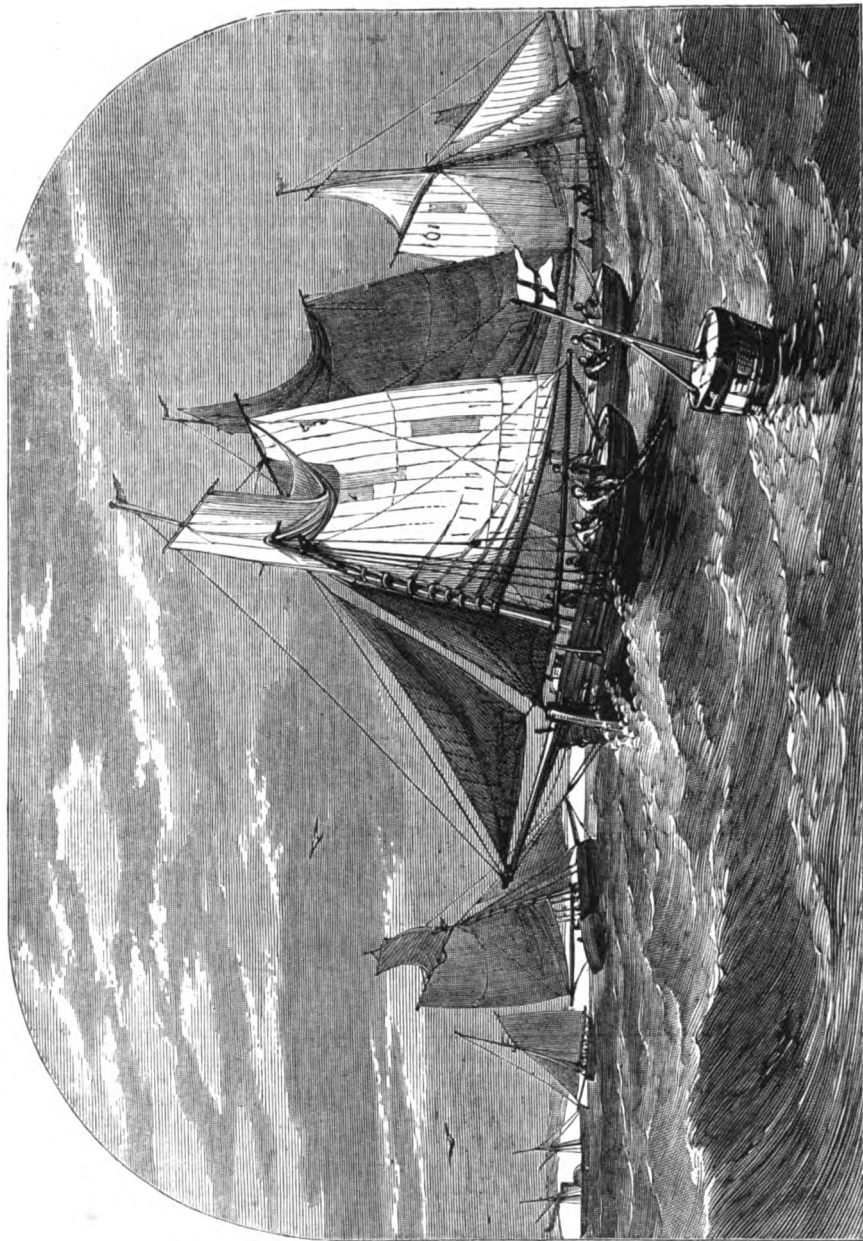
"Is this all?" inquired Arc, when the ninepence was given him. "Very well," he continued, as the boys did not answer, "you know what to expect," and the thick thong of leather was taken down from its place. Louis bore his beating in sullen silence; he was used to chastisement at home, so perhaps he did not feel it quite so much as some others. Pierre stood with white lips and sinking heart awaiting his turn. He could hardly move forward when he was called, and Arc called him an obstinate young dog, and said he would teach him to hold back. Savagely the lash descended, again and again the cruel leather cut the child's tender skin, then the room swam round, and he fainted away. When he came to himself, Pat was sprinkling water on his face out of a tin mug, and rubbing his hands.

"That's right," he said, as the child opened his eyes; "but you'd better not get thrashed again, for I thought you were done for!"

Pierre was too faint to answer, he only smiled gratefully at his friend Pat, and put up his lips to kiss him. Heedless of the jeering of the other boys, Pat gave him a hearty kiss, then turned away his head and coughed violently to account for something very much like tears that stood in his eyes.

From that day they were fast friends, and Pierre used to wish he might get up and go out with Pat every morning before Molly brought in the clammy porridge that he was obliged to eat, for Louis would not let him spend a halfpenny on breakfast, though he sometimes spent two or three halfpennies on himself. What wonder that the poor little fellow was often cross and fretful! The dirt and squalor of their miserable lodging were depressing enough, and when Louis was harsh and snappish to him all day it was unbearable. His only comfort in the week was a walk with Pat on Sunday. Now and then they went into a church, but the long service was very irksome to Pat, who would yawn and fidget before it was half over, and always gave a great sigh of relief when they came out. It was very different with Pierre. The singing was real enjoyment to him, and though he could not very well follow the prayers, yet he liked to hear them. They recalled what his mother had taught him long ago, as it seemed to him, and he would kneel down and pray that he might be forgiven for his fretful temper, and for not saying his prayers every night and morning. He could not bring himself to do that, poor little fellow, when no one else did it,—not even dear, kind Pat. For two or three days after he would be less cross, and bear Louis's unkindness more patiently; but this got harder and harder, for as the winter came on they did not earn so much, and still Louis would gamble, sometimes being lucky, but more often unlucky, and the more unlucky he was the more he persecuted his companion. The cold weather in itself was a trial, for it nipped him up and made his chest ache, and his poor fingers were so cold he could hardly play. Beatings were of common occurrence among the boys; hardly a night passed without one victim. One day it was Pat, who had again helped Tony, whose miserable tambourine never brought him much luck. Pierre's blood boiled as the lash descended upon Pat's back; he thought he would rather have had it himself. He was not so ready, however, when, two or three nights after, he and Louis were again punished. They had brought in their bare two shillings for some days past, and this time they had only one. However, the beating did some good, for Arc, perceiving how thin the child was, and fearing lest he should get out of health and be a trouble, ordered Molly to get him some warmer clothes; and from some second-hand shop were procured the old-fashioned velvet breeches and cut-away coat which he wore when Rebecca had seen him at the railway station, as has been already related in the first chapter of this story.

(To be continued.)



### THE OYSTER.

**OYSTERS** are found in all the European seas ; but the British coasts may be considered their head-quarters, for nowhere are they found in greater abundance or of a richer flavour. Oysters congregate in enormous numbers, and

### Oyster Boats.

generally on rocky ground, and they are dredged from these places by the fishermen, a fleet of whose boats is shown in the picture. These are the largest sized, but the least valued, oysters. A better kind are those that grow on the sandy or muddy banks, near the estuaries of rivers. But the most valued of all are those that are preserved

in artificial basins, or *parks*, as they are called. The oyster-parks, or gardens, are generally large, walled basins, communicating by sluices with the sea, so that the water can be let in and out.

The oyster bears its years upon its back. Every-body who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seems as if composed of successive





Throwing the Dredge.

layers or plates, overlapping each other. These are technically called "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth, so that by counting them we can calculate when the creature came into the world. And, judging from the great thickness of some of the shells, the oyster if left unmolested would reach a great age. Indeed, fossil oysters have been seen, of which each shell was nine inches thick, which indicated that they were about one hundred years old.

Young oysters generally remain near the parent ones, which accounts for those huge oyster-banks in the sea, which in some places have so accumulated that ships have been wrecked upon them.

Harwich, Colchester, and other seaports along our coasts, are famed for their oyster-banks; as are also Havre, Dieppe, Ostend, and other places on the coasts of France and Belgium.

### THE DROWNED BOY.

By Thomas Miller.

I scarcely need tell my little readers that this is a true tale; that I was present when the poor boy was drowned in the river Trent, that I carried some portion of his clothes to the school-master, and followed his remains to the grave.

**T**HE simple story I relate  
Is very sad, but very true;  
And it is of a schoolboy's fate,  
A merry lad whom well I knew,  
That I this sorrowful story tell,  
Which on his thirteenth birthday fell.

I well remember on that day  
His widowed mother's pleasant smile;  
How, ere we started off to play  
By Ashcroft's green and willowy isle,  
To lure us back in time for tea  
The large plum-cake she let us see.

And good advice she to us gave,  
Which we aside did reckless throw;  
One only promise did she crave,—  
Into the river not to go:  
We gave that promise, went away—  
Alas! that we should disobey.

We left the vale and hills behind,  
The wooden mill, and common wide:  
Then did by circling footpaths wind  
Our way up to the river's side.  
Now in, now out,—now seen, now hidden—  
We came unto that spot forbidden.

Bright did the rippling river run,  
In light and shadow, here and there,  
And quivered in the summer sun,  
A golden pathway shining clear,  
That seemed to stretch out far away,  
As if to reach the gates of day.

"Let's bathe," said one, "the day is warm;  
We know there is no danger here."  
So we agreed, and thought no harm,  
For oft before we had bathed there.  
He was the first to lead the way,  
Whose birth we welcomed on that day.

There was no danger near the shore,  
While within depth we did remain,  
Nor ventured where the eddies tore  
The jetty round, then met again:  
'Twas said no bottom could be found  
Where they went ever boiling round.

We, who could swim, went far away;  
Some plashed beneath the willows dank,  
Others upon the greensward lay,  
Or idly gazed from off the bank,  
Until a shrill cry rent the air  
Which made our very hearts despair.

### PART II.

Although 'tis many years ago,  
I feel my conscience still upbraid  
That I deceived his mother so,  
And her strict orders disobeyed;  
And I would warn you for his sake  
Never your solemn word to break.  
Amid the eddies' boiling roar  
We saw his head move round and round;  
And, as his eyes turned to the shore,  
He sank within that gulf profound.  
On rolled the water as before,  
Where he had sunk to rise no more.

Mute, horror-struck, we stood aghast,  
Looking where the deep eddies lay;  
And one poor boy exclaimed at last,  
"Oh, what will his dear mother say?"  
Another said, "His birthday, too!  
Oh, what will his poor mother do?"  
And who will to his mother dear  
The tidings of his death convey,  
And home those empty garments bear?  
(His Sunday clothes worn on that day;  
Who'll enter that low cottage-door,  
And say, "He will return no more!")

No more, no more,—oh, never more!  
Thou'lt hear his merry footstep tread  
Upon that white and sanded floor;  
Pillowed is now his curly head  
Deep down upon that sandy soil,  
O'er which the eddies roar and boil.

Sobbing, we bore his clothes away,  
 For each a mournful portion took—  
 His hat, his boots, the branch of May  
 Which he from the old hawthorn broke,  
 And with eyes bent upon the ground  
 We walked along in grief profound.

We reached the whitewashed village school,  
 And to the master told our tale,  
 How, 'mid the eddies' dark whirlpool,  
 Below the bend of Ashcroft vale,  
 Deep drowned our little playmate lay:  
 He sighed, and turned his head away.

He walked along in awe and dread,  
 And unto her the tidings told.  
 She sat beside his empty bed  
 All night, until the morning, cold:  
 They said 'twas pitiful to see  
 That woman in her misery.

The mother, broken-hearted, died  
 Upon the day her boy was found,  
 And they were buried, side by side,  
 The Sunday after he was drowned.  
 Then, children all, mind what I say,  
 Nor once your parents disobey.

### THE SILVER BUTTON.

THE people in Iceland have a legend which says that a long time ago three children, one girl and two boys, were playing on a grass mound, when one of them the girl, found a deep hole. Shutting her eyes, she put her arm down the hole, and just for the fun of the thing, cried,—

"Put something into the palm of an old beggar, and an old beggar shall not see."

Now, according to the old Iceland belief, this hole was the hall leading to a fairy's home, and the fairy pleased with the girl's merry mood, put a big silver button into the palm of her hand.

When the other children saw this button, they were filled with envy. One of them, hoping to get a button too, thrust his hand into the hole and said,—

"Put something into the hand of an old beggar, and an old beggar shall not see."

But instead of giving him a button, the good fairy, who did not like envious children, gave his hand a very hard squeeze, which took from him the use of his arm for ever.

Of course, this is only a fable, for fairies never lived anywhere but in stories; yet, fable though it be, it teaches two capital lessons. Can you guess what they are? No? Then I will tell you.

You see that those boys were miserable when they envied the girl; so the first lesson is, Envy makes children miserable. You see that the envious boy lost the use of his arm. And the second lesson is, that Envy hinders children from enjoying what they have. In envying others' good, they lose the use of their own.

### A GREAT FISHERY.

By the Rev. John Horden, Missionary at Moose Factory.



OW well the lamp burns!" said a little girl to me one evening. "I wonder where the oil comes from?"

Having a great love for all little children, I took her on my knee and told her what I knew about the matter; she sat very quietly indeed, for, knowing that I had been a great traveller, she fully expected that I was going to tell her about something I had seen in a distant land. I did not disappoint her, but told her what I am about to tell you—my tale of a great fishery.

Now I must take you with me out to America, into the great Hudson's Bay, and then to the Great Whale River. I went there to preach the gospel of peace to a few Europeans resident there, and to a large number of Red Indians who came there for the purpose of trade, and to assist in the fishery carried on by the Europeans. Great Whale River is a noble one, quite a mile across, with a strong current, and up its waters come, principally by night, hundreds of the large white porpoise. Now our plan was to allow them to ascend the river from the sea, but to prevent their return. For this purpose an immense net, a mile in length, had been made of strong rope, and stretched across the river, the bottom of it fastened by means of chains and anchors to the bed of the river, the upper part of it, of course, sinking by its own weight. Everything is now prepared for the poor porpoise. The Europeans get into a state of anxious excitement; as soon as night sets in they employ themselves in walking up and down along the banks of the river, listening for the blowing of the porpoise, and occasionally may be heard the exclamation,—"*There they blow! there they blow! Why the river is full of them to-night!*"

When this is the case it is determined to raise the great barrier net at midnight. At that time every one is on the alert, two parties are formed, one for each end of the net, all is done quietly lest the porpoise should be frightened and make for the sea; at a given signal a boat puts out from either side, the men grapple for the upper part of the net, and as they catch it they buoy it up with kegs made for the purpose, and in about an hour an effectual barrier is raised against the escape of the imprisoned fish. On the occasion when I took part in the affair a thousand of these huge creatures were thus entrapped, so that in the morning we had really a living river, the porpoises making no attempt to escape, for when on going down towards the sea they touched the net, they quietly turned round and went up the river again. And now comes the most exciting part of my story. At one corner of the large net we set another, called a "pond net," and our object was to drive as many of the porpoises into this pond as possible, that they might be the more easily killed. Every boat and canoe in the place was

manned—there were nearly forty, and in each was put a large quantity of stones.

We now went some way up the river, and then turning round, drove the porpoises before us, hallooing and throwing out the stones to frighten them on; on they flew, we closing around them: a large number are within the pond; the net is raised quickly, and two hundred are confined within a very narrow space. Men are now told off to shoot them, and there they stand in their boats firing bullets into this living mass. It is a painful sight, although it would be a very beautiful one were it not associated with pain, for the fish in their rising to the surface and sinking again form fine curves with their long and silvery bodies. In a short time all are dead, they are drawn ashore and at once stripped of their skin, to which the blubber is attached. The Indians attack the carcass, cutting the flesh, which somewhat resembles coarse beef, from the bones; this they dry and keep for winter use. The skins are carried to the oil-house, where the blubber is carefully taken from them; this is now attacked by women armed with sharp knives, who cut the blubber into pieces of about an inch square in size, and throw these into huge boilers, where they are melted down into oil; this is afterwards refined, put into casks and sent to England, and perhaps this is some of it we are burping to-night.

But we left eight hundred porpoises still alive. Well, when the two hundred had been satisfactorily disposed off, another 'drive' was made, and so on until all were killed. The skins are covered with a very thick scarf skin, which is scraped off by women and carefully put by for food; the real skins are pickled, packed into bales, and sent to England, where they are tanned and then made into shoes. From the thousand porpoises nearly a thousand barrels of oil were obtained. Some of these creatures attain the length of fifteen feet, and their girth was so great, that a tall man sitting astride one of the largest of them found his feet nearly two feet from the ground.

Such was my answer to the little girl's question, "Where does the oil come from?" and my story of the great fishery.

## THE BULBUL AND THE VULTURE.

### AN EASTERN FABLE.



**B**ENEATH a toddy-tree in the royal gardens of the King of Burmah a bulbul was, one day, picking up the fruit and singing a song to himself, when, looking up, he saw a large bird overhead, flying very high and very fast. Bully, who was a pert fellow, full of curiosity, perked up his little red-tufted head, and called out,—

"Hey, you giant! where are you going in such a hurry?"

The vulture croaked hoarsely as he flew on, without stopping,—

"To a feast! to a delicious feast! If you've drunk enough toddy to cool your little thirsty beak, you

may come too. To the feast! to the feast! I can see it afar!"

And, flapping his heavy pinions, the vulture flew on, followed in the distance by a dark cloud of his companions.

The bulbul, who was a bold little bird, flew after him, and overtook him at last. He examined him from head to tail.

"Well, you *have* an ugly neck!" he chirped out.

The hideous bird stretched out his unfeathered craw, and answered,—

"Ah, that's the better to eat my food with. If I had feathers here, I could not dip my beak so deep."

"Why, what do you eat?" asked the bulbul.

"Come to the feast! to the feast! and you shall see. I can see it now, afar off. There! there! don't you see, you blind bird?"

Bulbul looked with all his eyes, but nothing could he see. He had half a mind to turn back again, for he was rather afraid of his new friend; but he did not like to show fear, so on he went. Presently a horrible odour reached him.

"Ah, ha, there's my feast! Don't you smell it? don't you smell it? Isn't it delicious?" the vulture asked, in a hoarse whisper.

The next moment he swooped down upon the carcass of a bullock that had been stopped by a rock, as it was being washed down by a mountain-torrent, and tore it greedily with his hooked beak. His long featherless neck was soon dyed red, and he had devoured huge pieces of the flesh before the other vultures had come up. The bulbul stood by until the gloated bird of prey sank into a kind of stupor, satiated with his loathsome meal, and then the little bird flew back to his nest in the toddy-tree. The sight that he had seen that day furnished him with many an hour's chatter; and he spoke with horror of the vulture, and wondered why such a hideous bird was allowed to live.

Not many months after this Bully married, and built a fine new nest. His mate laid some beautiful eggs, and they sat upon them by turns, and were very happy, until a sad accident occurred to disturb their comiort. An old buffalo, who had been long ailing, came one night beneath the toddy-tree, waded into the shallows of the river in hopes of escaping the tormenting flies, and there lay down and died. The sweet scent of the flowers, which the bulbuls loved so much, was quite overpowered by the bad smell of the dead animal, and the little birds grew sickly and ill; yet they could not leave the tree, for their eggs were nearly hatched, and they were daily expecting their young family to break through the egg-shells. Bully, unable to bear it longer, flew out one morning for a little fresh air, and came back with the fragrant blossom of a mimosa in his beak. As he sat perched on a bough a swallow flew past him.

"Why do you hold that flower so fast, Mr. Bulbul?" she asked.

"I wonder at your question, Mrs. Swallow," he answered; "I think there's need enough of scent here."

"Ah, friend Bulbul," was the little lady's reply, "if your ugly vultures were here they would soon clear off this dead carcass; but you said, one day,





The Bulbul and the Vulture.

you could see no good in such creatures. I told you then that the Creator had made nothing except for some good purpose; and so long as we live in this world, where good and evil are mixed together, we must have scavengers. Depend upon it, everything, however ugly, has its work in this world. Bully; and he is the best servant who fulfils his task, however lowly and disagreeable it be."

Away flew the swallow over the tank, to catch a mosquito for her young ones, and the bulbul, nodding his head, went back to his nest, confessing that his friend was right, and that every creature of God was good, and intended to serve some useful purpose, though we may not always see what that purpose is.

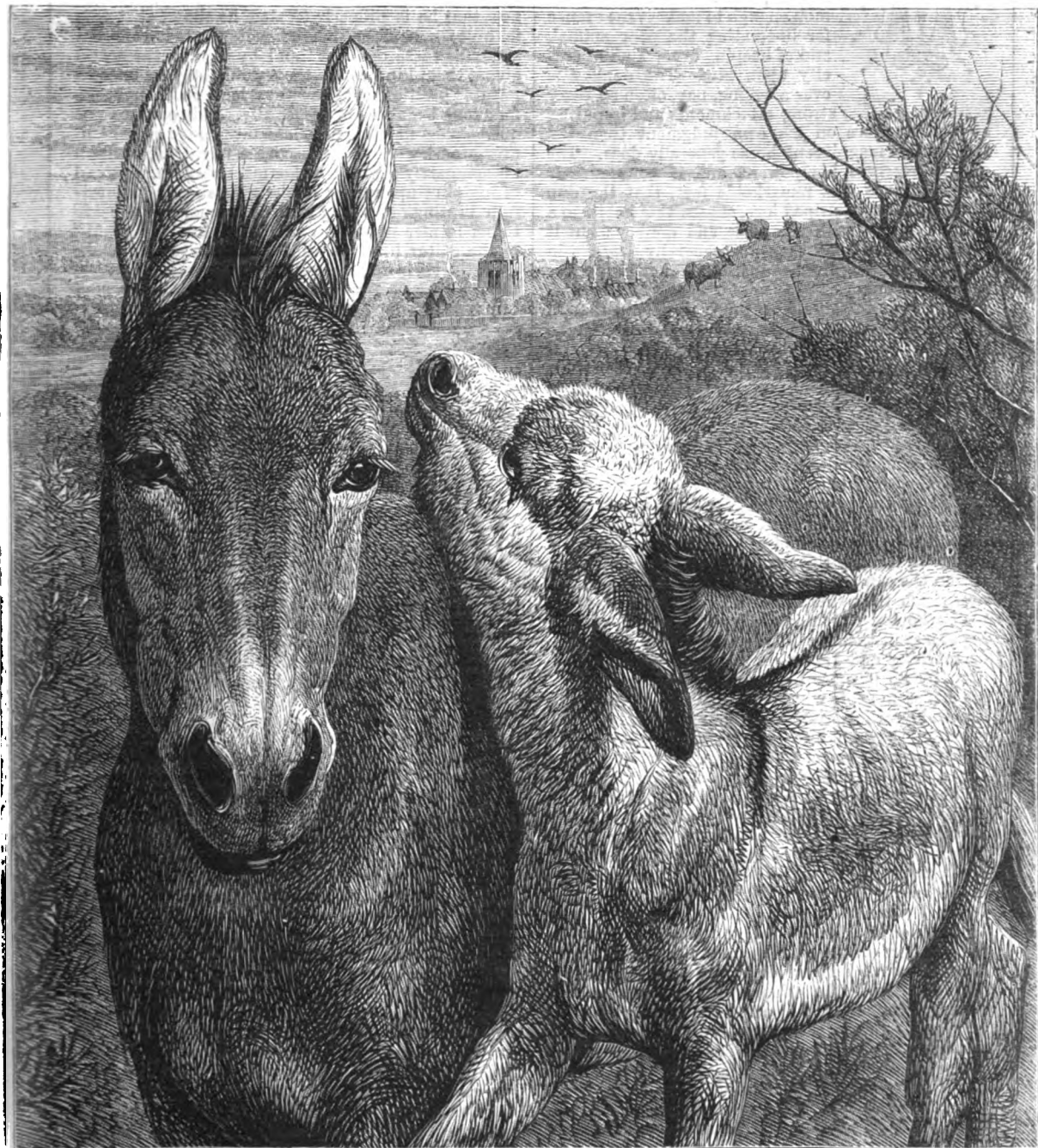
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# Chatterbox.



The Donkey, from *Life* by F. W. KEYL.



### THE DONKEY.

**M**UCH has been said against the ignorant prejudice of considering the donkey a stupid and obstinate animal; the notion is still common enough to make it the excuse for ill-treating the poor animal, and of heaping every kind of cruelty upon him. The donkey is ever a willing, nay, often an eager servant. He has strong attachments and impulses, and relies more on his own judgment than the much more magnificent horse generally does. The donkey reserves his powers, and is consequently called lazy: it is a remarkable fact, that the dun horse with zebra-striped legs, shares this habit, to a certain extent, with the mule and donkey; but it is well known that they are generally lasting in powers, and long-lived—qualities belonging to the mule and donkey.

A curious instance how much the temperament of a donkey depends upon the way in which he is treated, occurred to me the year before last. I was staying in a small hamlet in Gloucestershire, where I made the acquaintance of four donkeys. Their names were Judy, Fanny, Peggy, and Tom; they belonged to a kind-hearted and honest man, to whom they were very useful in carrying wood and coal, in which he dealt, from place to place.

As the neighbourhood is very hilly, beasts of burden are more convenient than beasts of draught, while the large commons, enable many people to keep ponies, mules, and donkeys, who could not otherwise do so. But my friends were never turned out on the common, as their master knows full well how much they suffer from idle and cruel boys and men, who tease them in every possible way,—throwing stones at them; hunting them about with dogs; or catching and riding them till they are ready to drop, for no purpose but mischief. He has behind his house a field, where his donkeys spend their leisure hours in day-time, while at night, or in bad weather, they go into a warm shed, where a full manger awaits them. They have to work hard at times, and their master carries a big stick, which he never uses, except, perhaps, once in a year, when Master Tommy takes it into his head to persist in taking a road of his own in spite of repeated warnings. For a bit of fun every Christmas, the donkeys come into the kitchen and have a bit of plum-pudding, for, like all tame animals who are used to it, they will accept all sorts of delicacies, such as bread, cake, or a lump of sugar, which their less petted brothers on the common would not understand.

In his work Tom never thinks of giving in, and he always leads the others, who trust entirely to his sagacity. He and Fanny have fine glossy coats, but on Tommy's side there is a large bare spot, where no hair ever grows; it is covered with a hard horny substance. I asked what it came from, and heard that poor Tom had belonged to some people who used him for drawing barges, and when poor Tom, from exhaustion and weakness could not go any further, the cruel driver would job him with

the iron handle of an instrument used to open the locks with, thereby causing a large sore, which was in a dreadful state when he came to his present owner: he could hardly stand then from weakness, and I have no doubt had often before been called lazy, and obstinate, and "a stupid donkey," though now that he is properly treated, he shows that this is quite a libel on his character. I have often sketched these donkeys; and by feeding them and giving them kind words they would stay in uncomfortable positions with a heavy load on their backs for a long time: Fanny especially. Judy one day, not quite understanding why she must not rest which-ever hind-leg she pleased, gave a slight kick, which unfortunately alighted on her master's shin. Instead of jumping up, raving at the animal, and unmercifully beating or kicking it, he only pushed her aside to her former position, and said, "Don't do that!" If the editor likes we will have a picture of those donkeys, their saddles and their shed, some day.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH CAPTIVE.

(Continued from page 123.)

#### CHAPTER IV.



**T**HE dreary winter months wore away, and the bright spring sun looked down upon one being in Duckweed Lane who was happier than when we last saw him. A most unexpected piece of good luck had resulted from Louis's misconduct. Arc had found out his gambling, and taking it for granted that Pierre was an accomplice he had separated them, giving Louis the concertina boy, and, to Pierre's unbounded delight, sending him with Pat in his place.

He joyfully braved the dark and cold to be off early, for Pat was one of those who went some distance to his "ground." They had good luck for some days, but after a time some more of Arc's boys chose the same "ground," and divided the profits; so Pat and his little companion betook themselves to the Greystone station, for though there were several other musicians there, yet the people changed every few minutes, so that all had an equal chance.

All through the spring Pat and Pierre came to Greystone. In the summer they went on board the steam-boats on the river, but when the cold weather began to make the passengers by water fewer they returned to Greystone again. They found a new set of boys there; and as they had a plan in their heads which rendered them fearful of spies they were careful not to tell their names, or have more to do with the other boys than they could help, and thus it came to pass that Pierre's mother could find no one who knew them.

What misery might have been spared her if she had come one half-hour sooner on that day when she met Rebecca! And yet that time of misery to her was a time of great good to her boy, and the long sorrow and disappointment wrought a marvellous change in her own fierce passionate temper,



little as she thought it at the time. The plan which the boys had began to make was that of escaping to France. Pierre's home-sickness and longing for his mother were not one bit abated, though he had grown more cheerful since he had been with Pat. But now the old fretfulness would return every now and then, when, as he thought, Pat neglected chances of escape; but Pat was too wise to run needless risk, and no safe opportunity had yet offered. The great obstacle was lack of money, for they were obliged to give Arc most of what they earned, and it would be a long time before the pennies they kept back mounted up to anything like enough.

But on this November day Fortune favoured them. They were walking along a narrow street that ran between two rows of stables, and on the ground they spied a purse, which they found to contain three pounds. They did not see any one of whom they could inquire, and Pat, who had never seen so much money before, said, "It could not belong to a groom, for if a groom owned all that sure he'd be his own master. No, no, this'll take ye home, Peter, fast enough; and there will be enough to pay the master's fare back again if he should chase you."

Pierre's heart gave a great jump.

"Oh, Pat!" was all he could say for the first minute; but then came such a torrent of words of hope, and fear, and joy, and delight, that Pat was obliged to check him, for fear some one should want to know what was the matter.

"Well, and if they did," said Pierre, "wouldn't they be glad to hear it?"

"Oh, yes, perhaps they would! But how would it be if they told Arc?"

Presently Pierre thought of something that dashed his happiness for a minute or two. He had been brought up with stricter notions of honesty than poor Pat, who had "never had no one not to teach him nothing," as he expressed it.

"Pat," began Pierre, "oughtn't we to try and find out who the purse belongs to?"

"Och, sure, and if ye're not the most innocent babby that ever breathed! Would ye go and pull a haystack to pieces to find a needle; no, no, London's too big a place for that sort of game. The owner may be two miles off by this time. Come along, let's be off quick, I'll come and see you on board, and perhaps there'll be enough for me to go too."

Pierre's scruples were satisfied, and they made the best of their way to Greystone, where they intended to take train to some station near London Bridge, and go on board the first French vessel they could find.

"We must play at the station as usual, ye know," said Patrick, "and get money for our tickets. If any one sees us with the purse they'll have us taken up for thieves."

So they played away, and the old gentleman's sixpence helped them to be off much sooner than they expected; but, alas! at London Bridge they learnt that there was no French vessel till the following day. This was a sad disappointment, but there was nothing for it but to wait, and meantime they must find a night's lodging. This was a difficult matter, for they dared not go to any of the low lodging-

houses for fear some one should either find out their secret riches and take the purse from them, or else betray them to their master in hope of a reward. They were walking rather sadly along a narrow street when a man's voice called out, "Give us a tune, there's good lads;" and turning round they saw at the door of one of the houses a clean, good-tempered-looking woman, who appeared quite out of place in the midst of so much dirt and misery. The boys played some merry tunes, and as she opened the door to thank them and give them some halfpence, they beheld a room as clean as herself, at the far end of which sat an old man propped up with pillows.

"Come again some day, boys," she said, as they were turning away. "It's such a pleasure to my father to hear a fiddle; he was a great hand at it himself once."

"We will come again," said Pierre, "before we go on board the boat; but we are going to start for France to-morrow. I am going to my mother."

Pat's looks of caution were quite in vain. There was something in the woman's kind face that threw the child off his guard, but the reply showed him what he had done.

"Going to France, did you say? Do you know how much money that costs? I doubt you have not enough?"

"Oh, yes, we have," said Pierre, then stopped short and coloured up to his eyes.

The woman turned to Pat, "I hope there's nothing wrong about this, boys?"

"It's all right," said Pat; "we have not stolen the money."

"I hope not, but how did you come by it? Can you honestly tell me that you have earned and put by enough to pay your passage?"

Pat hesitated. His sense of truth and honour was blunted, poor fellow, or rather had never been brought out, and he would have thought nothing of telling most people that he had earned every halfpenny; but there was something in the clear, honest grey eyes of his questioner, which were fixed on him as if they would read him through and through, that made him feel as if he could not tell her a lie. Meantime Pierre answered,—

"No, we have not earned it, but we have found a purse."

Pat cast a look at him which said as plainly as words, "It's all over with us now," as he said in a pitiful, whining voice, "Ye'll not give two poor boys to the police, will ye? Sure, and we did not steal it, that's gospel truth."

The woman looked from one to the other with a searching, yet pitying look.

"Poor boys," she said, "I wish to my heart that I could pay your passage, but I should do very wrong if I let you take this money that you speak of. You cannot rightfully call it your own till you have tried as much as you can to find the owner."

"But we didn't see any one near to ask," said Pierre.

"No, I daresay not; but why did you not take the purse to the police-station?"

"Sure," said Pat, "I'm none so fond of the po-

lice, and I didn't think of that ; but ye wouldn't have us do it now, would ye ? It's more than a year since this poor little chap has seen his mother ; he was sold to our master without her knowing, and he's a regular hard one, he is, and we did think we should get away now."

Mary Burton, for such was her name, was puzzled. She could not find it in her tender heart to advise them to return to their master, besides which, buying and selling children was a breach of English liberty that nothing could justify in her eyes. The purse was another matter—that must be restored, but how was this to be managed without betraying the boys ?

"I'll tell you what," she said at last, "I'll take it to the police-station myself, and only say it was found by some boys. I don't think there will be any need to tell your names, but you must honestly and truly tell me all about it."

Pat slowly handed out the purse.

"You are sure you haven't taken any money out ?"

"No, indeed we haven't," said Pierre, "but I wish we had never come here, I do ; I shall never see my mother again now."

"Poor little fellow ! I am very sorry for you, but you may depend upon it ill-gotten money never brings a blessing."

"But must we go back to the master again ?" asked Pierre.

"Well, that does seem hard," replied Mary.

"No, I think, as I have stopped your going over the sea, I ought to find you a home. There's a little out-house at the back of this, where father used to work when he was well, and had his senses ; but that's long ago now, poor dear ! It's only a bit of a place, but you can sleep on straw, can't you ? You'll soon earn enough to take you to France if you haven't to give it to your master."

Thankfully and gladly they accepted Mary's offer, and were soon sleeping soundly on some clean straw, which was far better to Pierre than the dirty mattress at Arc's. Before morning light they were far away, for they had agreed to go some distance, that there might be the less chance of detection. They had a good day, and came home full of spirits. Mary made them play a bit to her father before the old man went to sleep ; and then she made them sit down, and have a long talk with her. Her kind, motherly way won their hearts, and they told her all about their past life. Her indignation was roused when she heard all the cruelties they had had to bear, and she was grieved to find how ignorant Pat was, particularly of anything like religious truth. His father and mother had died when he was quite a baby, he knew that ; but he did not remember anything except living with Arc. He did not know why he was always good to the younger boys. He thought they got enough hitting and hard words without his bullying them too, and he should have liked some big boy to be kind to him when he was "a younker." Mary thought how this rough, untaught lad put to shame many who had known the right way "from their youth up," and she made a point of giving them some little instruction every night when she could spare time. Pierre was much

quicker than Pat, besides he had been better taught, and though he had forgotten much he soon learnt it again. Mary hoped the good seed was taking root, for he began to try to control his temper better, and when she took him to church with her he really entered into the service. Pat would still yawn and fidget, but perhaps Mary's teaching took more effect than she thought, for he was much more reserved than the little French boy. She noticed, however, that he left off many bad words, and there seemed to be more of principle in his kindness to his little companion as the idea gradually penetrated his dull mind, that they were children of the same great Father.

(To be continued.)

### THE SWISS HAY-REAPERS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.

THE Swiss traveller, as he walks through some narrow valley, hemmed in on all sides by lofty and rocky mountains, or toils up the steep pass amid yawning abysses and dark precipices, may see little green patches sometimes on a gentle incline, sometimes as sloping as a church roof, high up among the peaks and ridges of the Alps. In these cold regions where even the hardiest shrubs will not grow, there flourishes a short, extremely fine grass, which dried into hay has a most fragrant smell ; it is used as medicine for the cattle, and a bundle of it is to be found in every cottage. The middle of August is the time when the reapers start on their dangerous excursion to cut this grass. Life is risked as much in this peaceful employment as it is in the chamois hunt, and the bold fellow who brings down a bundle of hay to the worth of three or four francs, has to contend with enemies who meet him in a thousand forms. Before dawn the reaper starts up the mountains with his scythe, irons for his feet, and a strong rope. Sometimes his brother or his son accompanies him. Though he sings as he goes along, it is not always the proof of a light heart, for besides the dangers he has to encounter, he knows not that another may not have got before him to the green spot whither he is toiling. These airy and miniature hay-fields have sometimes been the scenes of fearful struggles which have ended in the vanquished being hurled into the abyss below.

When the reaper has scrambled up to his desired territory, he is fastened by the rope, as the picture represents, and held by his companion. He is not then in any great danger if the weather is fine and there is no fog. The real risk of this hard day's work first begins when the dried hay is tied up into a huge bundle, placed on his broad back, and must then be carried down the narrow path by the side of yawning precipices, to the safer and more sheltered spots below, where the light hay can be left to dry without the risk of its being blown away by the violent winds. A false step under this heavy burden, the least slip from the narrow path, the treading on a loose stone, would plunge him in a moment in eternity. The hay is left high up in the mountains during the whole summer. It is not



brought down to the valleys till the winter. Then the reaper goes up with his sledge to the place where he had left his store, and often he finds that the chamois have been before him and eaten much of his hardly-earned treasure.

Jos, a well-to-do farmer of a village named Flanar, in Canton Grisons, started one winter's morning with his three servants, Casper, Tobelfurg, and young Peter, a woodcutter, the only support of his old father. There was rather a suspicious appearance about the moon when they set out, long before day-break; and when just as the morning dawned they reached the steep mountain wall up which they had to climb, the cloudy look of the weather caused them some slight uneasiness.

"Now for it, lads," said Jos, as he planted his sledge upright in the snow. The others followed his example. After a fatiguing wandering, always upward, of several hours, they stopped to take a meal of bacon, bread, and cheese. The brandy-flask passed from mouth to mouth. Before them they saw the huge precipice, rock piled on rock, up which they must climb to reach the nook where their hay was left.

"How long shall we take to get there?" asked Peter.

"There is not much snow," said Tobelfurg, "an hour will be enough."

"It depends upon whether the snow over which we must climb is hard and will bear us well," said Caspar, "and to-day we are by no means secure from foggy weather; we should lose no more time down here, we ought to be up at the top in the early morning. I remember my grandfather telling me how once he went up to that very place for some hay. While he was binding it up, an avalanche swept him right over the rocks. But God protected him, for suddenly he felt his feet on firm ground without a finger being hurt, and when the snow-dust had dispersed he saw that he was in a safe place whence he could easily descend. Whither his hay had been swept, he did not care to inquire. Since then no one has been up to this spot in winter, and how we shall get home to-day, I know not."

"Let's have none of these gloomy thoughts," said Jos. "To venture boldly is to win half the battle."

After another draught they started again, Jos still leading the way. Without any great difficulty he reached the top, and was already close to the place where his hay was stored, when suddenly some snow began to move. Jos clung to a projecting rock, and when the mass of snow had passed, he saw a chamois standing close above him. Doubtless the animal had been enjoying himself in Jos's hay-store, and taking to flight at the



Swiss Haymakers.

approach of the men, had caused the avalanche. "Look!" cried Jos, to his companions. Peter said that he saw the chamois. But at that very moment there is a rumbling, then a whizzing noise,



then a loud report—and all is over. The flight of the chamois had set the whole snow-field in motion, and it had rolled in a huge mass over the precipice. The two men who were highest up when the avalanche took place, were not thrown far and scarcely covered. They quickly rose to their feet and their first glance told them that the avalanche had rushed down into the valley and carried their companions with it. They hurried down to the valley. They soon found Caspar who was able to stretch an arm out of that snowy grave. But where was Peter? They called and whistled, but there was no answer. They searched everywhere, but this required poles, and they have none with them. They want, too, more men to help them. But for hours they continue their dangerous and melancholy work. The possibility of saving one who has been carried away in the centre of an avalanche is always small, and the chance of success decreases each minute that the search is prolonged. When more men came to help, they knew that then they were only looking for a corpse. The grey-headed old father, too, appeared among the seekers. As evening was coming on they began to doubt of the result; a thaw too, which had set in, made it more dangerous for themselves. At last a man with his pole touched something soft. It was poor Peter's body. Quickly shovelling away the snow they brought it to light out of that grim grave. The face was turned upward, the mouth filled with snow, the rope was thrown over his breast, one hand rested on his heart, the other was stretched out. His sledge, which he had drawn up in the morning, became his bier in the evening.

### DENIS MAGRATH;

OR, WHEN AT PLAY LET US BE MERRY.

OF all the merry boys that I ever knew, Denis Magrath was the very merriest. Only let there be a holiday party, and let Denis be among the young people, and you might be sure there would be laughing enough from the time they met to the time they went away. "When at our books," he used to say, "let us mind them, but when at play let us be merry."

I well remember being at a merry-meeting when Denis Magrath was the life of the party. There were twenty or thirty of us boys and girls, and not one among us being more than twelve years old, Denis had prepared himself to amuse us, and played his part well.

First he came in with a footstool in one hand and a long wand in the other, that he might play the part of a conjurer. "Now," said he, very gravely, as he put down the footstool, "is there any one here who can leap over that?"

In a minute we all started to our feet, and began jumping over it one after another. This was kept up till we were all out of breath.

"Enough!" said the conjurer, taking up the footstool; "but now, when I put it down and wave my wand, not one of you can leap over it—I will prevent you."

We all, thinking that the conjurer had undertaken more than he could perform, dared him to put it down where he liked, and we would jump over it in a minute, when he slowly walked with it to the end of the room, and placed it in the very corner close against the wall, waving his wand again. There was no such thing as jumping over the stool while it stood in the corner, without leaping through the wall, and as we could not do this, we saw that we had been outwitted. The conjurer laughed at us, and we laughed at the conjurer. Never were crickets merrier than we were.

After this Denis told us, that if we would all sit still for one minute without laughing, smiling, or twinkling our eyes, he would show us something that no one in the world had ever seen, though it had been brought hundreds of miles by land and by sea.

You may be sure that all of us sadly wanted to see it, so we sat down and tried to be very grave, but it was no use trying. Almost all of us twinkled our eyes, a dozen of us smiled, and half-a-dozen burst out into a fit of laughter. At last, however, Denis agreed to let us have a sight of it. He then pulled out of his pocket a Spanish nut, cracked it, and held up the kernel. How surprised we were!

"Now," said Denis, putting the kernel in his mouth and beginning to eat it, "I have shown you what the Queen could not see if she gave a thousand pounds."

The next thing Denis did was to set up for a schoolmaster. He began by pretending to be very severe. "Now," said he, "if there is a single boy or girl in my school who dares to cough, or to sneeze, I will rise from my seat and give every one of you a flogging."

As we had very little fear of the schoolmaster, we began to sneeze and to cough as loud as we could, when up jumped the schoolmaster, crying out, "Let me fetch my cane, and I'll make every one of you remember it."

And so he did, for when he came back again he brought with him a long peacock's feather, and began to lay about him as if he were in right earnest. What running, and scampering, and falling down, and laughing there was! the schoolmaster shouting out all the time that he would make us remember it.

Denis next played the doctor, holding up to his mouth a gold-headed cane which was lent to him for the occasion, and making so grave a face, that he set us all a-laughing. After feeling our pulse, and looking at our tongues, he declared that we had all got the sugar-plum fever, and must take his pills and his potion. We ran away from him, being determined not to take any of his nasty physic; but he was soon at our heels with a bottle of liquorice-water and a pill-box full of sugar-plums. When we knew what his physic was, instead of the doctor running after us, we began to run after the doctor. There was pretty work among us, for we were not satisfied till we had emptied both phial and pill-box, and taken away from Doctor Magrath his gold-headed cane.

But though Denis Magrath was so merry in play-hours, he was as steady when at his books as any boy could be, and then he was neither cruel nor

ill-natured. No one could say with truth that he ever saw Denis torment a donkey, a dog, or a cat, a bird, a beetle, or a butterfly; or that he ever refused to do a kind action for any one, when in his power. If there were more such boys as he, it would be all the better. Denis was a good writer, the best reader in the school, and the first scholar in the Bible-class. You can hardly do better than adopt his maxim, and say, "When at our books let us mind them, but when at play let us be merry."

### THE GARDEN ON THE SANDS.

ONCE upon a time some little hands  
Planted a garden on the sands,  
And, with a wish to keep it dry,  
They raised a wall two inches high.  
Within the wall, and round the walks,  
They made a fence of slender stalks;  
And then they formed an arbour cool,  
And dug in front a tiny pool.  
Their beds were oval, round, and square,  
Thrown up and trimmed with tender care;  
In these they planted laurel twigs,  
And prickly holly—little sprigs  
Of ash and poplar, and for show  
Bright daffodils, and heart's-case low;  
With pink-eyed daisies by the score,  
And buttercups, and many more:  
One rose they found, with great delight,  
And stuck it in with all their might.

This finished, then they went away,  
Resolved to come another day.  
The sea, meanwhile, with solemn roar,  
Approached, and washed the sandy shore,  
But all the while it did not touch  
The little spot they loved so much.  
And many strangers passing by,  
The garden viewed with smiling eye;  
But no one ventured to disturb  
A single plant, or flower, or herb.  
Still, when the children came again,  
They found their labour all in vain.  
The flowers were drooping side by side,  
The rose and heart's-case all had died,  
No one could make them grow or shoot,  
Because they had not any root.

Now so it is that children fail,  
Just like the garden in my tale—  
They have good wishes, pleasant looks,  
Are ready with their work and books;  
Their conduct often gives delight,  
And you might fancy all was right:  
But by-and-bye this goodness dies,  
Each right intention quickly flies;  
Instead of being rich in fruit,  
They fade away for want of root.

Oh, pray that He, who only can  
Renew the heart of sinful man,  
May plant you in His pleasant ground,  
Where trees of righteousness abound;  
That you may be, from early youth,  
Rooted and grounded in the truth.

### LAMP-LIGHTING AND ITS LESSONS.

By W. Baird, M.A., Vicar of Dymock.

LONDON by day, with its miles on miles of streets, is a wonderful sight; but to the mind of many, London by night is more wonderful still. With its tens of thousands of lamps, it seems to be one blaze of dazzling light.

The effect, as it may be seen on a clear night from one of the bridges, or from some elevated point, is well worth looking at. The windings of each street are marked by the curve of its lamps, and the whole of the great city seems mapped out in light. However, we are not so much concerned at present with the lamps themselves, as with the hands that kindle them. That blaze of light is neither kindled nor put out without a vast amount of individual labour. It seems, indeed, as if the lamps of our great cities were lighted in a few moments, when darkness warns us of its approach; but this result is, of course, only achieved by the employment of a great number of hands in the execution of the work. When we consider how much we owe to the man who runs up the ladder with such agile step, and lights the lamps in our street so deftly, it is quite natural to wish to make his acquaintance. He has been kind enough to remain on his ladder, and taken longer than usual to light a lamp, whilst our artist has sketched him; and no doubt he will tell us something about himself, and his mode of life, if we put a few civil questions to him.

The life of a London lamp-lighter is not a particularly easy one. The wages which he gets are fair, but are liable to be materially reduced by the severe fines, to which even the most trifling neglect subjects him. Each lamp-lighter has to start on his beat at an hour varying according to the season of the year, and is obliged to report himself at the yard at a fixed moment. If he is behind time, he is compelled to pay a fine. The same system prevails with regard to putting out of the lamps. In consequence of being out so much in the very early morning, the lamp-lighter, like the policeman and the printer, is obliged to rest in the daytime. The life involves great exposure to damp and cold, and seems seldom to be embraced except by those who would find a difficulty in procuring other work. Of course, one of the necessary evils of this business is that it entails working on Sundays as on week-days. Our great cities must be supplied with light on this day; but it is to be feared that the work, though necessary in itself, does not contribute towards making Sunday a season of rest and prayer for the poor lamp-lighter. It is sad that the souls of those who kindle the lamps of our great cities should so often be ungladdened by the "True Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Here a fresh thought seems naturally to suggest itself. God Himself has taught us to draw many a wholesome spiritual lesson from the common facts of our daily life. The human soul is God's lamp, and is ignited by the fire of His grace; yet in God's great City—the Church—how many lamps there are unlit—how many whole streets of human souls without one ray of the True Light! But there is



The Lamplighter.

one reason why the light should be more quickly kindled in the 800 million souls of the world, than it is in the lamps of our streets. Souls have the power of lighting each other. They can catch the flame of holy love from one another; and every man, who has truly given his heart to God, brings others to Him in turn. Therefore, the work of the Church of Christ in lighting these lamps ought to be more quickly done than it is. Yet there are whole regions at home and abroad without a single ray of light. As good Bishop Heber asks,—

"Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?"

No! we all have our part in the great lighting up of God's darkened Spiritual City. We must imitate "the children of this world" in their activity. How many lamps will be lighted this year in our Churches, and Schools, and Missions? God says, "Let there be Light;" and if we are faithful, we shall help to kindle it.

Parts I. II. and III. for December, January, and February, price 3d. each, are now ready.  
All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.



# Chatterbox.



A Faithful Servant.



### A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

SOME readers of *Chatterbox* may have heard of the brave and enterprising traveller, Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Baker, who, with his brave and heroic wife, made a dangerous and toilsome expedition into the burning regions of Central Africa. Those who delight in true records of travel and adventure can do no better than read the book written by Mr. Baker on this subject; but as it may not be within reach of all, I am going to glean from its pages such portions as relate to their faithful servant, Saat the African boy, telling the story partly in my own words, and believing that you will feel with me a real respect and admiration for the poor half-taught African who yet was "faithful unto death."

When a child of six years old minding his father's goats in the desert, Saat was captured by a hostile Arab tribe, and thrust into a sack which was placed on a camel's back, and thus he was carried many hundred miles from home: every time that the poor child screamed or offered resistance, he was threatened with the knife by his cruel captors. Of course their aim was to sell him for a slave—a too common fate of the poor little African negro. Saat very shortly found himself in the hands of a slave-dealer, by whom he was offered to the Egyptian government as a drummer-boy; but being too small, was rejected. A fellow-slave told little Saat at this time of an Austrian Mission established in the very town in which they then were, that would certainly protect and care for him could he escape to it. Thither the little boy fled, and found shelter for some time, gaining the while such religious instruction as his mind could receive, together with other little black waifs and strays which the Mission had received at different times. These poor friendless children, however, sorely tried the patience of the kind missionaries, who could make little impression upon their dull, savage natures; and sickness having grievously reduced the numbers of the Mission, it was found necessary to turn adrift the swarm of thieving, lying children, who had so long, and apparently without result, been watched and tended. Little Saat, "the one grain of gold amongst the mire," as Mr. Baker called him, thus for a second time found himself without a home. But God's eye was on him and guided him in a good way.

One evening as Mr. and Mrs. Baker were sitting quietly in their court-yard in the town of Khartoum, on the Nile, talking of the long and perilous journey they were about to take, a starved, miserable boy crept up to them, crouching in the dust at their feet, and begging to be allowed to live with them and be their boy. He told his story in a few words, and so impressed the kind English travellers that they resolved to make inquiries about him. The next day at the same hour he appeared again, begging and praying them as before to allow him to serve them. In vain Mr. Baker tried to dis-

courage him with accounts of the dangerous journey they were about to take; Saat was firm, he would go with them to the end of the world. Touched with the boy's perseverance, Mr. Baker went to the Mission to ask the truth of his story. There they gave poor Saat an excellent character, stating that he must have been turned out by mistake. This determined Mr. and Mrs. Baker to adopt him, and take him with their other servants on their travels. A good washing and a new suit of clothes soon made Saat a respectable member of society, and being well disposed and docile he soon learned to make himself useful; Mrs. Baker teaching him to sew, Mr. Baker giving him lessons in shooting, while from his fellow-servants he learned to perform the other duties of his station. When the day's work was done, Saat was allowed to sit by his mistress while she told him stories from the Bible and from European history, for, though well disposed, he was very ignorant, notwithstanding his residence at the Mission.

There was plenty of time for such talk in the long, monotonous, weary journey up the Nile, which these brave travellers had just commenced; and I cannot but think that many a time since must that gentle English lady have blessed God for giving her the inclination thus to instruct the poor lost boy thrown on her hands.

It is sad to glean from Mr. Baker's remarks that Africans, as a rule, are an untruthful, cowardly race. Our poor countryman could not but bitterly feel this as, despite all kindness on his side, and all promises on theirs, his native servants robbed, betrayed, and deserted him at every turn. This too in a climate which always enfeebles, and eventually destroys the English traveller. Amidst such characters little Saat could not but shine, a very bright star: honest, truthful, and devoted to the master and mistress who had rescued him from starvation, he daily won on their love. To this faithful servant indeed they most probably owed their lives, as he detected and exposed to them a mutiny which the greater part of their other servants had entered into, to desert from them with their master's arms and ammunition, murdering him if he resisted them. Travel in Africa cannot be accomplished by Europeans without a large native escort as guides, porters, &c. So it was happy for Mr. and Mrs. Baker that they carried with them so faithful a guard as Saat.

This black (child of the sun) seemed to share all the best points of the brave English lad; he delighted in active sports, hunting and shooting with the light gun with which Mr. Baker had provided him. When an attack of hostile natives was apprehended he warmed to the fight, strapped on his belt and cartouche-box, and took his stand among Mr. Baker's force, as brave a little soldier as any. Through dangers and distresses he seems always to have been the bright, cheerful, happy boy, which the kindness of his English protectors had made him.

Saat had his pranks, however, which sometimes occasioned inconvenience: he spoiled two of Mr. Baker's watches by examining their insides—a serious loss in the centre of Africa, where the

nearest shop may be thousands of miles away. His office, too, as drummer-boy to the expedition, being put a stop to by the camel which carried the drum rolling over and smashing that musical instrument, Saat destroyed both a kettle and a tin cup by drumming on them as substitutes for his lost treasure.

His encounters with a black woman of the expedition, in which she was always the aggressor, seems to have furnished Mr. Baker with much amusement, as also his inquiry on receiving a calomel powder from his master for some slight ailment,—Should he eat the paper, too?

To give an account of the long and toilsome journey by land and water which Saat made in company with his master and mistress, would not be possible; suffice it to say, they followed the plans laid down at first, despite obstacles which would have caused ninety-nine men out of a hundred to give up the expedition. Throughout the whole course of that weary journey Saat's name is never mentioned except in praise; hunger, thirst, fatigue, death, never caused him to waver in his allegiance. He rejoiced with his master and mistress in the success of their undertaking, and cheerfully followed their weary footsteps on the tedious journey homewards. Sickness and death had visited their little band during these years of travel, but as yet the black boy had been spared: now, however, his time had come. Doubtless it had often occurred to Mr. and Mrs. Baker, as they slowly worked their way homewards, what would become of the boy when they quitted Africa? It was a serious question,—it was answered for them. A few days' journey from Khartoum (the place where Saat had claimed their protection), that fearful sickness, the plague, attacked the vessel in which the party journeyed: first one was smitten, then another, at last it was Saat. Mrs. Baker herself nursed and tended the sick boy with the tenderest care, but the terrible disease gained ground, and the poor boy lay day and night in raging delirium. At last came a calm; he was gently washed, dressed in clean clothes, and laid on a mat to rest, for the disease had completely worn him out. The gentle English lady watched by him, and he gazed in her face with looks which showed the affection that his parched tongue could not speak. He slept; Mrs. Baker hoped it was the sleep of recovery: but a kind slave-woman presently covered the boy's face, while tears ran down her cheeks. Saat was dead. The boat was stopped, and Saat was carefully and sadly buried beneath a tree, the wonderful Nile rolling by his grave. Hear Mr. Baker's words now; they will be better than mine.

"It was a happy end—most merciful, as he had been taken from a land of iniquity in all the purity of a child converted from Paganism to Christianity. He had lived and died in our service a good Christian. Our voyage was nearly over, and we looked forward to home and friends, but we had still fatigues before us: poor Saat had reached his home and rest."

H. A. F.

## THE LITTLE FRENCH CAPTIVE.

(Continued from page 132.)

### CHAPTER V.

SO some happy weeks passed away in this haven of refuge to the two wanderers. They had heard nothing of the purse, and they began to think they might claim it and go abroad with the money, but they thought they would wait till the warmer days came, for they were very happy with Mary, and as no inquiries had been made about them they had ceased to fear a recapture. They began to play on board the boats again, for the long walks into the country were almost too much for Pierre, who was never very well in the winter. They had gone on the river for about a week when one day Mary met them with the ominous news that she had seen a notice on the wall in the next street offering a reward of 2*l.* for the capture of Patrick M'Lellan and Pierre Le Roy, who had absconded on the 22d of November last, from L. Arc, Duckweed Lane. What was to be done? they must not stay there, that was clear, for there were plenty who would give them up for the sake of the reward.

"If only we had gone to France when we found the purse we should be safe enough now," said poor little Pierre.

"It is always safer to do right, my child, and God can protect you."

"If Arc catches me I shall die," said the poor little fellow, trembling in every limb; and indeed it seemed as if his words might come true, for the healthy glow that the fresh river air had brought to his cheeks was gone, and those few minutes had given his face the same pinched, miserable, sickly look that he had when he first came.

What was to be done? The question was asked many times, but they seemed to be no nearer to an answer. They had both been obliged to have new boots, for their long walks had worn out their old ones faster than they had reckoned for, and this had made a large hole in their savings. If they scraped together every farthing in the house, there was not sufficient either to pay their passage to France or to send them far enough by the night train to give them a good chance of escape. However, the night train seemed the most feasible plan; and they were discussing what direction it would be best to take, when they heard a cart stop, and there was a loud knock at the door. The boys fled to their bed-room and bolted the door, and there they sat in pitch darkness listening, as much as their trembling limbs would let them, to the voices in the outer room. They could not hear any words, but from the tones it seemed to their frightened ears as though the stranger were trying to persuade Mary to give them up, and she was resisting, but suddenly there was a change, and the voices sank lower.

"They are going to give us up, Pat," said Pierre.

"No, no; she wouldn't do that, she is too good."

"Yes, she is very good, but money tempts strongly," returned Pierre, with a vivid remembrance of a night in France more than a year ago.

Pat feared Pierre was right, as they heard Mary's







The Wild Cat.

step coming towards their door. She lifted the latch, but Pat would not undo the bolt without asking, "Is the man gone?"

"No, but he is a friend of mine, he has brought a reward for the purse; it is all right, and he says he can help you."

"Oh, don't—don't, Pat!" cried Pierre, as Pat began to undo the bolt, "I know it is Arc."

"It's all right," said Pat; "and if not, we shan't be any better off here, for there's no other way out."

And so saying he undid the bolt and followed Mary into the other room, Pierre clinging to him in an agony of fright. The light dazzled their eyes after the darkness, and seeing a man with black

beard and eyebrows, Pierre rushed back screaming, "It is Arc! It is Arc!" and bolted himself into his room.

Pat, too, thought for the first moment that it was his old master, but a second look showed him that he was mistaken. It was a kindly English face, very different from Arc's, that he saw, and there was something encouraging in his kind words:—

"You need not be afraid. I know this good woman, and she has told me all about you, and it is the last thing I would do to betray you. See here is the reward I was to bring you;" and he laid a half-sovereign on the table. "Mr. Allison, the gentleman the purse belonged to would have sent more, but he could not afford it; he had some diffi-



culty to spare this as I know, for he lodges with me and my wife. He has been away for months, or it would have come sooner."

"Hurrah!" said Pat, "this and what we have got will pay the little one's passage, and put a shilling or two in his pocket besides."

"But stop a bit," said the stranger; "it would never do to send that little chap all by himself, besides I think my wife can tell him news that will make him quite content to stop in England."

Pat stared in astonishment as he said,—

"She will never do that: he has never been happy here."

"Well, we shall see. Meantime, this is my plan. You shall come home with me to-night; it's a long drive, and you'll be far enough from here at the end of it; and I think we can manage to protect you if your master ever finds you out."

"Oh, blessings on yer honour!" said Pat. "I'll go and get the little one directly."

Easier said than done. It took all Pat and Mary's combined powers of persuasion to move the little French boy, who still persisted that it was Arc. At last Pat prevailed on him to come and see for himself that it was not Arc; and shortly afterwards with a tearful goodbye they parted from Mary, and got into the spring-cart which was waiting outside.

"God bless you, my poor lamb!" were Mary's parting words, as she wrapped round the little fellow an old shawl which she said she never wanted now, though, if the truth be told, she missed it sorely when it was gone, "And God bless you, too, and reward you for your kindness to the little one. You'll ask Rebecca to let me hear of them, won't you, John?"

(To be continued.)

### THE WILD CAT.

THIS dangerous animal is but rarely met with in the forests of Germany. One is shot now and then, but the common house-cat, grown wild, is much more frequently to be found.

The wild cat, in its primitive state, hides itself in the hollows of old trees, or sometimes up in the branches—often, too, in fox-holes. Its favourite prey are fawns or young doe. For these it is always on the watch, and as its organs of hearing and of smelling are extremely sharp, it can discover their approach when they are a long distance off: at night, too, with its bright piercing eyes, it can see to an immense distance, so that its prey rarely escapes it. Swift, agile, and perfectly noiseless, it glides and creeps round its victim, like a serpent, till it takes the last spring, in the well-known cat fashion, and then it rarely misses its aim. With its sharp claws and teeth it fastens on to the neck of the stronger animal, which it soon bites and strangles to death.

Crouching on the ground, behind a stone or the trunk of a tree, it watches at a place where it knows that deer are likely to pass. Now it prepares itself for a spring, but this time the deer it has chosen is either too far off or too swift, for the cunning creature only half raises itself, and savagely eyes its escaped victim. It cowers down again, makes not

the slightest movement, only its eyes flash towards the right and left. A trembling among the points of the long grass alone would inform a spectator that the blood-thirsty animal again expects a victim. It quietly raises itself, and then suddenly springs forward with an immense jump—this time the victim is secured. For one moment the piteous cry of the young doe for its mother resounds through the forest, but it is too late! The anxious mother, indeed, hastens up at the cry of her young, and after a sharp struggle drives away the cruel enemy. But faithful maternal love cannot bring deliverance to her beloved offspring. Moaning, and with a suffering gaze, the poor little one tries to raise itself to its mother, while she encourages it by caresses; but in vain. The film of approaching death is closing over the eyes of the wounded animal, once more it lifts its gentle head towards its parent, then it falls back exhausted, and dies.

The mother remains a long time by its side, hoping by caresses to restore her young one to life, but all in vain. At last she sadly turns away and leaves it. The murdered victim now lies forsaken, and the eager cat springs from her lair to enjoy her prey. When she has satisfied her hunger, she hides the remains under the grass till the next day, and retires into a safe corner to rest.

Our picture shows the wild cat and her unhappy victim. These miniature tigers are becoming day by day more and more scarce, and probably they will soon cease to exist in Europe. J. F. C.

### THE HONEST SAVOYARD AND THE GOOD ARCHBISHOP.

SAVOY is a mountainous and unfruitful country. The poor people there have a hard struggle to live. Therefore, the Savoyards wander about Europe as hurdy-gurdy players, image-sellers, and sometimes with monkeys, mice, and guinea-pigs, by whose tricks and gambols they earn a little money; but they never remain, if they can help it, very long away from their own land. Their love of home, for their high mountains and deep valleys, is so strong in all their hearts, that as soon as they have got a little property they return to end their lives in their beloved fatherland. The poor little boys, with their mice or marmots, generally cross the Alps first into France, and try to earn their bread in Paris. If they do not succeed there they wander further on, to seek better fortune elsewhere.

With a heavy heart and tearful eyes a Savoyard boy once crossed the Alps. He had left behind him father and mother, brothers and sisters, the green meadows and the lofty snow-peaks of Savoy, because, with all their industry, his parents could not earn enough to support their children. On his back, this lad of fourteen carried a little box, in which sat two marmots of which he was very fond, and whose dances and gambols he was going to exhibit; he could also sing some of his mountain-songs with a sweet, clear voice.

On the summit of the pass, where his eye could range over the snow-covered peaks of Savoy, the lad stood still, and with deep sorrow gazed upon

the well-known mountain, behind which his home lay. Then he knelt down in the snow, and prayed for those loved ones whom he had left behind, and for himself; then he turned away, and he went forward, and came at last safely to France. But the lad found that there were many of his countrymen in France, and, therefore, people scarcely noticed his marmots. So he crossed the French frontier and entered the German empire, in that part of it which belonged to the Archbishop of Trèves.

The people of Trèves were delighted with the bright, black-haired boy, with his clear voice and his merry marmots; with kindly hearts, they thought how hard it must be for the poor lad to have left father and mother, and home, at his early age, and most of them gave him a penny or two.

One day the boy sat on a stone before the palace of the Archbishop, and warmed himself in the mild spring sun. Then the thoughts of his home, of his beloved mother, and of his brothers and sisters, and of the dear little brother who had gone to the Lord, and who was now in His beautiful heaven, where he had become an angel, arose in his mind. He thought how green the meadows now must be in sweet Savoy, how the violets and roses were beginning to bloom, how the goats were climbing about the rocks, and how the merry songs of the lads who kept them were echoing through the mountains.

Tears stood in his eyes. The boy clasped his hands, and prayed that a blessing might that day rest on his loved ones far away.

A prayer like this is heard by the Lord above, and His holy hand then touched a human heart, and He sent an angel, who, unseen, entered that heart, and the angel's name was—Mercy.

And this angel entered the heart of the Archbishop of Trèves. He stood at a window of his palace quite alone, and gazed on the Savoyard lad, and felt compassion for him. He sent for him, and spoke kindly to him; and the little fellow felt confidence and courage, and told the Archbishop everything which was troubling his heart.

"Listen to me," said the Archbishop, kindly; "if you are in distress, and are not prospering in your business, I will make you a proposal: sell me one of your animals; I am very fond of them, and will pay you well for it."

The young Savoyard reflected a little. He thought, "Whether I make one dance or two, it will be the same thing in the end. If I sell him one, then I can send the money to my poor parents."

"Very well," replied the boy at last; "you shall have mine. The one that belonged to my little brother, who is dead, I must keep. My little brother kissed it before he died!"

At these words the poor lad began to weep; but the Archbishop kindly wiped away his tears. They soon settled the bargain, and the Archbishop paid for the marmot, not as they pay for such things in Savoy, but as an Archbishop could pay. And the angel before mentioned helped him to pay the money. The boy left the palace gate happier than when he had entered it, for he knew that his marmot would be well taken care of.

The Archbishop gave the marmot into the charge

of a faithful servant. But he soon forgot all about the Savoyard. Summer came and went in the valley of the Moselle. Autumn brought its vintage with joy and merriment, and at last there were ice-flowers on the windows of the Archbishop's palace; though the fires within were large and bright, for the cold was very piercing, and a sharp east wind blew, and the snow covered mountain and valley, city and village. Then, one day, the Archbishop went to the window of his room, breathed away the ice-flowers, and looked out. He thought of the poor, and that it was not so warm and comfortable in their homes as in his chamber. Just as he was thus thinking he fancied he saw a figure sitting on the stone before the gate. He looked again, and behold he saw the little Savoyard crouching down there and trembling with the cold; he was gazing up at the window with his bright eyes, and touching his peaked hat with his frozen fingers; but he seemed very sad indeed.

The angel, whose name was Mercy, flew down at once and whispered to the Archbishop,—

"Call the poor boy up, that he may be warmed and fed."

So the Archbishop opened the window, beckoned to the Savoyard lad, who quickly came and stood before him.

"How are you getting on, and what is your marmot doing?" asked the kind Archbishop.

"Ah, my lord!" said he, "it is dead; is yours still alive?"

"Yes," replied the Archbishop, "mine still lives. How comes it, then, that yours is dead?"

"I believe it pined away because it was separated from yours. Such animals love each other, and think of one another at a distance, as I do of my dear ones among the Savoy Alps!"

Then the boy sighed, and turned his hat round and round in his hands. The Archbishop saw that something lay upon the boy's heart, so he asked,—

"When can you get another animal then?"

"Alas!" stammered the boy, "this is why I have come; I wished to ask you whether you would sell me your marmot?"

"Have you any money?" inquired the Archbishop.

"Ah! the money which your grace gave me for the marmot I have sent to my good parents," replied the boy, honestly. "I have now only six florins, which I will give you till I can earn the rest. You can trust me that I shall keep my word."

"Listen, my son," said the Archbishop; "I will make you a proposal. We two will make an agreement together; I will give you the animal for nothing, and you shall feed it and make it dance; and all that you earn by it you will share with me, and every New Year's Day you must come and bring me my half. If this pleases you, let us shake hands upon it." And with these words he held out his right hand, that they might close the contract according to the custom of the country.

The boy gazed for a long time inquiringly at the Archbishop, doubting whether he was joking or in earnest; but when he perceived from his grace's serious face it was no joke, he heartily gave him his hand. Then he asked for the marmot, that he



might at once begin his pilgrimage with it; but the Archbishop, who was delighted with the lad, had noticed how thin his clothes were, and how many holes there were in them, so he said to him,—

"As you are my partner, I cannot allow you to wander about in this cold weather in such wretched clothes. I should run the risk of your being ill and earning nothing, while probably in the end the marmot itself would suffer, and I should lose my profit. Stay here a little while, it shall cost you nothing!"

This pleased the poor Savoyard; so he stayed till the very severe cold had passed; and, when he would stay no longer, the Archbishop clothed him from head to foot in new clothes, and let him go with his blessing.

The happy lad thanked him a thousand times; and then, with a heart light as a feather, he went out of the gate of Trèves towards the beautiful Rhine.

Nothing for a long time had given the Archbishop such pleasure as this affair of the Savoyard boy. "We shall see," he said to himself, "if the boy is as honest as he looks." But other cares soon turned away his thoughts from the lad. Summer and autumn passed away; New-year's day came, and the Archbishop thought again about the boy. "Will he come back?" he reflected. But he came not. Another year passed; but still he did not come.

"Alas!" thought the Archbishop, sadly; "he is faithless, and has gone along the broad road which so many tread, which leads through the wide gate to destruction." That he should have been deceived by this young soul, which seemed to him so innocent and true, gave him many a heartache.

Thus year after year passed away. After the lapse of six years, the Archbishop had quite forgotten the whole story. On the morning of the 31st December, in the seventh year after the lad's departure, the Archbishop's chamberlain entered his room, and said that a young man was waiting who earnestly begged to have an audience, as he had something on his mind which he wished to reveal. The chamberlain said he was well dressed, respectable, and modest. Then he ushered into the Archbishop's presence a young man, tall, and well-mannered, who made a low bow, and respectfully waited till his grace addressed him.

"How can I serve you, my son?" said the Archbishop, kindly.

The young man perceived that the Archbishop did not recognise him, so he said,—

"I see that your grace does not remember me; but you must surely recollect a Savoyard boy, to whom, seven years ago, your grace gave a marmot, under the condition that he should return on each New-year's day, and bring you the half of his gains."

"Certainly," said the Archbishop, much pleased; "but *he* did not keep his word, or rather *you* did not, for now I recognise you, tall as you have grown since then."

"Ah, my lord!" he said with clasped hands; "do not judge him so harshly, to whom you have done more than I can ever sufficiently thank you for! Listen to me, that I may ease my heart of the seeming ingratitude which so oppresses it."

The Archbishop gave him his hand, and told him to sit down.

"Speak then, my son; I will listen to your words."

"After your grace had been so liberal to me, kept and fed me through the cold winter, and sent me away with your blessing, I went down the Moselle with my little marmot till I came to Coblenz, where I crossed the Rhine and wandered through Germany. I prospered, for I found kind hearts everywhere, and your blessing accompanied me. When the new year came I was in the great city of Hamburg, and your grace knows how severe that winter was. It was impossible for me to come to Trèves before the new year. This grieved me; but I had honestly put aside your share of the profits. Then I wandered to South Germany, and, by Strasburg, to Paris. Then I had a hard blow; my dear little marmot died. What shall I do now? I thought. But your grace's blessing accompanied me; and the good God always knows how to open some door to those who trust Him. I found a fellow-countryman, who had earned nearly as much as I had by shoe-cleaning, and he proposed that we should enter into a hawking partnership with boxes, in which were all sorts of articles for sale, which people want or don't want, but which they often buy when they are brought to their doors. I kept an exact account, and put aside your share of the profits. Our business prospered. At last we got tired of wandering about and carrying our heavy boxes, so we set up a shop at Metz. This succeeded, too, and your share has always been laid aside. Now we wish to dissolve partnership, and I am come to give you my account, and hand over the profits to your grace, for my conscience gives me no rest, and I must get rid of that torturing thought from my heart, that the greatest benefactor of my life should consider me a faithless and ungrateful man!"

With these words the young man laid a bundle of papers on the table. "Here," he said, "I bring your property, examined and signed by the public notary in Metz; the account copied from my ledger, which your grace will kindly compare, and here"—placing some rolls of money on the table—"I bring you, exact to a farthing, your half of my profits, 2000 florins. And now I thank the merciful God who has preserved our lives, for no care weighed heavier upon me than the fear lest you should have left this world before I could give you my account and render you back your own."

The Archbishop could scarcely speak for emotion. At last he said,—

"Have you really earned and saved all this with the marmot? It is not possible!"

"Not strictly speaking," replied the young man; "but that which I earned by showing the marmot and making it dance, and which I carefully saved, was the principal upon which I afterwards began my business; and thus your money was in the partnership, and has been honestly increased. A little sum will become a great one when honesty, diligence, and frugality work together. I have had five per cent interest annually from your capital, which I shall also hand over to you." And here he added two rolls to the first money.



"Sell me one of your animals."

Now tears, which he could not hide, stood in the Archbishop's eyes. "You are a thoroughly honest soul, my son," he said, much affected; "but did you not understand that this was all a joke about the partnership? No, no, take your honestly earned property, and remain faithful and honest! May God bless it to you!"

But this the Savoyard would not do, and it gave the Archbishop much trouble to persuade him to

do so. At last he accepted it, when the good prelate told him to send the money, if he did not want it himself, to his old parents in their distant home. The Savoyard then bent his knee, kissed the Archbishop's hand, and asked for his blessing, which he gave him solemnly and with prayer. The Archbishop often told the story of the Savoyard lad, and never forgot to add to it, "May God bless him!"

J. F. C.

Parts I. II. III. and IV. for December, January, February, and March, price 3d. each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.



# Chatterbox.





### SPRING, AND THE PRIMROSE.



PRING is coming! We have seen the primrose in bloom; not singly, or with its petals torn and imperfect, as is the case when the flower appears before its time, but in great numbers, studding the woods and the hill-tops, and bearing in its heart the promise of more blossoms, to last all the spring through. You know that here in England we have varied seasons. First, is the pleasant time of Spring, which is coming upon us now, when primroses blow on sunny banks, and young lambs frisk in the meadows. This season changes gradually into Summer, when the hay is made, and lilies and roses are the chief ornaments of our gardens. In the "leafy month of June," how beautiful are all the trees! nightingales sing from their branches all night, and cuckoos answer each other all day across the field. Autumn comes next, first betokened by the scent of the lime-trees and the faint tinge of yellow on the corn, and soon the fields are ripe for the harvest; and our eyes are gladdened, and our hearts rejoice. Then, when harvest-time is over, and the corn housed, the leaves of the trees begin to change. First the chestnut leaves fall, and next we see bright spots of yellow at the end of the elm boughs; the beech turns red; and, well-nigh last of all, the oaks fade and drop their leaves, having first given to the earth a plentiful shower of acorns. During this time the swallows go away to some country where the winter is not cold; and the ants and other insects retreat into their holes. Then Winter creeps along with cold breath and icy hand, and in a short time all the trees, which once looked so full of life, now stand death-like in naked rows, and the woods look black and melancholy. Water is as solid as the ground, and the ploughed field rings to the stroke like iron. The sun is so wan and pale that we can scarcely feel his beams. But presently we begin to hear the chirrup of birds, and as we see a primrose on the bank we know that Spring has returned once more, and the "vernal year" again begun to run its course. W. B.

### A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.

YOU are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous, and noble. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, give him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, don't be envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and ask the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their looks how much better such conduct is than to have a hard fist."

### THE COMING OF SPRING.

A FANCY.

By Leader Scott, author of "The Three Squires of Lindenhurst," &c.



IT was still early spring when, on a sunny morning, the flowers on the mossy bank awoke from sleep. They sprang eagerly up, for the soft South Wind had whispered in their drowsy ears that he had some news to tell: but when their curiosity was satisfied the news did not appear pleasing to them, for they shook their heads, and grumblingly whispered among themselves; while the old Bramble, which had lorded it over the humble grass and ivy all the winter with his sharp tongue and thorny fingers, was worked up into such a terrible passion that it seemed he would never recover his temper again. At the very first sound of the South Wind's voice he threw about his long bare arms so angrily, that all his old brown leaves began to chatter as loud and fast as was possible, consistently with their age and stiffness; then he shook his grey head, and at last the noise died away in a spiteful hiss.

Now what do you think was this news of the South Wind? Why, only this. It said as it bounded joyfully along, leaving only momentary footprints in the grass,—"Spring is coming, and has sent me to prepare chambers for the reception of her court. I want a warm nook on this bank for the ambassador named Violet, who is already on her way; so some of you old winter flowers must turn out: and mind you treat the ambassador with proper respect, not only paying homage to her beauty, but to her marvellous goodness, which is so great that it sweetens every thing around it."

"Homage to the Violet, indeed!" muttered the old Bramble, as he beat about the bank in search of some unlucky object on which to wreak his vengeance. "Do you think, Mr. South Wind, that I, who have resisted the bluster of your stern old brother of the north, shall do *your* bidding, and pay homage to the languishing Queen of Spring, though her soft voice has coaxed King Winter to abdicate in her favour? No, I have grown grey in his service: I shall not be a turncoat now, you may be sure. As for the little crooked violet, who is she, I should like to know, that we must bow down to her? I'd sooner scratch her little yellow eyes out."

On hearing the commotion the Daisy opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the poor Violet nestling close to her, looking frightened and downcast at her rough reception; and the Daisy, instead of pitying her loneliness, grew envious, and with a large tear in her eye turned away, saying in her heart, "Now the violet is come I shall quite lose my popularity: not even a child will care for me when she is here!"

"Never mind, Miss Daisy," said the Nettle, who, out of sheer spite, revenged himself on the new-comer by paying false compliments to his old friends. "Never mind, you are the belle, whoever comes."

The Daisy, clated at the compliment, grew proud, and held up her head straight in the air, with a glance that seemed to say, "I am not ashamed to look anybody in the face," and did not deign another glance at the shrinking violet. Then the Buttercup took up the word, saying with a sneer, "The idea of the south wind thinking so much of that dowdy little violet! She is not in the least pretty; I do believe she is deformed, too! And just look at the colour of her dress! a dark, dingy purple—not half so striking as my cloth of gold." And she drew herself up on her slender stalk more proudly than ever.

The Violet, distressed at such unkindness on her first arrival, trembled and drooped her head, and a tear like a dewdrop fell softly from her petals to the moss beneath. The South Wind came to her whispering comfort, and then ran off bearing her perfume to the other flowers; but they all turned away their heads, and would hear nothing about her.

The old Nettle spread his large wrinkled leaves further over the violet, completely hiding her from sight, while he bowed with much politeness, saying grandly, "I hope, miss, I don't deprive you of the view,—though, to be sure, you would not see above the grass if I were not here."

"Thank you," returned the Violet, "I do not care for sunlight; it is too bright for my eyes." Nevertheless, when a sunbeam came in through the nettle's leaves and lighted up the dewdrops on the moss, till it looked like a nest of diamonds and emeralds, she could not resist bending forwards to catch a faint gleam on her purple petals.

At length, on one sunny morning, Queen Spring indeed arrived. Ah! that was a happy day for the violet. Crowds of her companions grouped around her, till the whole bank was perfumed with their breath, as they chatted together of the new country into which they had come. Then the knightly wood-anemones arrived, with stars on their breasts; and following them, the maids of honour, the lilies of the valley, with long trains of green satin and crowns of pearls.

The willow-trees, which had been mere *sticks-in-waiting* in King Winter's reign, now began to adorn themselves with beautiful tassels, some of brilliant red, others silver grey; and the tall old chestnuts came out in an entirely new livery of green, trimmed with conical white buttons.

All was prepared and the queen came. The South Wind drove her chariot, which was a beautiful soft white cloud, across the bluest road of sky; the green meadows all spread mirrors of water over themselves, for the brooks had overflowed with joy, so that everywhere could be seen the reflection of that lovely white chariot. Every little brook and streamlet bore its own picture of it.

Then the Sun came from his eastern home to do homage to the young queen; he dressed the brooks in silver, gave a bright smile to every tree and flower, and threw a silver lining with gold fringe on the white chariot. Whereat the lively South Wind ran away over the hills, whispering to everything he met; dancing over the brooks, he broke their pictures into a thousand pieces, and the waves laughed and babbled in great confusion; but as soon as he

was gone, lo! the pictures were whole again. The restless fellow would let no one be still. He went to the hedges and set everything in commotion. The lilies began to kiss the violets, the anemones bowed to the daisies, the dewdrops with sparkling eyes began to dance, till, tired out, they sank out of sight to sleep in the moss.

The cross old bramble flung his bare arms about in a great rage, striking everything he could reach with his thorny fingers; even his old friend the nettle came in for a share of the blows, and turning quickly round he cried, "Hallo! what do you mean by hitting me, Mr. Bramble? I'll sting you if you don't look out."

"Sting me!" laughed the Bramble, with a hissing sneer. "Do you think I am as thin-skinned as yourself? I'll scratch you if you are so impudent."

Off flew the South Wind, laughing musically to think how selfishness overreaches itself; for he saw that the nettle, in trying to keep off the sun from the violet, kept off the blows and scratches as well.

It happened that just at this time a dispute arose between the Sun and Rain, as to which should form the bridge for the queen to descend to earth by, and who could do the most for her.

The Sun said "he had the most right, as it was he who gave all the beauty to spring."

"Not a bit of it," cried the Rain: "where would the flowers be if I did not send my little servants, April showers, to wash their faces and make them grow?"

"What would become of them if I did not dry their poor little wet faces, and make them laugh again? Why, you would drown them if you had it all your own way!" retorted the Sun.

"And you would burn them to chips if I did not quench your fires now and then," replied the Rain, sharply: "besides, you are such a surface-worker; now I sink into the earth and moisten the little seeds, and teach them how to shoot."

"Yes, Mr. Rain, and I warm their beds, which you make so cold and damp, and draw them gently up: besides, I dry the wet fields for the little lambs."

"Yes, I know you do," said the Rain, "and drink up all the water I put in the brooks for the cattle, you thirsty fellow! Now I tell you what, Sunbeam, it is no use quarrelling; we are neither of us of much use without the other: so, instead of working against each other, we will work together, and make the queen's bridge a joint concern."

"Well, that is a sensible proposal!" assented the Sun; and they at once set to work.

The rain-drops fell gently on the thirsty land, and the flowers joyfully looked up to greet them, for they washed their dusty garments and decked them with sparkling gems like real court-dresses. Then the sun sent one of his servants, a merry dancing beam, across the sky, and, lo! every drop of rain became a gem; and a glowing bridge of various colours spanned the blue arch, reaching from the chariot of the queen to the purple hill-tops in the distance. So the queen descended the gorgeous bridge, which vanished the moment she reached the ground. She came with her robes of emerald-green, her veil of golden mists, her eyes of bright sun-

beams, and garlands of flowers. Every brook was a mirror to reflect her eyes' bright glances, each little flower offered itself to adorn her robes, and none were thought too small or lowly. On she came, through the valley, and the proudest trees grew young and green again as they bowed to the touch of her wand; and on the throne amid the purple draperies of the distant hill she held her court, and sent her herald, the South Wind, to call her floral vassals before her.

On their arrival she assigned to each the task for which it was created; "for," she said, "not one of you are here but for a wise purpose. You, white Lily of the Valley, must teach to young maidens purity—teach them that amid the briars and thorns, the trials and temptations of your world, you can retain your whiteness; that if that purity is sullied, you die rather than live. You, gentle Violet, teach humility: tell mortals rather to hide their virtues than parade them; teach them to do good and send out the sweetness of their kind actions, as you do your perfume, to all around them, that even after death the memory of their virtue may remain, as your perfume is strong even in decay. You, simple Daisy, teach faith to the little children who love you; tell them ever to look with trust upward towards the heaven which is their home. Bright Buttercup, do not you teach them *pride*, but remember that though in yourself you are bright and beautiful, it is no praise to you, but to the hand which made you. You are but one among the millions of more brilliant flowers which adorn my mantle, and only have a place in the hem of it; therefore when children pluck you, and innocently admire your golden beauty, take not the praise to yourself, but lift their minds to the Maker of you and 'all fair things.' You, clustering Hyacinths, blue like 'the heavens unbending through the earth,' ever call to the minds of those who see you, that as you reflect the hue of heaven, so they may in their hearts reflect it. Heaven is not so far away but there may be a semblance of it below, where love and innocence dwell."

Thus Queen Spring gave lessons to all her court. Some rebellious vassals were punished, such as the Nettle, which she condemned to be shunned by human beings for its bad qualities.

The Bramble, who really had a good heart under all his roughness, was heard to say he wished he had his life over again to serve so good a mistress: and she immediately granted his request, because she saw his repentance was real. Accordingly fresh green leaves and pretty white flowers grew on his brown, bare stalks, and his old age was passed in giving luscious blackberries to little children and tired wayfarers, and in supplying sweet singing birds with food.

Thus, in distributing good tasks to all, and bringing happiness and beauty on the earth, Spring's reign was passed, till Night came and shrouded all the court in a mantle of mist, dispersing the flowers nodding their sleepy heads to their own hedgerows and dells, where some short-lived ones died in the service of Spring, while others lived to grow old in that of Queen Summer.

## THE LITTLE FRENCH CAPTIVE.

(Continued from p. 141.)

### CHAPTER VI.



ES, indeed, it was none other than good, kind Rebecca Holt, who came out to meet her husband when she heard the cart-wheels.

"Well, John, I thought you were never coming; and who on earth have you got with you?"

"Ah, that's a long story; but take them and give them supper.

They can sleep in Johnny's room for to-night;" and it needed not John's explanation to make her welcome the little wayfarers. It was enough for her that John had brought them home, and that they were cold and hungry; besides which, she by-and-bye recognised the boys as those which she had seen at Greystone three months ago.

She debated with her husband after the boys were safe in bed, and she had heard the strange story of how he had found them with their friend, Mary Burton, whether she should tell them of her meeting with the Frenchwoman.

"You know it might not have been his mother; there must be many other boys who have been taken away from home like him."

But John had to confess that he had said something to the bigger boy about it, and of course he would tell his companion; most likely he had done so already. John received a little scolding from his wife for his want of caution.

"If I'd gone and done it, John, you'd have said, 'Woman all over!'"

But the words could not be recalled, and when Rebecca saw the boys next morning they told her what John had said to them, and asked what he meant.

"Wait a minute," said Rebecca, "and let me ask you a question first. Was it not a man named Arc who took you away from your mother?" she said to Pierre.

"Yes, yes, it was; but how did you know?"

"Well, don't you think my husband learnt that from Mary Burton yesterday? but that is not how I heard it first,—at least, if Arc is brother to your stepfather."

"Yes, that is true; but who could have told you?"

"Can you not guess? but that is not likely either. You do not recollect me, I can see, but I remember you quite well now; I was at the Greystone station the day the old gentleman gave you sixpence."

"Yes," said Pat, "that was the very last time we were there."

"Well," proceeded Rebecca, "after you were gone I met some one who knows you, little one."

"Knows me? Impossible! no one knows me but Arc and his boys, and they do not go to Greystone."

"No, it was not any of them. It was some one that you would be very glad to see."

"It could not be my mother. Oh, it was! it was!" cried Pierre, reading the answer in Rebecca's glad





Mr. Allison painting Pierre's Portrait.

smile. "Oh, you are an angel! How can I thank you?" and then Pierre's English failed from excess of joy; and he poured forth such a volley of French as Rebecca had never in her life heard before. "Oh, where is she? take me to her now!" he said at last.

"I am sorry to tell you I do not know where she is! I little thought I should ever find her son."

"But didn't you tell her you had seen me?"

"Hullo, Peter!" interrupted Pat, "you're turning Paddy for joy. How could she tell her when she didn't know who you were?"

"But will you try to find her?" asked Pierre.

"Indeed, indeed, I will; I wish to my heart I had asked her where she lives, but I did not think of that."

That very day Rebecca went, and while she was

gone Pierre walked restlessly about, sometimes in the house and sometimes out of it, and poor Pat came in for many cross words, which he bore with the greatest patience and good-humour. At last Rebecca came home, but there was no hope in her face. She had by means of diligent and persevering inquiries found out that a Frenchwoman had some time ago worked for an embroidery shop in Greystone, but the people were bankrupt, and no one knew where they had gone. The Frenchwoman had not been seen since they left.

Pierre's look of despair went to her heart. He had worked himself up till he really believed he should see his mother with Rebecca, and the disappointment was almost more than his strength

could bear. From that time he became listless and irritable, as day by day went by, and no tidings were heard, although they inquired of every one they saw, likely and unlikely.

The Holts said they would keep the boys till their son Johnny came home from sea. His ship was not expected yet. Meantime, they advised them to give up music, and do some work in the day. They were set to weed in the large garden where Holt worked, but Pierre's strength was not equal to anything like hard work, and when the long, bright days of spring came, Rebecca became seriously uneasy about him. It seemed as if the hope so long deferred was sapping away his strength. Mr. Allison, who had only come back for a few days, and left again before Holt had brought home the boys, was expected very soon. Rebecca hoped he might be able to use his influence among his friends, and be the means of discovering Pierre's mother; but she said nothing about it to the poor child, for fear of awakening again that restless suspense which had in a measure subsided. The dull, heartless frame of mind was not very much better, and she tried every means in her power to interest him.

She taught him to read and write, and sent him on messages that he might see other faces, and be brightened up; but it did no good, and the only thing he really seemed to care for was playing soft, melancholy tunes on his violin, or teaching Pat all that Rebecca taught him. Pat was very dull at learning, and, perhaps, if he had not tried to please his little friend, he would never have learnt much; but though he came in from his work tired and weary (for any hard work was very irksome to him), he was always at Pierre's disposal to do anything that he wished. Holt used to say, that if Pat took as much pains under his instructions as under Pierre's he would do very well; but idleness was inborn in poor Pat, and it was very up-hill work to struggle against it, and it was only gratitude and a fear of being a burden that kept him at all industrious. He would much rather have gone about the streets with his harp again, but there was always the fear of being captured before Pierre's eyes, and he could never be persuaded to play out-of-doors.

#### CHAPTER VII.

At length Mr. Allison came home. He was an artist, though he did not depend wholly on what he made by his pictures. Some of his friends said it was lucky he did not, for his pictures were never likely to fetch much; but, be this as it may, he was never so happy as when he was painting, and no sooner did he see Pierre, and hear the story of the boy's honesty, than he offered him threepence a-day if he would sit for his portrait. So he put on his little old velvet suit and conical cap, and taking his violin in his hand went into Mr. Allison's room.

"Please, sir, won't you paint Pat, too, with his harp?" he asked, before he sat down where Mr. Allison bade him.

"Quite right, my little man; go and fetch him."

So Pat, who had stayed at home that morning to

carry Rebecca's pails of water (it was washing-day), was brought in too. Sitting for his portrait was much more to Pat's taste than working in the garden, and Holt was not very sorry to get a more active boy to fill his place on the days when Mr. Allison wanted him. These were happy days to both the boys, and Pierre began to look better and more cheerful than he had done for months.

When he was not "being copied," as he expressed it, Mr. Allison would employ him to mix his colours, or to dust his books, and he was much struck with the boy's intelligence. He once asked him about his mother, but Pierre could not do more than barely answer questions: he had never willingly spoken about her lately, and Rebecca began to hope that he thought less about her now that Mr. Allison had succeeded in interesting him in other things, but she was mistaken if she thought he ever for one moment forgot her.

At length the picture was finished and sent to be framed, and the studio was shut up for awhile, for Mr. Allison had other business to do. Pierre began to droop again, and seemed to feel the hot weather as much as he had felt the cold. Mr. Allison said he should go abroad if the picture sold for as much as he expected, and if so he would take Pierre to Havre, and try and find his mother, for they all thought she must have gone back again. But time went on, and still the picture did not sell. The artist was unknown, and, perhaps, it was not worth very much even if he had been known. In money,—no, perhaps not; but what makes that poor, ill-clad woman stand and gaze as if she would devour it? Why does she rush in and ask, in broken English, "Who painted dat?" and unabashed by the broker's surly reply, "What should you want to know for?" persist in asking, till she obtains Mr. Allison's name and address?

There were many weary miles to go, and she had been ill, and was still weak, but she got to her journey's end at last, and, with a heart beating fast with alternate hope and fear, she knocked at the door.

"Is this where Mr. Allison live?" she gasped out.

Rebecca was about to turn her away for a beggar, but something in her face struck her. Surely she had seen it before! They had all ceased to expect Pierre's mother, and it was only the boy himself who thought of her much now; so Rebecca did not recollect where she had seen her till she said, in a voice almost choked between fear and hope,—

"Mr. Allison he have painted a picture of my boy, Pierre Le Roy."

"Are you, indeed, his mother?" cried Rebecca, joyfully. "He is here,—in this very house! Thank God that He has sent you to him at last, poor fellow! Come in; but let me prepare him a little, that the joy may not come too suddenly upon him."

But Rebecca's caution came too late. Pierre's quick ear had caught his mother's voice, and the next minute he was in her arms.

(Concluded in our next.)

## KINDNESS REWARDED.

THE son of a widow in straitened circumstances was on his last journey to Oxford. His mother had made a great and last effort, as she hoped it might be, to raise the money to enable him to take his degree. The coach was within two stages of Oxford, when a little before it reached the inn where they stopped, the young student missed the bank-note which his mother had given him. He had been a good and faithful son, and such a sickness of heart as he felt at that moment some can guess. He tried to recollect whether he had taken out his purse, and remembered that he had done so a few miles back. Almost without hope, and yet feeling it to be his duty to try and recover the large sum that he had lost, he told the coachman to let his luggage be sent on as directed, and walked back in the direction of the place where he thought it possible that he might have dropped the note. He had gone about three miles when there met him, working his way slowly and wearily, a poor creature, whose appearance at once arrested his attention. He had often read of leprosy, but had never seen a leper: this poor man was one. Shall he stop to speak to him? If the lost note be on the road, some passenger may see and take it up, and he may lose it. What shall he do if it be lost? What can his dear mother do? He well knows her will, but he knows she is without the power to help him any more. Yet here is a fellow-creature whom God's providence, as he thinks it—chance as some call it—has thrown in his way. He may not be able to do anything for him: still he may; at all events, a kind word is something; it may cheer and comfort him. The widow's son was a believer in the true God, and he felt that it was his present duty to stop and speak to this suffering man. He asked him whence he came, and whither he was going. He was on his way from Gloucester, where he had been pronounced incurable, and was going on to Oxford, where he thought he might possibly get some help. The young man remembered at the instant that there was living in Oxford a gentleman, whose residence in the East had brought him into contact with this particular disease, and who, if any could, would be able to prescribe for the sufferer. He knew, moreover, that this gentleman, like so many in his noble profession, was as ready to help the poor as he was able. He said, "I will give you a line to a gentleman in Oxford, and I am sure he will do all he can for you." He put his hand into his pocket, to try and find a piece of paper on which he might write the note, but not a morsel could he find. He felt deeply disappointed: that way of help was barred. The poor leper suddenly stooped, picked up from the road a piece of paper, and asked if he could not write on that. It was the lost note, given into his own hand by the very man towards whom he was endeavouring to do what he felt to be his present duty! The recovery of that large sum hinged, in God's providence, perhaps entirely on that act of unselfish and self-restraining love. God made the leper pay that young Christian on the spot for what he did in faith and love.—*Chamneys' Facts and Fragments.*

## STARLINGS.

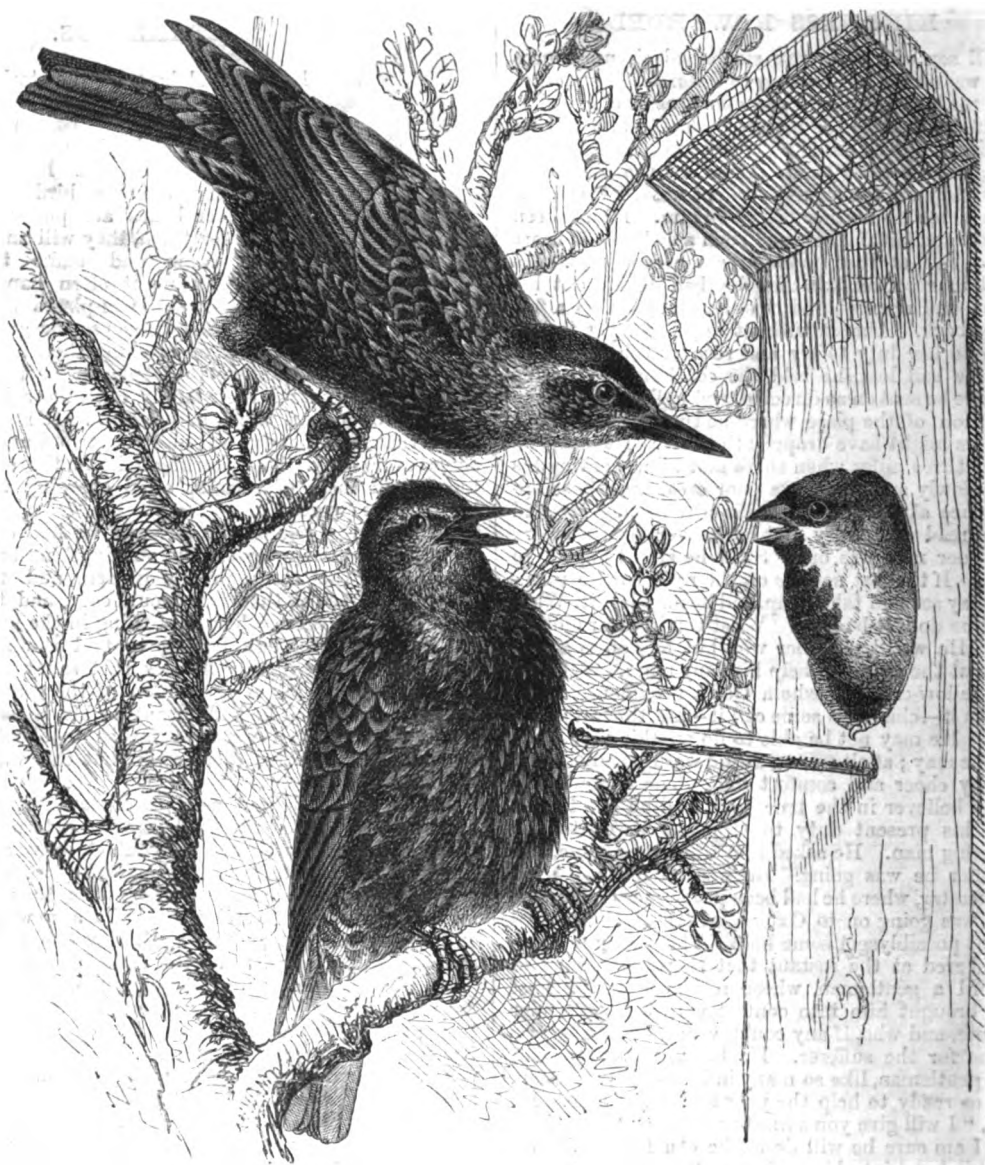


THE original home of the starlings is to be found in thick woods, where they find comfortable places to hatch their young in the hollows of trees. But they are very sociable birds, and wherever boxes are put up as nests for them, they will thankfully come and make their abode. Thus it often happens that they settle in places where previously they were only known as passing guests. And besides the pleasure of watching their habits, this is a great advantage to a garden, for a couple of starlings with their family consume a large quantity of worms, slugs, and insects. It is reckoned that one family will destroy two hundred slugs every day. The starling follows the cattle too, to rid them of vermin, often choosing their backs as his perch.

A bird-lover relates the pleasure he had every spring in erecting boxes for starlings' nests on the top of the trees in his garden, and then watching to see if the birds would come and take up their abode there. The first thing in the morning he would look out, hoping to find the nests occupied, but frequently he saw that saucy sparrows had coolly taken possession of the comfortable lodgings which he had meant for his favourite starlings. He even went so far as to shoot at the sparrows to drive them away, but this was of little avail.

At last, to his delight, a couple of starlings, after having well surveyed the abode, seemed determined to occupy it, and, after a short conflict, drove away the sparrows, and took possession. They were too proud to use the sparrows' nest; this they immediately destroyed, and then built a new nest of their own. But on the sixth day the female starling had disappeared; the male bird was in great distress; he piped piteously, flew about all day round the roofs of the houses and the tops of the trees: but all in vain. Next day the nest was quite empty, and so it remained for six days, during which period a sparrow family again took possession of it, and soon made themselves most comfortably at home. But their happiness lasted for only a few days. The starling came back again; still alone, indeed; but he soon drove out the pair of sparrows. The clearing out of the nest began anew. But all his mournful piping and enticing calls were of no avail, he could not get his wife to return to him. Mrs. Sparrow did not give up all hope, for whenever the starling went away she would again take possession, though only to be driven out on his return. Once during his absence another couple of starlings chose his box for their nest, but he attacked them and gained the victory. Thus it went on for twenty-one days, the same song, the same restlessness, the same distress. At last, on the twenty-second day, he returned with another starling: he had some difficulty to entice her to the nest, but at





last he succeeded. They soon made friends, and began together to enlarge and rebuild their nest. In the summer there was a brood of four little

ones, who soon learnt to accompany their parents in their expeditions.

• J. F. C.

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# Chatterbox.



### THE GENERAL AND HIS FATHER.



GENERAL MAISON, afterwards Marshal of France, was once asked by the great Napoleon whether he was descended from the ancient French family of Maison. He replied: "Sire, my father is a peasant." A noble answer, uttered by a brave and noble heart.

The following scene is related of the General by a soldier in his service:—

"When I was serving in the French army, and was quartered with my regiment in a town whose name I forget, it was rumoured among the soldiers that our General had just received a visit from his father. Now, we were all anxious to see him, and do him honour: for we loved our chief, who, though strict with us on parade, or on the field of battle, was at all other times our friend and protector.

"One fine morning, when we were all under arms, behold! our General approached, surrounded by his brilliant staff, and supporting on his arm a rough, honest-looking old peasant. At his word of command, the troops formed themselves in a semicircle around him, and he presented himself before us with the old man leaning on his arm. He raised his hand, as if desirous to speak, and immediately there was a deep silence. 'Companions in arms!' said he, with that full, sonorous voice, which was so familiar to us all, 'here is my father! I wish to present him to you. He is, as you may perceive, a peasant. So was I also, in my early youth, at which period I caused him much sorrow and anxiety, for I entered the army against his will: however, he pardoned my disobedience, and loved me still. Fortune has favoured me, and by degrees I have risen to the rank in which you now behold me. Hence you may learn, fellow-soldiers, that by bravery, and a diligent discharge of your duties, you may aspire to a similar position. I have told you that this good father has always loved me, and in proof thereof he has, at his advanced age, walked thirty leagues, with the sole purpose of embracing me.'

"So saying, he turned round and embraced his venerable father—the good old man being so overcome by the emotions which this speech awakened within him, that the large tears rolled silently down his cheeks, and in vain he tried to speak; but his eyes rested on the General with the utmost tenderness and satisfaction.

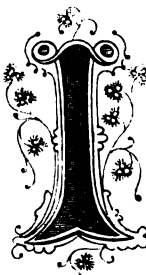
"We were all deeply affected by this scene, and many an eye wept then which had never been seen to shed a tear before."

This was a glorious example, and an act of reverence, moreover, that was quite due to a father; for who but a father knows all that a parent has to pass through on behalf of his children? Alas! how many children come to a knowledge of this when it is too late to give any practical proof of their regard and gratitude!

### THE LITTLE FRENCH CAPTIVE.

(Concluded from p. 150.)

#### CHAPTER VIII.



IT was a happy party that night gathered in the Holts' hospitable room. Rebecca used often to say it was the happiest evening she had ever spent. As to Pat, he was so wild that Holt sent him to blow off his steam by telling Mr. Allison all about it; and who shall describe the happiness of the mother and son as they sat holding each other's hands, even their demon-

strative French natures subdued with the greatness of their joy?

Mr. Allison came in now and then to see them all, and then he and Pat would go away to talk over all the strange events.

"To think that my picture should have done what we have been trying to do all this long time!"

"Ah," said Pat, "sure it showed more sense than any of us, just standing there quietly and showing the child."

"At any rate it did the business," said Mr. Allison, smiling; "but we could hardly have shown Pierre in a shop-window. I can't make out," he went on, "how it came to pass that neither Arc nor Pierre's mother found you both when you were down there by the river."

"Well, sir, I think we only just escaped in time; for, two or three times when we were on the boat, I thought I saw Louis, the boy that came over with Pierre, only I never told the little one, for it would only have scared him."

Patrick was quite right, Louis had seen them, and had told Arc, and Arc traced them to Mary Brown's house, but fortunately not till they had been gone some days, so that she could say with a clear conscience that they had left her late one evening, and she had heard nothing of them since. He had been after them before, but somebody had told him that they had been inquiring about the French vessels, so Arc took it for granted that they had made their escape to France. Soon after this, Marie found out where Arc lived, and fiercely demanded her son; whereupon Arc had told her with a sneer that he had gone to France to find her, and Marie was laying by every sixpence she could spare, to take her home again, when she saw Mr. Allison's picture.

It was a strange ending to all her wretchedness to find her son not a poor outcast in the streets, but well taught and cared for in a comfortable home, and the unexpected and undeserved mercy melted the hard, bitter resentment against her husband which she had so long harboured in her heart. Long after her child had gone to sleep, with his mother's hand tightly clasped in his, she sat and talked to Rebecca about her past life.

"It was what you said to me at the station that first woke my conscience," she said.

"What was that?" said Rebecca: "I don't remember saying anything particular."



"You said that unless we forgave others, we should not be forgiven ourselves. I have thought of these words often and often, and they made me very unhappy, for I thought, Surely God is punishing me. Perhaps I may never see my boy again, but I could not forgive the man who had sold him; and the more I tried, the more impossible it seemed, till I had a bad illness and had to go to the hospital; and there, as I laid in the bed day after day, and thought perhaps I might die, your words seemed to ring always in my ears, and I did try not to hate my husband. And now that God has given me back my boy, I feel how wicked I have been. How much better he has been trained and taught than I, his wicked mother, should have done it! I can never, never enough thank you and your friend, Madame Burton, for all your great kindness."

"Oh, don't speak of that," said Rebecca; "we did no more than we ought, and I don't think your boy's health does me much credit."

"Ah, he will get well now he has his mother."

"Yes, I hope he will, but I wish you had come before," said Rebecca, as she kissed the boy's pale cheek, "though no doubt it was all for the best. What shall you do now? Shall you stay in England or go back to France?"

"Go to my native land," replied Marie; "I can earn my bread much more easily where I am known. I have put by nearly enough now to take us."

"I think you are right, but I shall be very sorry to part from my little charge, and what Pat will do I cannot think. Really he has been quite a brother to him, you can't think how tender and loving he was."

"Ah, Pierre has told me very much about him, and I wish I could give him some return. My boy has, indeed, fallen among kind friends. But where has Pat been all the evening?"

"Mr. Allison has kept him in his room, thinking that you and Pierre would rather be by yourselves, and that perhaps Pat would feel hurt; but I don't think he would, for he has not a spark of jealousy as far as I can see. He is a rough diamond, but a true one."

#### CHAPTER IX.

The finding his mother proved good medicine, and Pierre began to recover his health and spirits. Marie was obliged to go back the next day and earn a little more before they could leave England, but at last the parting came. It was a strange mixture of sadness and joy, but perhaps the largest share of sadness fell to Pat. He loved Pierre with all the warmth of his nature, and it was the first real sorrow that had come upon him. It was a sad grief to Pierre to leave his friend and protector, and he was very anxious for him to accompany them, but it was judged better for him to stay in England and be apprenticed to some trade. So, with many hopes of meeting again some day, they said goodbye at last, only just in time for Pat and Rebecca to get off the boat before the footboard was pulled up, and the paddle-wheels began to go round. On the day before they had all gone to see Mary Burton, and thank her for her kindness and motherly care of the

two outcasts, and Pierre told her how sorry he was for all his fretfulness and naughtiness.

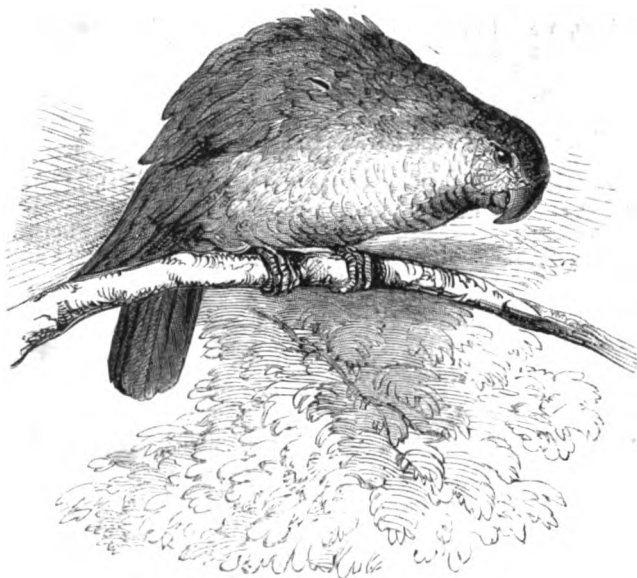
"You were right about the purse, after all," he said, "though we did think you so cruel at the time for not letting us go to France with the money. The good advice has found my mother."

"Yes, it has all come about very strangely," said Mary, thoughtfully, "and I am most thankful that I was the means of stopping you from going. Let it be a lesson to you through life to be strictly honest in all things, even though you may not always be rewarded in this world as you have been now. God bless you, my child, and make you a comfort to your mother. You won't forget Mary Burton, will you? She will not forget you, you may be sure."

No, indeed, neither Mary Burton nor any of their kind English friends were forgotten by the Frenchwoman and her son, and they often talk of them as they sit together in the evening when Pierre's day's business is over. He and his mother started a café on their own account, for Marie understood the management thoroughly, and from a very humble beginning it has grown to be one of the most flourishing in Havre. They put by a sum of money every year with which they mean to make some small return to the Holts and Mary Burton for the kindness which, however, they feel that no money can ever repay. Pierre thinks that he must take a partner soon if the business increases any more, and it is his great wish to ask Pat to join him. Meantime Pat works pretty steadily as a shoemaker, to which trade Mr. Allison apprenticed him with part of the money that he got for his picture, for a friend who had heard the story about it bought it for more than Mr. Allison had ever got for a picture before. Pat still lives with the Holts, who are growing old now, and they look upon him as their son, Johnny having died at sea. Mary Burton lives with them also, for her old father is dead, and it is Pat's delight to be able to lighten Holt's burden.

The harp and violin were sent back to Arc as soon as Pierre was safe out of England, together with a few shillings to pay for the clothes they had on when they ran away, and perhaps the said harp and violin are now going a weary round in the London streets, played by poor, half-starved boys who have never met with a Rebecca Holt or a Mary Burton, to show them any kindness. Let us hope, however, that better days are in store, and that the efforts that are now being made to stop this wicked traffic—slave-trade we may call it—will be successful. Surely the cry of the oppressed will one day be heard, and let the tyrants and persecutors beware lest they be among those of whom it is written: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck than that he should offend one of these little ones."

A CLERGYMAN at Sheffield asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, '*Who art in Heaven*,' since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer, who looked as if he could give an answer, and turned to him for it: "Well, little soldier, what say you?" "Because it's head-quarters!" was the ready reply.



### THE FARMER'S PARROT;

OR, KEEP OUT OF BAD COMPANY.

ONE beautiful morning a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in sowing one of his largest fields with corn. But the neighbouring crows, not having the fear of the law before their eyes, found their way to the farmer's cornfield, and helped themselves freely. The farmer, not being willing that his future crop should be destroyed, either by fair or by foul means, determined to drive the thieves to their nests, so he loaded his trusty gun with the intention of giving them, upon their next visit, a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and, being very tame, it was allowed its freedom to come and go at pleasure. Strolling around some time after the farmer's declaration of war against the birds in general, and crows in particular, whom should he see but a number of those bold black robbers busily engaged in the farmer-like occupation of raising corn. "Pretty Poll," being a lover of company, without much caring whether it was good or bad, hopped over the hedge, and was soon engaged with them in what I suppose was quite an interesting conversation on the many advantages of a country over a city life. Their friendly talk might have been prolonged had not a passing wind wafted it to the ears of the farmer, who was leisurely sitting by the cosy fireside.

Up he started, and with his gun he sallied forth. Reaching his cornfield at length, he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Levelling his gun, he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows and a shriek from poor Poll.

As the farmer advanced to see what execution he had made, the unwounded crows arose in the air,

loudly pleading their cause as they departed. On looking among the killed crows, great was his surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird!" cried the farmer; "this comes of keeping bad company."

The parrot did not reply—probably because it did not know exactly what to say; but it looked very solemn, which answered just as well. On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed,—

"What did it, father? What hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot, in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that was it," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, my children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the help of his wife bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever.

But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield, and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions it used to call out to them, "Bad company—bad company!"

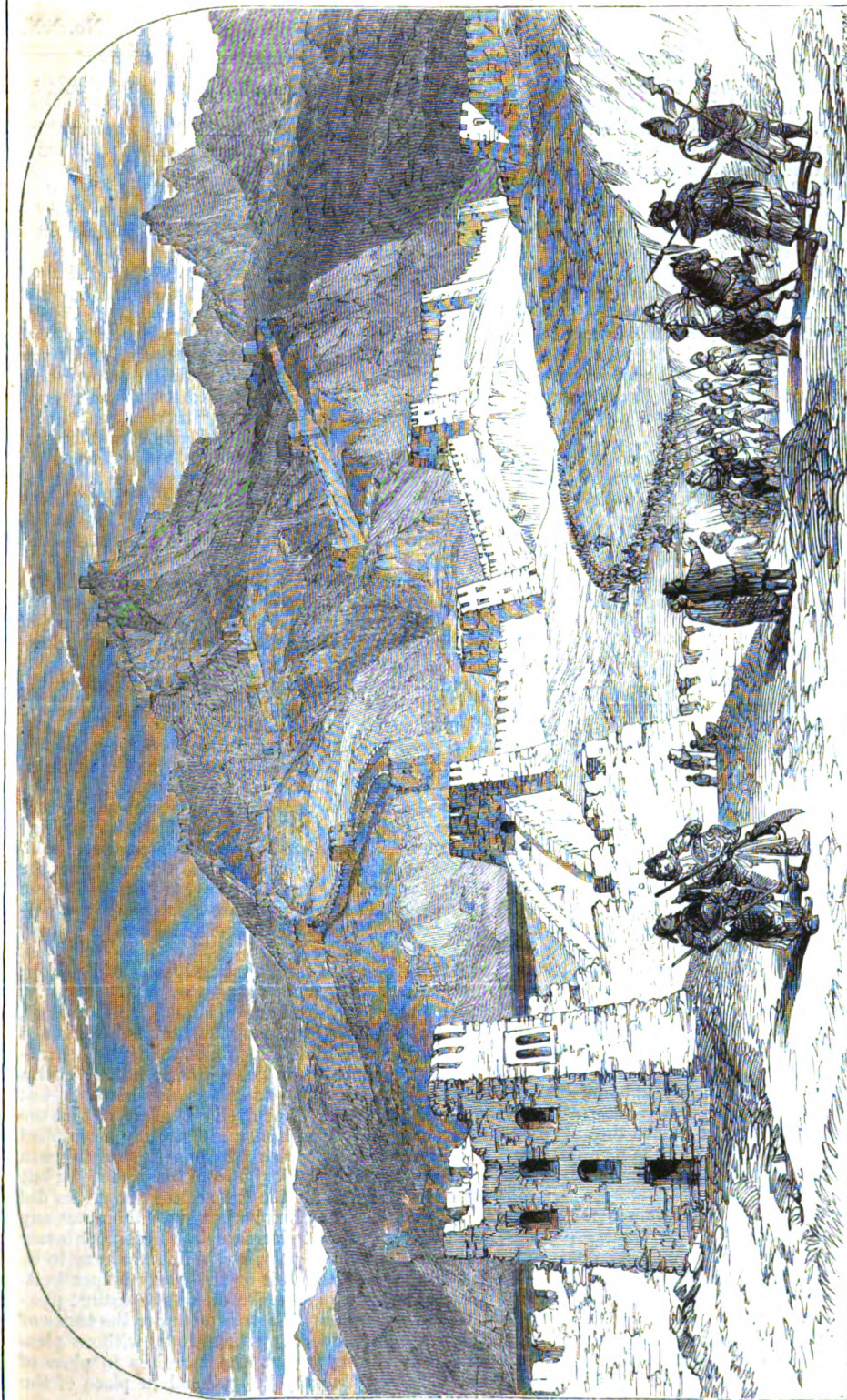


### THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

IN the month of September, 1793, as the English ambassador, Lord Macartney, with his attendants, set out from the city of Peking in China, for Tartary, they saw, on the fourth day's journey, a range of mountains before them, along the side of which was observed, on a nearer approach, a mysterious line, or narrow, unequal mark, which soon assumed the form of a wall with towers and battlements. This was the Englishman's first view of the great wall of China, often heard of, but seldom seen. There it was in all its reality before the eyes of the travellers; carried along lofty ridges of mountains, descending into deep valleys, crossing rivers upon arches, and doubled and trebled in many parts to take in important passes where an invader might otherwise have slipped through.

The great Chinese Wall was built 2000 years ago, to preserve China from the invasions of the Tartars. It reaches quite across the country from west to east, and is 1500 miles long. At every few yards, as seen in the picture, is a tower. There are numerous gates or openings for persons to pass through. Its top is battlemented the entire length. The height of it from the ground is about 25 feet;





The Great Wall of China.

the breadth is about the same. In some places it is defended by a ditch.

China from a quarter its builders never dreamed of : viz. the sea.

This wall has long been entirely useless. It was built to keep barbarians out of the country

from the north, but an invader has come into of : viz. the sea.

There is a parallel case to that of the great

wall in the history of our own country. When the Romans were compelled to leave England, they built for the protection of the Britons a wall across the island from east to west, to



keep off the Picts and Scots. Though not to be compared with the wall of China for solidity and extent, the British wall was very similar in detail. It was battlemented; it had its towers, gates, and defending ditches; it was carried over hills of great height, and it was often built with outworks of stone; but though it may have kept out the Picts and Scots, it could not keep out the Danes and the Saxons, who came in by the sea—a quarter which the Romans, like the old Chinese, little thought of, although they came themselves to England in ships. The entire course of this wall across the country between the towns of Carlisle and Newcastle can be still traced. Ruins of it remain in many parts of Northumberland, and it is perpetuated in the names of places, as Heddon-on-the-Wall, and Wallsend, the well-known district from which so much coal is brought.

In England, and in China too, stone walls have given place to moving walls—the “wooden walls,” or, as we must now say, the “iron walls” of Old England—her ships. While these are a defence, they are also used to carry the terrors of war or the blessings of peace to different countries. Let us hope that our ships may no more go on warlike errands to China. The victories of peace are the greatest ones of all.

Sail on, sail on, ye stately ships,  
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;  
Be ours to guard the light from drear eclipse—  
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man.

B. W.

## BUILDING ON THE SAND;

OR, PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE.



**M**URRAH for the races! and a jolly time we shall have of it, if the weather holds like this,” said Bill Parker, one of a knot of youths who stood clustered on a fine August evening near (and a good deal too near) to the door of a small public-house on a village green. To judge by their looks they were not, for the most part, a low set either—not the “roughs” of the village; for most villages can show their rough lot, with that defying, ready-for-mischief look, which is hardly to be mistaken.

But these were of a different class; they looked, most of them, what indeed they were,—young labouring men in the employ of the farmers and gentry round, and, at least, no worse than their neighbours.

As Bill Parker made his remark, it was met by a word or so from each, which showed pretty plainly that all were of one mind on the subject. Just then a young man in working dress, but with a somewhat better appearance than the rest, crossed the Green at no great distance.

“Stop, man! stop!” cried Bill Parker, again raising his voice. “I say, Jim, you’re for the races to-morrow?”

Jim at first seemed inclined to pass on with a nod,

but several of them sauntered up to him, and he was obliged to stop.

“Well, I can’t say for certain,” he answered, as the question was put to him again: “I may and I mayn’t.”

“Why, what’s in the wind, now?” asked another, who had come up to them. “You’re always good for a lark—always was; out with it, or I shall say it’s the parson’s been coming over you.”

“It’s not that, Smith,” said Jim; “though I must say, when he set it all out about the gambling and the betting, it seemed reasonable enough, too.”

“Reasonable!” cried Smith; “a parcel of stuff and nonsense. Every man to his trade. Can’t you see, man, it’s the parson’s trade to be preaching down races and every bit of pleasure a fellow has?”

“Nay, Smith,” said another, “though I don’t hold with him about the races, I’ll give Mr. Willis his due: he don’t let fly as some do, without there’s a needs be—to his thinking, leastways.”

“Well, no more he does,” said Jim: “but let alone that, don’t you see I work for Mr. Willis, and it won’t do for me to go right against him, and stand in my own light.”

Jim had a better feeling than this, but he was ashamed of his good feelings, and so set out worse.

“Work or no work, I’d be my own master out of working hours,” said Smith, “and not run in leading-strings that way.”

“Let him be,” said Parker, with a wink at Smith; “if he likes his leading strings, he’s welcome: they’re not to my taste, that’s all.”

“It’s my belief he’s turning good,” said Smith, with the quiet sneer which before this has made so many cowards. That sneer was enough.

“I’ll come if I can,” said Jim, “trust me for it,” and he moved on, as the rest, satisfied that they had gained their point, no longer hindered him. Ah! lads and lasses, why will you do Satan’s work for him, tempting one the other to your hurt? Do you ever think whose work you are doing when you persuade each other by the fear of a laugh to go against conscience?

“He’s but a coward, first and last,” said Smith; and perhaps he was not very far wrong.

And now for a word or two about Mr. Willis, lest, in spite of the defence made for him, he should not get his due after all. Mr. Willis, then, was a hard-working, earnest-hearted clergyman; he was still a young man, and the parish was not his own, but from ill-health the Vicar lived elsewhere, so that the sole charge lay upon him, and faithfully he fulfilled it. His work, as he looked upon it, was to “win souls”—his main work this, and his joy in life; but while he laboured for the souls of the people, he did not forget that they had bodies, and if there was any plan that promised to increase the comforts or better the condition of the poor, Mr. Willis was sure to be either the one to start it or the ready helper in it. It was not his way to make an outcry against pleasures in general, but he tried to raise the tastes of the people, not expecting them to do without pleasure, but aiming to put the harmless in place of the vicious, the manly and rational in place of the low and degrading.

Having cleared Mr. Willis's character, let us leave him for the present to give a more particular account of the hero of our tale. Jim, then, was a young man of two or three and twenty. He was of good height, and well-made. If there were nothing very striking in the features, still it was a pleasant face to look at—fresh and frank, with a ruddy colour, curling hair, blue eyes, and cheery smile. His clothes, too, were always good, and put on with the sort of care that betokens self-respect. Let him be doing what he might, Jim was never a sloven: in short, he looked very much what the young English labourer *should* look, and what with sober, temperate habits, they oftener *would* look like. We don't forget that it is "*deeds* which make the man," yet a comely outside is God's good gift, and as such is in no sort to be despised.

Jim had long lost his father and mother; brothers and sisters he had none. Seemingly left alone in the world while still a boy, it might have fared hard with him but for a widowed aunt, who, being tolerably well-to-do, and without children of her own, took to the lad and brought him up as a son; and Jim, on his part, looked on her as a mother.

The death of this aunt, about two years back, had thrown him on his own hands for a home; but wisely fearing to lodge at the public-house, he now lived at a decent cottage belonging to a poor woman, glad of a quiet lodger, who paid his rent regularly, gave little trouble, and had always a helping hand ready when it was wanted.

Mr. Willis, first out of respect to Jim's aunt, and afterwards from interest in the lad himself, had a special eye on Jim, and if work were short (though that did not often happen) would contrive a job for him at the Parsonage. Something of his habits we have heard already; they were sober and regular: if ever he did go to the public-house it was in search of company, not drink. His strong hand and arm were no idle ones, and after a day's work in the field, Jim was not too tired to busy himself with the garden; and his landlady was well satisfied to leave it in his charge, offering him from time to time a trifle, which he would seldom take. He was mostly to be seen at church at least once on a Sunday, and the rest of the day was spent quietly, if not altogether to the best profit. "So far, so good," but not *quite* good. There are some who have a skill in reading men's characters in their faces, and if any such had looked in that pleasant face of Jim's they might have noted a something about the mouth, which, in spite of the cheery smile, told of a want of firmness and strength of purpose. Jim had no vice, but he had little fixed principle. He had *no backbone* in his character. Easy-going and good-natured to a fault, in a curious contrast to that powerful sinewy frame of his, he was timid, not as to bodily danger, but he was timid of a laugh, timid of blame; and, because he was without that firm religious principle which would have been as ballast to him, he was tossed and sometimes *driven*, at the mercy of those who had not half as much either of good sense or good feeling as himself. Smith was in the right, though in a wrong cause; there was nothing for settling Jim's mind like a *sneer*.

The next day shone out as bright as holiday folks could wish; there was just that sort of August haze in the fore-part which promises a blazing noon; and hot enough it was: so hot one might have thought that of all pastimes racing, or the sight of it, was the least suited to present circumstances: but call it "pleasure," and we all know how much will go down under *that* name. When it comes to *duty* instead of *pleasure*, things are apt to stick fast by the way. Now Mr. Willis knew that the farmer for whom Jim at present worked, held himself in honour bound to give all his men a half-holiday on the race-day; and with a half-holiday on his hands, and with Jim's weathercock disposition, the chances were strong in favour of his going to the races, and against his keeping a promise which he had made to the clergyman that he would not go to the course.

Now, it was no uncommon thing, as we have said, for Jim to be employed on odd jobs at the Parsonage when work was dull elsewhere, and as Jim could turn his hand to most things, and had a good share of intelligence, and a tolerable education besides, there were many matters not in the way of his regular work in which Mr. Willis had found him no bad helper. It so happened that just at this time a packing-case, containing a store of new books for the lending library, had arrived from London, and Mr. Willis, turning over in his mind what employment could be found "for idle hands to do," it occurred to him as the very thing to invite Jim's help in unpacking and labelling, and arranging these books on the shelves in the village reading-room. This invitation Jim had accepted, nothing loth. It was not his first experience of an afternoon's work with the parson; and such an afternoon, with the customary finish of a good supper at the Parsonage, he had found by no means disagreeable. At two o'clock, then, according to agreement, Mr. Willis and he were to meet. As to confessing the true state of the case to his mates, when they afterwards assailed him, this would have been a pitch of courage so wholly beyond Jim, that it never so much as entered his head. To be spending an afternoon with the parson as a set-off against the races would have been reckoned altogether too good a joke, at the same time he had by no means forgotten how matters stood between him and Mr. Willis, and while seemingly giving in, he had secretly no wish to be off his bargain. The holiday being only for half the day, and Jim's work happening to be at some distance upon an off-lying farm, apart from most others, he had no difficulty during the morning in keeping clear of his persecutors, and true to the appointed time, the church clock was on the stroke of two when Jim, clean and in Sunday trim, presented himself at the Parsonage gate. There he found not Mr. Willis himself, but Mr. Willis's housekeeper, waiting for him, and she told him that, when her master was all ready for starting to meet Jim, and not five minutes ago, the Squire's groom came with the dog-cart, and a note from the Squire, to say how one of his men on the farm at Frimley Hatch, three miles and more off, had met with an accident, and was lying between dead and alive; and




"I say, Jim, you're for the Races to-morrow?"

asking him to go at once, for there was no time to lose: and so her master had gone off with the note in his hand, and had set her to wait for Jim: but he thought he should meet him on the road him-

self; and she was to say how it all came about, and if he wouldn't mind stepping up at five o'clock, Mr. Willis would be sure to be back by then.

(To be continued.)

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# Chatterbox.



### THE ROBBER RATS.



RATS are very bold and clever robbers. As I was cautiously looking into a hen-house one day, I happened to be just at the right moment to find out the way in which rats steal eggs; several rats were astir, peeping here and there, apparently to ascertain that all was safe for their enterprise. They dodged in and out of their hole for some time, at length four came forth with a more resolute air. I judged them to be a father, mother, and two hopeful sons of their ancient family. The largest rat, perhaps the father, took the lead; and having reached the further end of the hen-house, he stopped, and seemed to give instructions to his followers; he then ran quickly up the post supporting the higher tier of hens' nests, and landed himself in one where I expected to find my harvest of fresh-laid eggs.

I watched his proceedings, and soon I saw an egg moving slowly towards the edge of the nest, while the head of the rat sometimes appeared above it, he seemed to push the egg along with both breast and paws.

I waited in curiosity, for the next moment it seemed as if the egg must roll over and be broken in pieces on the floor; but the old thief knew that as well as I, and he looked down over the brink, and instantly the mother-rat sat on her haunches, supporting her fore-paws against the post, another rat sprang on her shoulders, and the fourth mounted on his, stretching his fore-paws upwards. The old rat above them pushed over the egg, the top fellow received it as it fell, and the ladder of rats seemed to sink to the ground at the same instant, while the father also jumped down and joined them. The action was so rapid, and my surprise so great, that I cannot describe more minutely how the deed was done, but there, in truth, was the egg lying unbroken on the floor, and the rats bustling around it in evident satisfaction.

After a moment's rest one of the rats walked backwards towards their hole, helping to drag the egg along, while the other three pushed and rolled it, steering it over any little obstacle that came in the way. On reaching the mouth of the hole, the old fellow went in backwards, and I saw just his head and paws peeping out. The others pushed the egg down to him, which, no doubt, the experienced rogue managed to protect in its steep descent into their secret store-house, and soon, one by one, the rest of the robbers followed and disappeared.

At another time I was much amused by putting to flight a number of rats in an empty stable. A rope hung loosely from one of the openings over the manger, and one after another, seventeen rats sprang from the ground, caught the rope, and hand over hand climbed their way into the loft as skil-

fully as sailors up the rigging of their ship. I stood perfectly still, or I suppose they would have taken flight in all directions, and I should have lost a very pretty sight.

While we lived in Scotland some rats troubled us much. They came from the river through the drains, and till some iron gratings checked the annoyance, the servants were always complaining of things being lost in the kitchen; cups, cloths, and other articles, disappeared in a mysterious way; strange sounds were also heard at night; and as the existence of rats on the premises was not at first known, the servants began to look suspiciously at each other, and not to like remaining in the kitchen alone, or to go there in the dark.

Even when it was known that there were rats about the place, the things lost seemed sometimes so unlikely to suit their tastes, that no suspicion rested on them. What could rats want with cups and spoons, forsooth! But, ah, cook, what did you leave in them?

One morning the cook declared that a good-sized iron saucepan had gone which she had left the night before half filled with lard near the kitchen fire. A diligent search was made for this saucepan, and it was at length found at the mouth of a rat-hole in the corner of the scullery, nearly emptied of its contents. The handle of the saucepan was down the hole, as if the rats had tried to drag it with them; this led to further search, when, on taking up the flagstones, many forgotten chattels were brought to view, and the strange noises were explained; for to drag an iron saucepan across a large flagged kitchen and scullery must have required a numerous "fatigue party" of rats, and that the task could not have been performed without scraping, grating, and bumping sounds that would echo through the house in the silent hours of the night, and might easily alarm the inmates.

There is an old adage, "Rats forsake a falling house," whence the verb "to rat" is used in a political sense of a man who leaves his party when it seems getting out of favour. This adage is based on truth. Rats gnawing the timbers and burrowing at the foundations of a house no doubt assist its decay, but it is both true and strange that they can foresee its ruin, and, in avoiding the danger themselves, give warning to those who observe and understand their flight. For myself, I confess, that if I were living in an old house, and found that all the rats suddenly deserted it, I should be in some anxiety to follow their example.

Rats occasionally migrate in large bodies, probably moved by the same reasons that govern mankind in changes of their abode. A scarcity of food in the region they have occupied, or perhaps some epidemic sickness or other calamity, may have thinned their ranks, and warned them to seek a better land.

However this may be, such migrations certainly take place. My grandfather, when resident in Jamaica, chanced to witness such a rat-migration. In a dense body, covering, he thought, two or three acres of ground, he saw the rats advancing over the country at an easy trotting pace. On they went;

turning neither to the right nor to the left, devouring all before them when they came to a field affording them food, otherwise passing over all minor obstacles, and dividing in the midst if they reached an impediment too lofty to scale. His description reminded me of that vivid picture of the locusts,—that mighty army of the Lord, in the second chapter of the prophet Joel :—“They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of war, and they shall march every one on his way, and shall not break their ranks. . . . They shall climb up upon the houses, they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.” (Joel, ii. 7-9.)

### OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.



LET me tell you a true story. Not many years since there was a Christian merchant of great wealth and with the right spirit in him. A neighbouring trader, who did not know much about the Christian merchant, published a pamphlet about him. The Christian merchant read it: it was very abusive, and wicked, and malicious. All he said was, that the man who wrote it would be sorry for it some day.

This was repeated to the trader who had written the libel, and he replied that he would take care that the Christian merchant should never have the chance of hurting him. But men in trade cannot always decide who their creditors shall be: and in a few months the trader became a bankrupt, and the Christian merchant was his chief creditor. The poor man sought to make some arrangement that would let him work for his children again. But every one told him that this was impossible without the consent of Mr. Grant. *That* was the Christian merchant's name.

“I need not go to *him*,” the bankrupt said: “I can expect no favour from *him*.”

“Try him,” said somebody who knew the good man better.

So the bankrupt went to Mr. Grant, and told his sad story, of heavy losses, and of anxiety and hardship; and he asked Mr. Grant's signature to a paper already signed by the others to whom he was indebted. “Give me the paper,” said Mr. Grant, sitting down at his desk. It was given; and the good man, as he glanced over it, said, “You wrote a pamphlet about me once;” and without waiting a reply, handed back the paper, having written something upon it. The poor bankrupt expected to find *libeller* or *slanderer* or something like that written. But no; there it was, fair and plain, the signature that was needed to give him another chance in life. “I said you would be sorry for writing that pamphlet,” the good man went on; “I did not mean it as a threat. I meant that some day you would know me better, and see that I did not deserve to be attacked in that way. And now,” said the good man, “tell me all about your prospects;

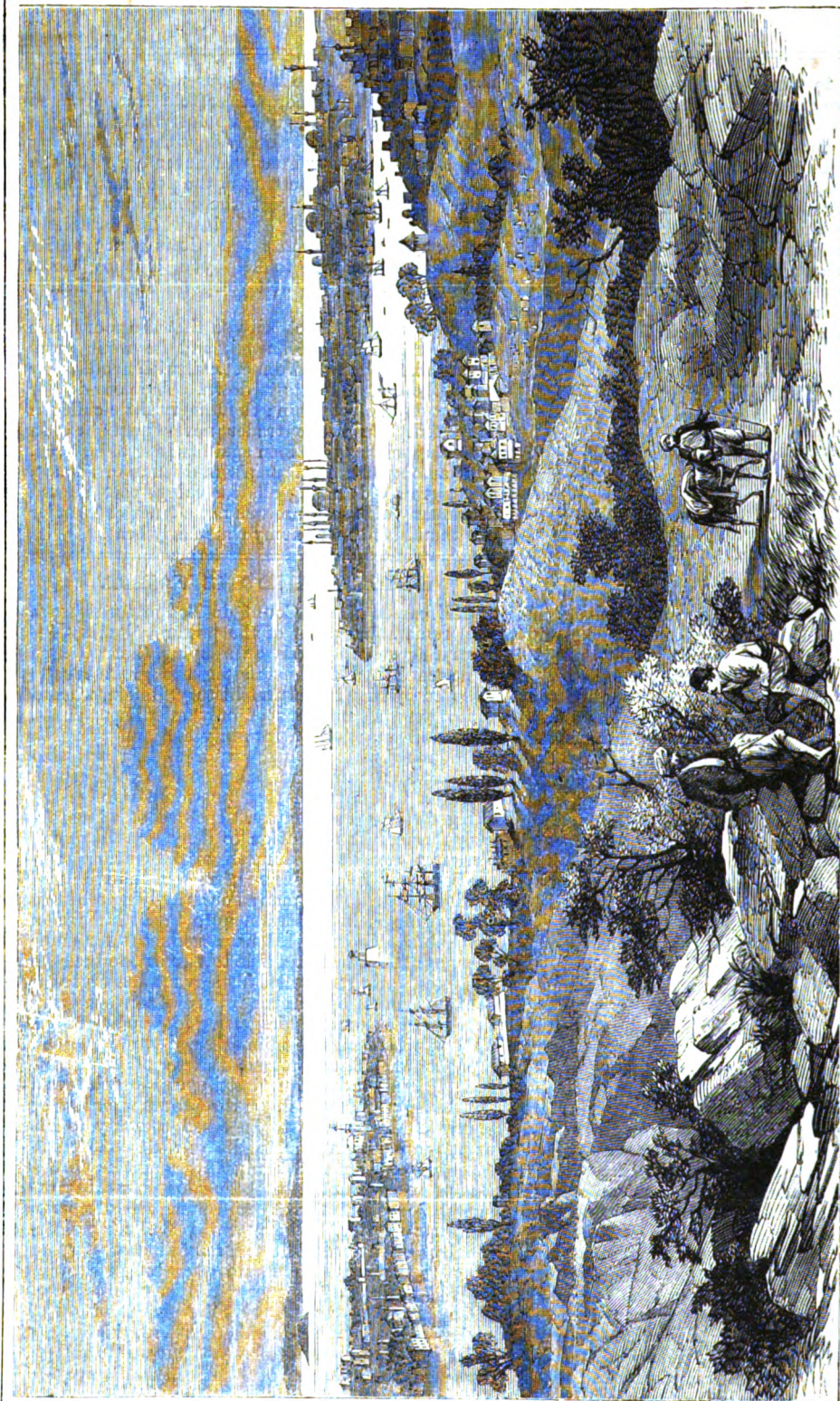
and especially tell me how your wife and children are faring.” The poor trader told him, that to meet his debts he had given up everything he had in the world; and that for many days they had hardly had bread to eat. “That will never do,” said the Christian merchant, putting in the poor man's hand money enough to support the pinched wife and children for many weeks. “This will last for a little, and you shall have more when it is gone; and I shall find some way to help you, and by God's blessing you will do well yet. Don't lose heart; I'll stand by you!”

I suppose I need not tell you that the poor man's full heart fairly overflowed, and he went away crying like a child. To meet evil with good, fairly beats the evil and puts it down. The poor debtor was set on his feet again; the hungry little children were fed. And the trader never published an attack upon that good man again as long as he lived. And among the good man's multitude of friends, as he grew old among all the things that should accompany old age, there was not a truer or heartier one than his former enemy thus fairly beaten.

### BUFFON AND HIS VALET.

THE career of the Count de Buffon furnishes a remarkable proof of the power of patient industry, as well as of his own saying, that “Genius is patience.” Notwithstanding the great results achieved by him in natural history, Buffon, when a youth, was regarded as of only middling talents. His mind was slow in forming itself, and slow in reproducing what it had acquired. He was also indolent by nature: and, being born to good estate, it might be supposed that he would indulge his liking for ease and luxury. Instead of which, he early formed the resolution to deny himself selfish pleasures, and devote himself to self-culture. Regarding time as a treasure that was limited; and finding he was losing many hours by lying a-bed in the mornings, he determined to break himself of the habit. He struggled hard against it for some time, but failed in being able to rise at the hour he had fixed. He then called his servant Joseph to his help, and promised him the reward of a crown every time that he succeeded in getting him up before six. At first, when called, Buffon declined to rise, pleaded that he was ill, or pretended anger at being disturbed; and on the Count getting up, Joseph found that he had earned nothing but reproaches for having permitted his master to lie a-bed contrary to his express orders. At length the valet determined to earn his crown; and again and again he forced Buffon to rise, notwithstanding his entreaties, expostulations, and threats of immediate discharge from his service. One morning Buffon was unusually obstinate, and Joseph found it necessary to resort to the extreme measure of dashing a basin of ice-cold water under the bed-clothes, the effect of which was instantaneous. By the persistent use of such means Buffon at length conquered his habit; and he was accustomed to say that he owed to Joseph three or four volumes of his *Natural History*.—*Self-Help*.





**O**UR picture presents a general view of Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, with its suburbs. The city itself is to the right, and Scutari on the opposite shore to the left. The bay, where the ships are riding at anchor, is the

#### CONSTANTINOPLE.

Golden Horn. Opening into it is the mouth of the Bosphorus; and in the distance is the Sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis.

These are all celebrated places and familiar sounds to most Englishmen. In Scutari are the

graves of many hundreds of our countrymen, who died during the last war with Russia. The Bosphorus, Propontis, the strait beyond it, called the Hellespont, or Dardanelles, are names full of interest to the scholar and student of history,



Indeed there is no place in the world, except Rome itself, which has seen so much important history acted in it as the spot you look at in the picture. There is now no manner of union between Constantinople and Rome, but the two places were bound up with each other formerly by every tie.

Rome was for many ages the mistress of the world. Its dominions year by year extended, until they at last reached from Scotland on the north to the centre of Africa in the south, and from Spain in the west to India in the east. When the Empire had grown to this amazing size, it was thought the old capital, Rome in Italy, was not sufficiently in the centre of the Roman dominions, and Constantine, who was Emperor at the time, resolved to remove the metropolis to a better position. For this purpose he fixed upon a place called Byzantium, standing on a spot which commanded both the Mediterranean and the Black Seas, was close to Egypt and the African possessions, and was within even a *swim* of Asia, and the road to Persia and India. We do not think there is a finer centre in all the world. The Emperor thought so, and built his new city there, calling it Constantinople, after his own name. In a few years it surpassed Rome itself for the arts, and all the things which generally follow an Emperor's court; such as riches and learning, and, we regret to say, luxury and vice too.

It was about 300 years after the time of Christ that the change took place, and Constantinople lasted as a Christian city for more than 1000 years, until, from its own weakness, it became a prey to a new power, that of the Turks, the chief supporters of the Mahometan religion, who from a small beginning had gradually become a powerful people. They entered Constantinople in the year 1453, took possession of the churches, and placed the Crescent, the Mahometan badge, where the Cross had been before.

There was in Constantinople a magnificent cathedral, called the Church of St. Sophia, which had been built by the Emperor Justinian in the year 502. It was looked upon as the principal church in all Christendom. The interior was entirely of marbles and rare stones worked into beautiful patterns, and its enormous dome was gilded. The Sultan at once commanded that it should be changed into a Mosque, and as such it now remains. Few Christians have since seen the interior; but from all that we can learn, it is much neglected and totally disappointing in the present day.

Our picture shows the domes and minarets of several mosques. The tall minarets, or towers, are used to call the people to prayer. The Turks



A Mosque.

dislike bells, and so, several times a-day, an officer, called a Muezzin, ascends to a gallery, and calls out, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet." Then all the 'faithful,' as they call themselves, within reach of his voice, fall down, and with their faces turned towards Mecca, where Mahomet is buried, repeat a prayer. The smaller picture gives a near view of the outside of one of these mosques.

Modern Constantinople, which the Turks call Stamboul, consists mainly of narrow streets and bazaars, very dirty and unwholesome. As most of the houses are built of wood, and are placed close together, there have been many terrible fires of late years.

Turkey has been for many years in a declining state. The present Sultan, Abdul Aziz, like his predecessor, seems to wish for amendment; but still the kingdom continues to grow more and more feeble, and jealous neighbours regard it with a feeling like that of a vulture hovering over a dying traveller. What will be the result no one can at present foretell; but we know that when a man is very sick, and does not rally, he must die.

B. W.

#### SPEAK KINDLY.

THERE'S many an arrow at random sent,  
Finds aim the archer little meant;  
There's many a word at random spoken,  
May wound or soothe a heart already broken.

Scott.

## BUILDING ON THE SAND.

(Continued from page 100.)



OW Jim had not met Mr. Willis, he had not been by the road at all; he had a sort of instinct that the high-road was dangerous, and he had taken a round-about way through the fields instead. After giving the message, the house-keeper went in again, and for a few minutes Jim paced slowly on, uncertain what to do—a state of mind that was a very common one with poor Jim. As he was about to turn again, he noticed something white, which had caught and fastened on the hedge; the cover, it seemed, of a letter—the Squire's letter, which Mr. Willis had thrown away as he drove off in haste. Almost without a thought Jim put out his hand to it, and seeing only a torn envelope was on the point of casting it away again, when a few words in the Squire's handwriting, which Jim knew, caught his eye, and at the same moment a thin, silvery bit of paper, flickered from the corner, as he opened it to examine the writing, and fell to the ground. The words were, "The enclosed for the relief of the poor sufferers at Frimley Hatch," and the silvery bit of paper which Jim had picked up was a bank-note for five pounds. It had plainly been overlooked by Mr. Willis, and Jim's first thought was to hasten on, and, if possible, overtake the carriage on the long, steep hill, at the foot of which lay the straggling village street and the before-mentioned Green. The dog-cart was even now in sight, slowly beginning to ascend the hill; for, let the case be what it might, it was no hill to get up in a hurry. Jim had no fear of the village or the green now; all would be safe by this time; the race-goers passed by long ago; so Jim started for a race on his own account, but in spite of all his speed, and he was light of foot, he only reached the bottom of the hill in time to see the carriage gain the top, and then go forward at a quick pace. Hot and mortified, Jim stood for a few minutes to take breath, and consider what to do next, when of a sudden a loud halloo gave warning of danger near. To clear the hedge with a bound, and plunge into the thicket on the other side, or to make a rush for the field, was his first thought, but the case was desperate. The enemy was close upon him.

A party of young men, hidden till now by the turns of the road, were just ahead. They waited till Jim came up, one and all taking it for granted that he was bound for the race-course. His holiday appearance was all in keeping; so poor Jim found himself sorely perplexed. To tell the plain truth in a manly, straightforward way, would have saved a great deal of trouble; but this was not Jim's habit, and after a few faint excuses, laughed down as soon as uttered, he was led off in triumph.

"I can have a look at it," thought he, "and be back at five o'clock all the same, and no one the wiser."

The throng gathered on the course that bright

summer's afternoon was a motley one. There were the well-dressed and well-to-do; the tradesman and the farmer, with their smart wives and daughters; a little lower in the scale, the apprentice or the shop-girl, still smart and holiday-like; gentlemen's servants, male and female, in greater numbers than it was well to see, in particular young grooms and jockeys, whose masters, most of them, were probably there too; then there were the working folk of ordinary days—the husband first, and the wife following as best she might, with one child in her arms and half-a-dozen more little ones dragging behind her, baby giving voice loudly, and the rest jostled by the crowd, and hardly knowing whether to be frightened or pleased. Then there were the farm lads and lasses in Sunday best, and that thorough-going holiday look on their faces which said as plain as words, "This is my time, and I mean to make the most of it;" while to help forward the resolution there were the stalls and the shows, the swings and the merry-go-rounds, and the booths, where by-and-bye there would be music and dancing, and tents where they were serving refreshments of all kinds, and to suit all tastes.

This was the appearance—the surface appearance—of things at two o'clock in the afternoon; a few hours later, and they would wear another look than at present in many ways. But there were other things to be seen even now. All of that company were not mere *pleasure-seekers*; there were men and women there who had come, not for "pleasure" but for "profit"—the very dregs and scum of society: the thief and the pickpocket, the gambler and sharper—thieves only under another name. There were the turn-tables and the thimbleries, and gambling in all its forms and shapes went on boldly and without disguise. Many people were present that afternoon who neither joined in these practices nor approved of them, but at any rate they couldn't shut their ears to the profane language and low discourse which filled the air on all sides, and they would have been far wiser not to have been there at all.

No need for us to follow Jim through all the hours of that August day too closely. There were not wanting some who owed him no good-will; his favour with Mr. Willis—a little setting up, as was commonly thought, for extra-steadiness and good character, perhaps made them jealous of him; and in that miserable spirit, which is the very spirit of the Evil One himself, there was something like a plot among them to bring Jim down even below their own level. The present was only too good an opportunity. All Jim's comrades "tried their luck," as they said, in one way or other, when the gambling bait was held out to them so temptingly and in such variety.

In spite of a little loose money burning his pocket, Jim stood firm to his determination to spend nothing in drinking or betting—for the first hour! Then, by little and little, opposition became weaker, and at length—laughed at, grumbled at, sneered at—his resolution fairly gave way. Once in for it, it was easy work to draw him on. He won, and won again, and then lost, till all his money was spent.

"Don't stand still for a shilling or two, Jim," said



one; "I'll lend you, if you're hard up. You were in luck just now; you'll pay it back presently!"

So Jim went on, but still to lose.

By this time his *friends*, either taken up with their own concerns or satisfied to see poor Jim so eagerly going on the road to ruin, had left him to himself. The excitement of the thing had got firm hold of him now; he *must* go on: but *how* was he to do so when money was gone?

Just then the distant clock struck five, the hour of his appointment with Mr. Willis. Did the sound and the remembrance which came with it bring better thoughts? No; Jim was too firmly caught for that: but it brought a thought of another kind—the thought of the bank-note, till now utterly forgotten and lying in his waistcoat-pocket.

As for the appointment, it was clearly too late to keep *that*; and the note,—none knew of it. Mr. Willis had never seen it; the Squire would never question about it, or if he did, who would doubt but that Mr. Willis had thrown it away?—as, indeed, he had—and on such a day how long could a five-pound note be left lying on a hedge by the roadside, or who would expect to find or trace it? Mr. Willis would be no loser, for it was not his: the money would *not* be lost, he should have luck again.

This was Jim's last answer to the voice, not so much of his *conscience* as of his *feelings*, and the note came forth from its hiding-place. It was readily changed, and, where money was changing hands fast, excited no suspicion. Sometimes gaining and oftener losing, in the desperate resolve to win back the five pounds, Jim persevered. Twilight deepened into night, and found him penniless; his money gone, his very clothes pledged! Then, reckless and miserable, he left the course a *thief*. He *was* one, and he knew it: but he felt he must drown *that* thought at any rate; it would drive him mad. So he stopped where he *could* drown it, and he did; and it was late, very late, when, for the first time in his life, Jim went home—a drunkard!

(To be continued.)

### THE STREET-BOYS OF PARIS.



**A**MONG the street-boys of the different cities of Europe, the Paris "gamin" has always held the most prominent place. He is, in fact, no boy, for at ten years old he looks as if he were fifteen, and speaks as if he were five-and-twenty, and knows everything which he ought not to know. He often smokes, drinks, and gambles; and he has many of a man's vices, he generally must labour and work as a man too. Thus many a "gamin" is the support of the household: a sick father, or a widowed mother, with many younger brothers and sisters, live upon what he earns.

How he gets his bread for himself and his family, who can say? For the most part in an honest man-

ner. But he will not be restrained by taking any regular ordinary situation. A good citizen of Paris chose one day a good-looking "gamin" out of the streets, with the praiseworthy intention of making his fortune for him. He so far succeeded, that his *protégé* was made footman, to the Marchioness of Raisiné. The "gamin" soon paraded himself in an elegant livery, in which he had to walk behind his mistress when she left her carriage in order to promenade in the Bois de Boulogne. But what can the finest livery do against the power of nature? On the first day, when the newly-fledged footman had to perform this part of his duty, the Marchioness was much surprised to perceive how the eyes of all the promenaders were directed to her, some with half-concealed laughter, others with looks of anger. What could be the reason? Was it possible that it had anything to do with Hyppolite, who had been so well drilled and exercised how to behave before he made this his first appearance! At last she turned round, and, oh, horror! she beheld that dreadful boy, *her* footman, just making a summer-sault head-over-heels, the last of a series which he had begun at the entrance to the Grand Avenue!

A contrast to the politeness of the "gamin," so hard to be rooted out, is to be found in his sharpness.

"How old are you?" a stranger asked one day of a little fellow who was selling newspapers at the corner of the Boulevards, carefully reckoning up his gains, and giving change with a practised hand.

"Six," was the laconic reply.

"And how long have you been carrying on this business?"

With a roguish look, and bending down to fold his newspapers on the pavement, as if he would show how easy it was for him to attend to two things at once, he answered,—

"How long? Oh, ever since I was a child!"

Had he ever been one?

"Give me the 'Moniteur' of *to-morrow*," one of his companions of about the same age was once asked, by a gentleman who wished to puzzle him.

"I am sorry, Monsieur, that I cannot oblige you, but I sold them all *last week*," replied the boy, who was not so easily to be caught.

The "gamin" of former days has always played an important part in the revolutions for which Paris is so celebrated. The storming of the prison of St. Lazare, and the liberation of all the prisoners in it, one of the most remarkable episodes of the revolution of 1848, was an exploit of the Paris "gamins." A considerable number of these young and self-made soldiers, armed with stones and similar weapons, collected at the doors of the prison and began to attack the sentinels. These gave the alarm: all the soldiers in the building were assembled at this point, and endeavoured to defend the entrance. Meanwhile the sly fellows had formed their plan of operations with great skill: an equally numerous body of "gamins" attacked the other side of the prison at the same time, in a different way. They formed a ladder, and one climbing on the shoulders of the other, in this way they soon got within the walls. The gates were all watched by their companions;



The Gamin.

those who had got in forcibly obtained possession of the keys; the doors were opened one after the other! With the assistance of the prisoners the garrison were completely overcome, and in a short time all the inmates were set at liberty.

It is a well-known fact that the brave regiments of Zouaves are, for the most part, formed of previous "gamins." Who has not heard of Eugène Libaut, an officer of this brave corps, the first who gained the heights of Sebastopol, and planted there the French flag? His general had recognised him, he delivered the French standard into his hands;

and simply said, "Here is the flag—go!" This was enough. Libaut ran out from the battery, and soon carried the whole column with him. Though struck on the head by a heavy stone just as he was reaching the trenches, the undaunted young fellow continued his way up the heights, heedless of the shower of missiles which were directed at him, and successfully reached his goal; and soon the standard of the first division floated over the Malakoff. Eugène Libaut, the hero of the Malakoff, began his life as a Paris "gamin."

J. F. C.

**ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED**, price One Halfpenny each. Parts I. II. III. and IV. for December, January, February, and March, price 3d. each, are now ready.

# Chatterbox.



"The Prince was astonished at the sight of the beautiful nest," by Google



## THE BIRD'S NEST.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Translated from the German.

### CHAPTER I.



NE fine spring morning the Lord of Trenhold, who lived upon a beautiful estate in the country, took his two little boys, Adolph and Wilhelm, into a small wood near his house, and showed them a bird's nest. The pretty little nest, with five young birds, which the old ones were feeding, delighted the children beyond measure.

The father seated himself, with the two boys, upon a stone seat under an old oak, at the end of the wood, where there was a beautiful view of the little valley. "I will tell you a story about a bird's nest," said he; "and I think it will please you, for it took place in this part of the country."

The boys were very impatient to hear the story, and their father began:—

One bright morning in spring, about forty years ago, a poor boy sat under this oak, and took care of his sheep. At the same time he read from a little book, and was so absorbed in his reading that he did not see what was passing around him, but from time to time threw a quick glance at the sheep which were grazing in the flowery meadow.

All of a sudden, as he looked up, he saw before him a beautiful boy in a rich dress. It was the young prince, who was about ten years old. The shepherd-boy did not know him, but thought that he belonged to the forester, who came sometimes to the neighbouring hunting-castle.

"Good morning, sir," said the boy; "can I do anything for you?"

"Tell me," said the prince, "are there any birds' nests in this wood?"

"That is a strange question for a young forester," said the boy: "do you not hear the birds singing? Of course there are nests. Every bird has its nest."

"Then I dare say you know where there is one?" said the prince, familiarly.

"Oh, yes, a beautiful nest!" said the boy. "The most beautiful I ever saw. It is neatly woven with yellow straw, and covered with the softest moss. And there are five little eggs inside, almost as blue as the sky that you see through the oak-leaves."

"That is charming!" said the prince. "Come and show me this nest. I am quite impatient to see it."

"That I can well believe," said the boy; "but I must not show it you."

The prince's governor, whom the boy had not before noticed, then came forward, and said,—

"Do not be uncivil, my lad; this young gentleman has never in his life seen a bird's nest, and has long wished to see one. Give him this pleasure, and take him to it; he will not touch it, he will only look at it."

The boy stood up, but shook his head, and said,—

"I am sorry; but I must not show the bird's nest."

"That is unkind," said the governor; "it ought to please you to give pleasure to another, particularly to our young prince."

"Is the young gentleman the prince?" cried the boy, taking off his hat. "I am proud to see the prince; but I cannot show the nest, even if it were to the duke himself."

"Tell me why you cannot," said the governor. "If you really have a good reason, it would be better to say it."

"Indeed, I have a good reason," said the boy. "My friend Michel, who keeps goats up on the mountain, showed me the nest, and made me promise not to betray it to any one."

"That is quite another thing," said the governor. But wishing to test still further the honesty of the boy, he took out a purse and said, "Do you see these pieces of gold? they shall be yours if you will show us the nest: you need not say anything to Michel."

"No, no," said the boy, "that would be dishonest, and that I will never be, whether Michel knows it or not. What would it matter to me if the whole world did not know it, if I myself and God above knew that I was dishonest?"

"Perhaps you do not know how much the gold is worth, and how many things it will buy?" said the governor.

"Yes, I do," answered the boy; "and certainly my poor father would be very pleased if I took home so much money." He considered a little, then cried out hastily, "No; go away from me! do not tempt me! I gave my hand to Michel not to betray the nest, and I will keep my word."

"That is enough," said the governor. "You are a good, honest boy, and have kept your word well. Now go and ask your friend for permission, and then come and show us the nest. You can share the reward with him."

"That I will," said the boy. "This evening I will bring back the answer."

The governor then went back with the prince to the hunting-castle, where they had come to pass the spring.

"The honesty of the boy," said the governor on the way, "is really wonderful. It is a precious jewel that can never be too highly prized. The boy has the foundation of a great character. So we may sometimes find in a cottage virtues which we may vainly seek in a palace."

The governor made further inquiries about the boy, and learned that he was the son of a poor rake-maker, an honest and good man, and was called George.

In the afternoon, when the prince's lessons were over, they went again to the wood. The little boy sprang joyfully to meet them. "It is all right with Michel," said he: "I can now show you the nest if you will come with me."

George ran forward to the wood, while the prince and his governor followed. "Do you see that little yellow bird who is singing upon the alder-tree?" said he to the prince; "he is the male bird, and belongs to the nest, so we must go gently."

Then they reached a whitethorn, whose sweet-scented blossoms were illumined by the setting sun.

George pointed with his finger into the bush, and whispered, "Look in there, prince—the mother-bird is sitting upon the eggs;" but as he spoke she flew away, and the prince was astonished at the sight of the beautiful nest and the pretty little eggs. The governor then gave the boy the promised reward, which he shared with Michel, and carried his own part home to his father.

## CHAPTER II.

The prince came every day to the wood to look at the bird's nest, and often met the shepherd-boy. The governor was pleased to see that he always had his book with him, and read diligently.

"You use your time well, my boy," said he. "Where did you go to school?"

"Ah," said George, "I have never been to any school. It is too far, and father could not spare me; but my friend Michel taught me my letters, and lent me this book: but it is now so dirty that it is quite difficult to read from it."

The next time the prince met the shepherd-boy he showed him a new book. "I will lend this to you," said he, "and as soon as you can read a page without any mistake I will give it you."

The boy was delighted, and handled it with the tips of his fingers, as carefully as if it had been a spider's web. In a few days he came and said, "I can read any part you like in the first six pages." The prince pointed to a place, which George read without stumbling, and to his great delight he received the book for his own.

One morning the duke, the prince's father, came unexpectedly to the hunting-castle, attended by a single servant. He wished to see how the prince was, and what progress he was making in his studies. At dinner the prince told his father the story of the beautiful bird's nest, and the honest shepherd-boy, to which the duke listened with great interest; and after dinner he took the governor aside, and talked with him some time alone. Then he ordered the shepherd-boy to be called. George came, and was very much surprised to see the noble-looking man, with a star on his breast. The governor told the boy who the gentleman was, and George bowed almost to the ground.

"Come here, little boy," said the duke, kindly. "I hear you are fond of reading. Would you like to study?"

"Indeed I should," said George; "but my father is too poor to spare me."

"Now, listen," said the duke. "I will try whether we cannot make a scholar of you. The prince's governor has a friend, a clergyman, who takes industrious boys into his house to educate. I will recommend you to him, and undertake to pay all the expenses. How does this proposal please you?"

The duke expected that the boy would accept this offer with the greatest delight, but after a momentary expression of joy a look of melancholy came over his face, and he was silent.

"What is it?" said the duke; "you look more ready to cry than laugh: what is the matter?"

"Ah!" said George, "my father needs all that I can earn for him; he is so very poor."

"You are a good boy," said the duke, kindly: "this filial love is more valuable than the most costly pearls in my treasury. Whatever your father loses I will make up to him; will that satisfy you?"

The boy was almost beside himself with delight. He kissed the duke's hand, and thanked him with tears of gratitude; then hastened away to tell the good news to his father. Soon the father and son came back, but could hardly find words to express their thanks for such great kindness.

At this part of the story the Lord of Trenhold was silent, and the boys saw that tears stood in his eyes.

"Surely," said Adolph, "the story is not finished! What became of the good shepherd-boy?"

"My dear children," said the father, "that shepherd-boy was—myself! When I had finished my studies the noble duke took me into his service, and because he was satisfied with my fidelity he gave me the name of Trenhold. He died ten years ago, but his memory will never die. My gratitude and the gratitude of the whole country will follow him throughout eternity."

"The little prince whom I saw for the first time under this oak is now our gracious duke."

"The curate of our parish church, who so dearly loves you and who instructs you in religious duties, was the prince's governor."

"My blessed father, whom I took to live with me, and whose old age was spent in great peace and happiness, is also passed into heaven. He had great love for you, my children, though you can perhaps scarcely remember the good, pious old man."

"The honest farmer upon our estate is that same Michel who once kept goats upon the mountain, and was my first teacher."

"God has so prospered me that I have been able to buy this estate, upon which I was once a poor boy and kept sheep; and it is now my own property."

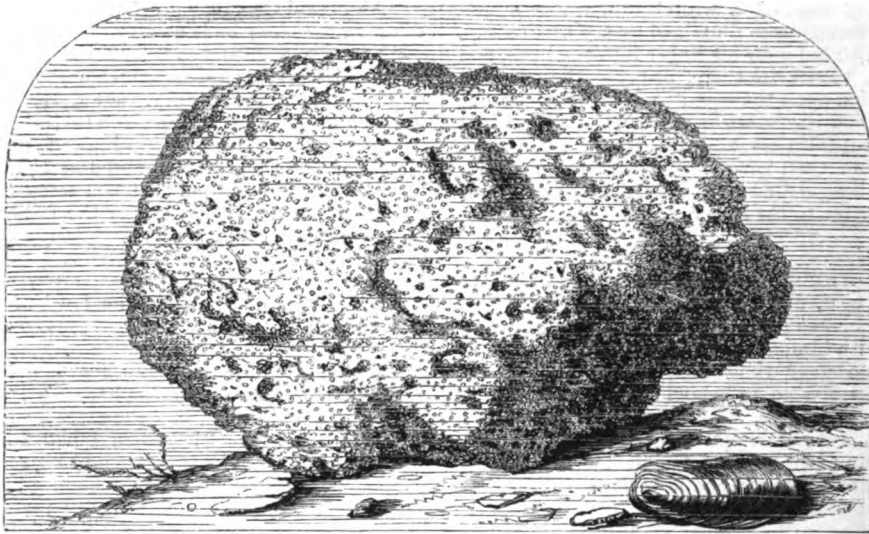
"Well," said the little Wilhelm, "the bird's nest did, indeed, do wonderful things!"

"No," said Adolph, the elder; "it was father's honesty and industry which raised him from a shepherd to be the owner of this estate."

"To God be all the praise," said the father, "and not to me. How could I, the poorest boy in the country, have prospered so in my own strength? God so ordained it. He made the bird's nest the means of making me known to the young prince, and blessed my honesty and industry so wonderfully. Use the talents which God has given you, my dear boys. Learn diligently; be always honest and true; and above all, trust in God, and seek His help in all things. So will He direct your ways, and richly bless your industry and faithfulness."

The two boys trod in the footsteps of their father, and grew up noble, conscientious men. Adolph became a member of the government, and Wilhelm an officer, and both were universally esteemed for their intelligence and high character. They were the joy of their father, and the support and crown of his old age.

Y. Z.



A Sponge at the bottom of the Sea.

### DIVING FOR SPONGES.

**T**HE eastern coast of the Island of Crete is celebrated for its excellent sponges. These are brought to light from the bottom of the sea with very great labour, for the sponge generally grows at a depth of about forty fathoms below the surface of the sea. The diver can only reach the bottom if he is heavily weighted, and when there the mass of water pressing on his body almost takes away his breath.

The diver sets to work as follows:—He first undresses in the boat and ties a heavy block of marble, which weighs about 25 lbs., with a cord round his body. He then draws a long deep breath, in order to fill his lungs with as much air as possible. No one dares to speak to him and to disturb him. He then utters a short prayer, throws his marble block into the sea, jumps after it, and as soon as he reaches the bottom places the stone under his arm, in order to keep himself down in the water; then he goes to his business. He loosens the sponges from the rocks and packs them hastily into a net which he has hanging round his neck. He communicates with his comrades above by means of a rope fastened round his body: at the first sign which he gives with this, they pull him up as quickly as possible with his load, for his life hangs on only a few seconds. At last the poor fellow, completely exhausted, reaches the open air and breathes anew. The tone of the human voice is said to revive him wonderfully when, destitute of all human warmth, he returns from the bosom of the sea. Often, indeed, he never comes back again; for, in spite of all the caution used, he is not unfrequently seized by a shark and devoured.

The eastern coast of Crete reckons some 80 to 100 fishing-boats, wholly employed in getting sponges, each of which is manned with from seven to eight divers. These poor men lead a hard and miserable life, whilst their masters often make large fortunes out of them. They sometimes increase their gains in a most dishonest manner; for they pour sand into the sponges, which adds to their weight, and, as they are sold by weight, the dealers get a higher price for them than they are worth.

J. F. C.

### BUILDING ON THE SAND.

(Continued from page 167.)



**H**ERE is no knowing how far into the next day Jim might have slept the heavy sleep into which he sank after that miserable night if he had had the chance; but it was still early, though the sun shone bright, when his landlady, standing by his bedside, after several vain attempts succeeded at last in rousing him.

"Jim," she said, "be awake, man! I've got something to tell you."

As Jim slowly woke, a dull sense of something amiss, though he could not tell what, oppressed him; but at these words he started up in his bed with a wild look of blank display: the race-course, the five-pound note, all the miserable doings of yesterday, were before him in a moment. What might he not have said? Might he not have betrayed the secret he had most of all need to keep?

"Don't look so scared, Jim—it's no bad news, only you must be *yourself* again," she said, with a meaning which Jim did not half like. "A man has been over





"Don't look so scared, Jim!"

here while you were out yesterday wanting hands for this new branch line as they call it. They're pressed for time, he said, and must set on more force. They give good pay; but it's navvies' work, and they must have strong hands for it; and he'd been to the farmers round to inquire, and so he came upon your master, Farmer Dickson, and he named you; and he said he was going against himself, for he'd no mind to part, but he wouldn't stand in your light, for it would, maybe, help you on; and he was to tell you so, and that you were free to go, and he wouldn't feel himself anyways displeased: and so the man left word about it all, and if you agreed you

were to go to-day to Blenckley, and it mustn't be later than seven o'clock to be there; and you were to look round at Farmer Dickson's for the rest of your wages."

"Seven o'clock!" cried Jim; "why didn't you tell it me all last night?"

"Tell you last night!" answered his landlady: "you were in no state for telling anything to then. Jim, my lad," she added gravely, "it's the first time ever I saw you like that; take care it's the last. I'm afraid they're a rough lot where you're going, for I suppose you'll go; but there's good as well as bad, I dare say, and you've no call to follow the bad ones."

Mrs. Watson was a good-natured, well-meaning woman, though without much knowledge or education, and the look of shame on Jim's face as he muttered some sort of confused excuse, but cuded, "he *must* go—it was a good chance," made her say kindly,—

"Well, I'll see about getting your breakfast ready while you put your bits of things together, and you'll be all in good time yet;" and with this she left the room.

To Jim it all came like a Godsend, setting aside the heavy burden upon his mind of the five-pound note. To one of his disposition, the mere meeting with Mr. Willis, and the necessary explanations, were what he would not have encountered for a great deal; and this piece of "good luck," as he thought it, brought him out of the scrape at once. The early hour was quite reason enough for not going himself to the Parsonage, and it was easy to persuade Mrs. Watson to put the best face on the matter, and undertake the leaving a message, not very precise or exact, about a sudden call to some work several miles off; and of course *she* would not be expected to account for the thing further.

Jim was soon off, and in an hour's time he had left behind him the well-known street, and the village green, and all the familiar haunts of his boyish days; but what Jim could *not* leave behind him was a bad conscience and a very heavy heart. To do him justice there was one thought uppermost in his mind, and, perhaps it was rather *too* much of a salve to his conscience—the thought of how, with higher wages, the five pound might be repaid.

Several months had gone by since Jim left the neighbourhood; meanwhile Mr. Willis had not been unmindful of him. On that August afternoon, after giving such aid, both to body and soul, as lay in his power to the poor sufferer, he had returned to the Parsonage when it was still early, and was more sorry than surprised when five o'clock came and passed bringing no signs of Jim. The message next morning was a fresh disappointment. Finding, however, from his former landlady, that Jim's work lay at no great distance, Mr. Willis fully expected that he would contrive a meeting at any rate before removing further; but as time went on and no Jim appeared, the belief gained ground that he fought shy of his old friend, and Mr. Willis had no doubt but that to one of his temper the mere dread of being called to account for his non-appearance would prove reason sufficient for keeping aloof. He felt satisfied that his resolution had given way, very likely under pressure of persuasion from without, and he marked with an uneasy feeling this fresh proof of the weakness of the young man's character; but he had not had a moment's misgiving about him on any other score; nor had he in any way connected him with the missing note, for it *had* been missed—so far, at least, as this, that on applying to the Squire for help for the poor patient, Mr. Willis heard of the five pound already sent. But the matter was soon set at rest. It was clear that Mr. Willis had thrown away the bank-note along with the cover;

that *somebody* had made it their property was clear also; but the impossibility of tracing it, and of discovering that *somebody* on that particular day, was no less clear. More aid was given at once, and thus the affair ended.

At length Mr. Willis determined to seek Jim out himself; but on calling at his former landlady's for more precise directions as to his new place of work, he was mortified to find that, by tidings received a few weeks before, the gang to which Jim belonged had removed to a distant part of the country, and of his present whereabouts nothing was known. Hopeless of any more news of him, Mr. Willis could only commend him to God's care and keeping, and had ceased to inquire further. We, however, will follow Jim to Blenckley.

The line was to be completed by a fixed date, and too short a time was named by the contract entered into. Jim therefore found himself in for hard work. The scant half-hour allowed for dinner-time; the night-work, often not without danger; the Sunday, the labouring man's *one* day of rest, taken from him; in the constant companionship of men whose pride in their own eyes, and value in their employers', was their great bodily strength—men wild and reckless in spirit as they were strong in body, earning plentifully and spending freely; it was not much wonder if he readily fell in with the habits of those about him—in the wrong sense instead of the right one, "taking no thought for the morrow;" living an *animal* life of toil and labour on the one hand, and sensual indulgence on the other.

Since Jim joined it, the gang had removed from place to place, each move as it happened taking Jim farther and farther from his old home, and he was glad of it. He felt more at his ease when he was at a distance from his native village, and beyond the reach of Mr. Willis. Yet Jim had no cause to feel shy of his home. His name was remembered with kindness, and his fair fame for the most part stood as fair as ever. If his unstable character had made him fail in winning *respect*, he was still liked and spoken of as a pleasant fellow, and those who had envied him were more disposed to speak favourably of him now that he was out of the way. The trifling sum lent him by his mate on that unhappy race-day he had honestly repaid on the morning of his departure for Blenckley, out of the wages which he took by the way; and as to the five-pound note, two people only had ever known of it, and by them it was long since forgotten. But "conscience does make cowards of us all."

Again and again Jim had renewed his intention of paying back the said note, but as often a confused feeling that to stir up a matter which seemed to sleep so soundly might bring him into trouble, that it was *safer* to let it rest, kept him from fulfilling it; to restore the money without an explanation was beyond Jim's management, and to make full confession according to *his* reasoning was dangerous: besides, what with extravagant eating as well as drinking, five-pound notes were not plentiful. At any rate, to leave the whole affair alone was much the easiest course, and there was a way of drowning unpleasant thoughts which

was fast becoming to Jim only too easy : but one thing, with many others, Jim neither remembered or bargained for—the fact that there is no drowning our misdeeds themselves, though we may drown the memory of them, and that, let us try as we may to put them out of sight and out of mind, if unrepented of and unforgiven there they are still, ready to stand up and appear against us to our shame and confusion.

The short days and the long nights of winter had passed, and spring with its blossoms brightened the earth again ; but it was the spring of a year which brought a deadly blight on many a home and many a heart—the spring of 1855. War was waging in the Crimea, and England was sending out her best and bravest to the fight. The cry was already sounding through the land for men of strength of arm and hand to labour at the works before Sebastopol, and the answer to this call was the gathering together of that body of men, amounting, from first to last, to nearly 4000, known as the Army Works Corps. The first draft consisted of railway men only, sent out to make themselves generally useful in all works connected with the army in the Crimea which could be performed by hand labour. Afterwards artificers, such as smiths, stonemasons, and others, went in larger numbers than the labourers. The first ship-load left early in July, the last in December. The men assembled daily to be chosen at the office of the Crystal Palace. There was a long delay in the embarkation of this first detachment, and they remained meanwhile in the neighbourhood. Many of them had formerly been employed upon the building. It was by God's good providence that it was so ; for, during that time, every effort that loving Christian hearts could make for the good of these men was made. They were accustomed to be valued by their employers for their strength, just as the ox or the horse is valued by his master ; but to be welcomed as friends ; to be treated, not as untamed animals, or as so many "hands," but as men with "souls:" this was something very new to them, and the endeavour to gain these "souls" for God and heaven was, in many cases, not made in vain. But Jim was not of this number. When first the call was given, with his "gang," he was employed on some important repairs going forward on one of the principal lines of railway. The job was a lengthy one, and "the first battalion," as it was afterwards named, had already sailed, and spring had passed into summer before it was finished. Still candidates for admission to the corps continued to arrive each morning, from all parts of the country ; and a singular company they were. They were advertised for at the first for strength only—strength of sinew and muscle—and the supply well answered to the demand ; and now it was that Jim, with some four hundred more, presented himself, and was accepted. There was no delay this time. An immediate summons came for the removal of the men to Blackwall, where the ships lay at anchor until they were ready to start. In times past, Jim had had opportunities for good,

and he had sinned against them ; it may be that, in just punishment, further opportunity was now withheld.

A few days more, and Jim had left behind him the shores of Old England.

(Concluded in our next.)

### LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

WHAT says little Chatterbox ?

She who hath the golden locks,  
She who hath the bright blue eyes  
Opened wide, as in surprise  
That there should be any, who  
Take from her a different view  
Of the world, so fair and bright,  
Beautiful by day, by night,  
Just the place for silence deep,  
Gentle, calm, and peaceful sleep.

What says little Chatterbox,  
When she shakes her golden locks,  
When she opens her round bright eyes,  
Tries to look exceedingly wise,  
And admonishes her doll,  
Chides that noisy, screaming Poll,  
Talks to pretty Puss, who purrs  
Louder at each word of hers,  
All imperfect though it be,—  
Toddling Chatterer, what says she ?

Why, she says, or means to say,—  
"All things here are bright and gay,  
Beautiful, and good, and kind ;  
Where can gloom or sorrow find  
Resting-place upon the earth ?  
Music's everywhere, and mirth ;  
Birds are singing, flowers are springing,  
Merry peals of laughter ringing  
In my ears where'er I go.  
I would ever have it so.

"Loving looks for morning meeting,  
Loving words for noonday greeting,  
Prayers and blessings, when my head  
Down I lay upon my bed ;  
Kisses showered upon my cheek  
By lips that warm affection speak ;  
Ears that listen for each sound  
Wherein danger may be found ;  
Hearts that thrill to hear my cry,  
Hands outstretched when danger's nigh."

Ah, my little Chatterbox !  
Shake again your golden locks,  
Open wide your bright blue eyes ;  
Infancy is wondrous wise,  
Trustful, loving, knowing nought  
Of the evil sin hath wrought ;  
Fearless, innocent, and free,  
Perils in thy path may be,  
But the Guide, the Guard is there ;—  
Would that I thy trust may share !

H. G. ADAMS.





Little Chatterbox.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED, price One Halfpenny each. Parts I. II. III. and IV. for December, January, February, and March, price 3d. each, are now ready.



# Chatterbox.



## I'LL DO AS FATHER DOES.



FATHER' is commonly a boy's chief hero. A little child believes its father to be the most wonderful person in the world. It thinks its father can do everything, and that everything he does is right.

If you notice even little boys you will see that, often without trying to do so, they copy their father's way of talking and walking; and so our small friend in the picture is only doing what thousands of other small boys have done, as he tries on his father's hat and gloves in the hall, and puts his father's umbrella under his arm and 'makes believe' to walk down to the office as his father does, almost every week-day morning.

Happy are the boys who have a good and wise father to copy in matters more weighty than dress and manner of walking.

A gentleman once took his son with him to a public dinner. Soon the waiter came round with wine and beer, and asked the boy what he would take to drink. The little fellow did not know what he ought to say, but he blushed and said the very best thing he could say, "I'll take what father takes."

His father heard his words, and felt that if he took wine or beer his boy would follow his example, and being wise enough to know that such drinks are the ruin of thousands of boys as well as men, he resolved in a moment that his son should not be led into temptation by him. So when the waiter came to him and asked him what he would take to drink, he answered at once, "Nothing but water, thank you."

Oh! that all fathers would remember that as they do, so their children will do—that quick little eyes look at their actions, and sharp little ears listen to their words, and get their first and most lasting lessons from what they see in their parents or hear from their lips, and that often they are learning these lessons when their parents think them too young to notice anything at all.

The Bible says that 'the words of the wise are nails' (Eccl. xii. 11.), and we may add, that their examples are as hammers to fix their words in the hearts of those who hear them.

## ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

COLERIDGE.

Do you ask what the Birds say? The sparrow, the dove, The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!" In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong; What it says, I don't know; but it sings a loud song. But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather, And singing, and loving,—all come back together. But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love, The green fields below him, the blue sky above,— That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he— "I love my love, and my love he loves me."

## THE BROTHERS.

A TALE FOR BOYS.



PHILIP THORNTON and his brother Arthur lived near the sea. Their home was almost hidden by the trees of an old-fashioned garden, filled with strange little walks and flower-beds, with here and there rustic seats made of the crooked branches of oak-trees, and which were not the less pleasant because their coolness and delightful shade in the hot summer-time came from branches laden with tempting fruit. If you could have seen the roses of that old garden you would never have forgotten them; and then the scent was so delicious as it floated on the wind mingled with the sweet

breath of mignonettes. The house itself was quite as old-fashioned as the garden, and quite as pleasant in the estimation of the two brothers. One room especially they loved very much—the library, with its walls covered with books. There were books on the table, books on the stands, in the old-fashioned window-seats, and in every nook and corner. But it was not the books alone that made the room so very dear to them. They loved it because here their father used to teach them; here he told them tales of great and good men who have lived, worked, and died; here he tried to lead them on by the force of great examples to be noble and honourable in all their thoughts and actions. Philip, who was thirteen years of age, knew that he had been named after Sir Philip Sidney; and his father had often told him that Sir Philip lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about three hundred years ago; that he was a great man, not because he was rich in money or lands, not because he rode on a fine horse, or had servants to wait upon him, but because his character was such that all who knew him then loved and admired him, and all who have heard of him since have done the same; that he was gentle, and yet full of manly daring and courage; that he was truthful, upright, and honourable, though in his position as a courtier he had many temptations to be otherwise; that he was learned, and wrote poetry, which when they were older perhaps they might read. Their father told them that he was so much respected and beloved that it is said the people of one of the countries of Europe wanted to make him their king, but he refused. He had often told them the beautiful but sad story of his death at the battle of Zutphen, in Holland, where he had gone to fight for his queen and country; that after fighting very bravely, and having his horse shot under him, he was wounded by a musket-ball, and had to be carried from the field; that as he passed along the ranks under the hot September sun the thirst he suffered from bleeding so much was almost unbearable. They knew—for their father had told them—that thirst is the greatest pain the poor wounded soldiers have to bear. He had further told them how, as



they carried him, a soldier brought Sir Philip some water in a bottle, and that just as he was about to raise the cool, delicious draught to his lips, he saw another wounded man raise his eyes wistfully towards it, and that in a moment Sir Philip Sidney put the bottle back without tasting it, and gave it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." They knew that he never recovered from this wound, but that after suffering much he died far away from his country which he loved so well, and for which he had lived and died so nobly; and that when the English people heard of his death they wept and mourned for him many days; and well they might, for he was, in every sense of the words, a true and noble Englishman. All this, and much more about him, Philip had often heard from his father, and he was filled with a resolution to try never to do anything unworthy of his name, but to live a life as pure, as honourable, as brave in its humble way, as that of his great namesake; for his father had in his lessons to both the boys impressed upon them that

"Small service is great service while it lasts;

Of deeds the humblest scorn not one;

The daisy by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun."

Philip and Arthur had no mother; she had died eleven years ago, when Arthur was six weeks old. Their father often talked of her, and tried to lead them upward and onward by her unseen influence, till she, though dead, yet seemed to speak, and form a part of their happy household. The boys had been brought up by their aunt, an unmarried sister of their father's, who kept his house. She was well fitted to take their mother's place, and the boys loved her dearly.

Philip was tall and strong, and health shone on his cheek, and lightened up his fearless eye. Arthur was smaller, slighter, more delicate, perhaps more affectionate than his brother. They had no sister, and that was a want they sometimes greatly felt. They envied the boys they saw walking home from school with their sisters by their sides, or perhaps running to meet them. Sometimes a party of brothers and sisters went to gather shells upon the shore, or sailed in a little boat upon the sea; and when Philip and Arthur saw them, they longed for a sister to join them in their rambles, to be taken care of, and loved. Perhaps if they had known that sisters can sometimes be disobliging and unamiable even to the kindest of brothers, they might not have wished one so very much.

Arthur to Philip, in some degree, took the place of a sister, for it was his delight to follow him over the rocks on the sea-shore, to listen to his tales of daring, and when the path grew narrow and slippery, to watch with beating heart his fearless brother climb to heights where he dared not go. But oh! how he loved him the while! To Arthur there was no one in the world like Philip. Both were fond of bathing, and both could swim; but when the waves grew cold and boisterous, they made Arthur pale and sick, whilst Philip rejoiced in their stormy play, and his ringing laughter mingled pleasantly with the dashing of the waves

upon the shore. Many a long summer holiday they spent, scaling the cliffs for sea-birds' eggs—of which they had quite a collection—peering into and exploring caves with slimy roof and walls, and strange hollow echoes. Sometimes they sat upon the rocks and watched the distant ships, with their white wings spread in the sunshine. Then Philip would tell his brother of the wondrous lands beyond the sea, of great deeds done in bygone times, and of what he would do when he became a man; and Arthur would listen with ever-growing love and admiration for his brother. They often stopped their talk that they might go and have a bathe in the tempting, sunny sea; but it was generally begun again in their walk home, when the lengthening shadows told them that their aunt and father were waiting their return. They knew that their aunt had risen many times with her knitting in her hands, and gone to the garden-gate to catch the first glimpse of her boys upon the road. Then in the pleasant fire-light after tea, the day's adventures were recounted, and the loving father and aunt joined in the happy chat, and by-and-bye the boys retired to rest. Nothing could be more delightful than the room in which these two boys slept, with its carpeted floor, its snow-white curtains, and the pictures upon its walls; and then its outlook over the quaint old garden and the sounding sea, which often lulled them to sleep by its booming roll upon the beach. When they opened their window in the morning, the odour from many flowers seemed to bid them a pleasant "good morrow," and the voice of the sea to call them to wander upon its shore. But the sea was not always smooth and smiling; sometimes it was dull and dark, and great waves rose and sank upon its surface that made even Philip afraid.

"My boys," said Mr. Thornton one evening. "I want you to go with a parcel of books to Mr. Hargreaves' to-morrow: it will be a pleasant walk for you over the fields; and if you do it leisurely, I do not think the distance will be too great for you"—he said, turning to Arthur.

"Oh, I am sure I can do it," answered Arthur, "though I was tired the last time we went—that is nearly twelve months since—and I am a great deal taller and stronger than I was then."

"Very well, then; you had better start the first thing after dinner, and then you will be at home again before dark," said Mr. Thornton.

The next day was fine, and the earth was beautiful in her new spring dress. The boys went briskly on, now chasing a butterfly, now turning aside to gather a fern or a flower, or now and then standing by a stream to watch the minnows at play in shallows. They thoroughly enjoyed their walk, and a great part of the way was beguiled by pleasant talk, such as boys love. At last Philip said,—

"I say, Arthur, we'll go home through the wood, and then we can gather some hart's-tongue for my rockery; it's a good time now to get it, and I have been wanting some for ever so long."

"I am afraid I cannot go so far round," answered Arthur, "for my legs ache already, and father says the wood takes us two miles out of the way."

(To be continued.)





## THE THRUSH.

**H**ARK, how the air rings!  
'Tis the mavis sings,  
And merrily, merrily, sounds her voice,  
Calling on valleys and hills to rejoice:

For winter is past,  
And the stormy blast  
Is hastening away to the north at last.





### THE SPRING FLOWER-SELLER.

**VIOLETS**, violets!—here, see, I bring  
 Primroses, wet from the woods of the Spring;  
 Lilies, the whitest that silver our valleys;  
 Come out from your courts—from the gloom of  
 your alleys—  
 Buy my flowers!

Here's pleasure a selling!—my blossoms come buy—  
 Cheap enough for the low, choice enough for the  
 high—  
 Buy my flowers!

Come make your close rooms and your dark win-  
 dows gay,  
 With thoughts of their dwellings on banks far away;  
 And the hours of work, long so sluggish for many a  
 day,

Through the thoughts that they bring, shall trip  
 lightly away—  
 Buy my flowers!

And into the heart of the city they'll bring  
 The country, the meadows, the woodlands, and  
 spring!  
 Pleasant hours you spent in the green fields long  
 ago,  
 On stiles that you loved, and in lanes well you know.  
 Come and buy!

The poorest may buy them, the richest they'll  
 please—  
 There's ne'er a one sells brighter blossoms than  
 these—  
 There's ne'er a one sells such sweet flowers as I—  
 Buy my flowers!

C. H. BENNETT.



## STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH A SEAL.

A LONG time ago, writes a German sailor, I had a comrade on board, a jolly, good-tempered fellow, who was a great favourite with everybody. His whole life had been one of adventure and misfortunes. On nights, when we were keeping watch together, he used to tell me some of his adventures with so much humour that I went into fits of laughter. When he was on board with us his ill-fortune did not forsake him, and several times he seemed to escape death almost by a miracle. I remember once, when he was bathing during a calm in the Pacific Ocean contrary to orders, he was suddenly terrified by the appearance of the captain, and he clambered up on board out of the water. Not five seconds after his feet were above the sea, the head of a huge shark appeared in that very spot. Another time, during a hunting party in Java, he was only saved from drowning in a swamp, through which he had persisted in wading to shorten the way, by a rope being thrown out to him. In consequence of this muddy bath, and the fright he had experienced, he fell sick, and had to be taken to the hospital of Batavia. When, a few days after, we inquired how he was, we were informed that he was dead. We were much shocked at this so sudden death of a favourite comrade, and determined the next Sunday to visit his grave to plant a cross on it. But when we went to the hospital with our sorrowful burden he met us, completely cured. The day after his arrival he had been placed in a different bed, and the occupant of the former bed had since died. We had, as was the custom there, asked for our friend by his hospital number, and not by his name, and thus the mistake had arisen.

Once my comrade was on board the *Young Conrad* of Glückstadt, which sailed to Greenland to capture seals. All the boats, except one, were several miles away from the ship catching seals, when a cry from the look-out on the main-top announced, "A whale! a whale! close by." Soon the agitation in the sea, and a spout of water in the air, marked the approach of the giant. The harpooners were all away, so the captain himself sprang into the last boat; and after it was manned, only my friend Adolph, the cook, and the man on the look-out, remained behind on board. The first two were to lower the boat and its crew into the water. But Adolph was so excited that he did not take the necessary precautions. The rope round the pulley slid through his hand, and he let it fall, so that the stern of the boat suddenly dashed into the water; the boat itself was broken in pieces, and the men with great difficulty saved themselves on an iceberg, where they were almost frozen before the boats on their return came to fetch them.

Some time after, an ice-field, with thousands of seals on it, was discovered. All available boats were sent thither, and Adolph had to go too, this time. Seals are killed by a blow struck on their noses, and this plan succeeds when they are young. But the old ones are much too sly, though they are often killed in their endeavours to save their young.

Adolph's duty consisted in dragging the dead seals to the edge of the ice to the boats. For this purpose he was provided with a cudgel, at the lower end of which was a hook, while on the upper end was a sling; the hook was struck into the seal, while the sling was fastened round his waist, and in this way the animal was dragged off the ice.

Adolph had already done his utmost, and collected together a whole heap of seals. He had just struck his hook again into the tail of one of the largest of the seals, when suddenly it awoke, for it had been only stunned by the blow, came to life again, and took Adolph in tow, instead of his towing it! Great was the terror of the poor lad, so little prepared for such a sudden change of circumstances. In vain he tried to resist; the seal was much stronger than he was. He sat down, that he might be able to stop more easily. But all was of no avail. The seal dragged him on quicker and quicker over the smooth ice. He could not free himself from the rope, it was too tight round him. His shrieks of terror filled the air and summoned his comrades to the spot. A general chase began, and they tried to cut off the seal's retreat, but in vain. The fugitive had got too good a start, and was making the greatest exertions to reach the border of the ice and get into the water.

Shorter and shorter grew the distance between Adolph, harnessed to the seal, and the open water; there were now only a few hundred yards, before Adolph's fate would be sealed. His comrades ran after him with all haste to rescue him; when, suddenly, both he and the seal disappeared. A horrible dread rooted the sailors to the spot—they thought it was too late. Suddenly, however, they heard a piteous cry, and all rushed forwards to the place whence it proceeded. There lay Adolph in a great crack in the ice, at anchor. This crack had crossed the seal's path, so it had suddenly turned aside, because here it saw its place of safety. Adolph was dragged in after it, so that he almost lost the sense of sight and hearing; but thanks to his fat body, and still more to his thick Greenland clothing, he could not go through with his companion. When his comrades had delivered him from his danger they could not help joining in a hearty laugh, but Adolph thanked God for his preservation, and determined never to join a Greenland expedition again.

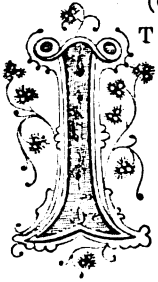
J. F. C.

## A SEWED-UP MOUTH.

IT is said that in the country of Siam, if any one is found guilty of lying, the law condemns him to have his mouth sewed up! A sad punishment, truly. Now supposing that everybody who told a lie in this country was sure to have his mouth sewed up with an invisible thread by an invisible needle, how many open mouths should we see in the streets? I wonder how many boys and girls who read this would have sewed-up mouths! Let those who have never told a lie cleave to their love of truth. Let those who have, repent, and do so no more. Let all remember that "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are His delight."—*Prov. xii. 22.*

## BUILDING ON THE SAND.

(Concluded from page 175.)



T was a dark and dreary night, though only the first week of September, and the wind swept gustily across the Crimea. For the moment all was quiet; a heavy cannonade had called under arms a strong party of the advanced post of the British forces before Sebastopol, but it proved to be an attack made by the French on a Russian fort, and again all was still. In the silence and the darkness a solitary figure moved slowly and cautiously, under cover of the rampart. Our losses in the trenches had of late been severe, and here, lest any should lie needing help for soul or body in their last agony, unheeding his own danger, one of our faithful band of chaplains sought out the wounded and the dying, to minister to them in his Master's name. A sudden gleam of light, as the night-wind parted the clouds, showed him the dark outline of a man's form, stretched almost at his feet. He had been struck down, as he entered the trench, by a ball from one of the enemy's batteries. At the moment a young surgeon came up to the spot.

"He is past *my* art, poor fellow! perhaps *yours* may do something for him," he said to the chaplain; and he was passing on, but seeing the clergyman about gently to raise him, for he lay with his face to the ground, he turned round to explain that, from the nature of the wound, every change of position would be an increase of suffering. "Let him be," he said, "his moments are numbered; he cannot take notice of you now, but he will rouse again before the end, if you can watch by him. It won't be long. It's a pity, for he is a fine young fellow, too." And he turned away to give aid where it could better avail; and the chaplain was left alone with the dying man. Mindful of the surgeon's words, he made no attempt to change the seemingly uncomfortable posture, but, kneeling down beside him waiting for the moment the surgeon had foretold when the torch should flicker up before the last going out, he prayed. Now and then, in the earnestness of prayer, he spoke half aloud, and each time as he did so the wounded man moved uneasily. But for this, and the assurance of the surgeon, the chaplain might have believed that he watched by the dead, so little token of life was there. At length the moment came. Feebly and faintly he whispered the word, "Water;" the next moment and the cup was held to his lips, the chaplain's arm passed beneath the head, just sufficiently to enable him to reach the draught. Having drunk, he fell back again, and lay motionless as before. The chaplain's trust gave way; he dared lose time no longer: bending over him, he uttered from time to time short words of prayer and texts of Scripture, speaking very low, as it were breathing them into the dying ear. The prayer of the Publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," had just passed his

lips, when the wounded man slowly murmured as to himself,—

"A sinner!—ay, a grievous sinner! O God, be merciful!"

Then, clearly and distinctly, the chaplain answered that despairing cry with the blessed words of comfort,—

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin."

No sooner had he spoken them than, with a startled gesture, and in a hoarse whisper,—

"Who said that?" asked the dying man. "I'm dreaming!—dying! It's *his* voice! Where am I?" Then, with a strange, sudden power, he raised himself on his arm, looked up earnestly at the face which was bent down towards him, "It is he!" he sighed; and sank back senseless; and thus, on the plains of Sebastopol, did Jim and Mr. Willis meet again.

There is little more to tell of the events of that night. The first shock passed, there was again a short period of rallying and consciousness—all too short for the mournful confessions of sin and guilt from the conscience-stricken man, and the gracious promises of mercy to the penitent and believing soul, spoken in God's name by the minister of Christ.

The dawn was beginning to brighten in the east as the sun of Jim's young life went down; to the last, his gaze was turned upon his faithful friend, and his ear drank in the words of hope from his lips. Then the eye grew fixed, and the ear ceased to hearken; for the spirit had returned to God who gave it.

We have written this short story in the hope of bringing home to the minds of some a plain but much-forgotten truth. If we are to expect consistent *Practice*, we must have steadfast *Principle*. If we are to have *Christian Practice*, we must have *Christian Principle*. What is called good feeling or good sense, or force of habit or of good example, these things cannot, and will not supply its place. These are upper growths; we must have the root beneath. These are shifting sands, and we want the rock. Let us rear ever so fair a building, made up of so-called good qualities and right intentions, and let men admire it and praise it as they may, yet, when the storm of temptation rises and beats upon our house, it will fall if it be not based on true Christian Principle within.

See to it, then, that Christian Faith lies deep in your heart as a sure foundation, and then, in the strength of God, build upon it, as it were, stone upon stone, and timber upon timber, increasing in every good word and work.


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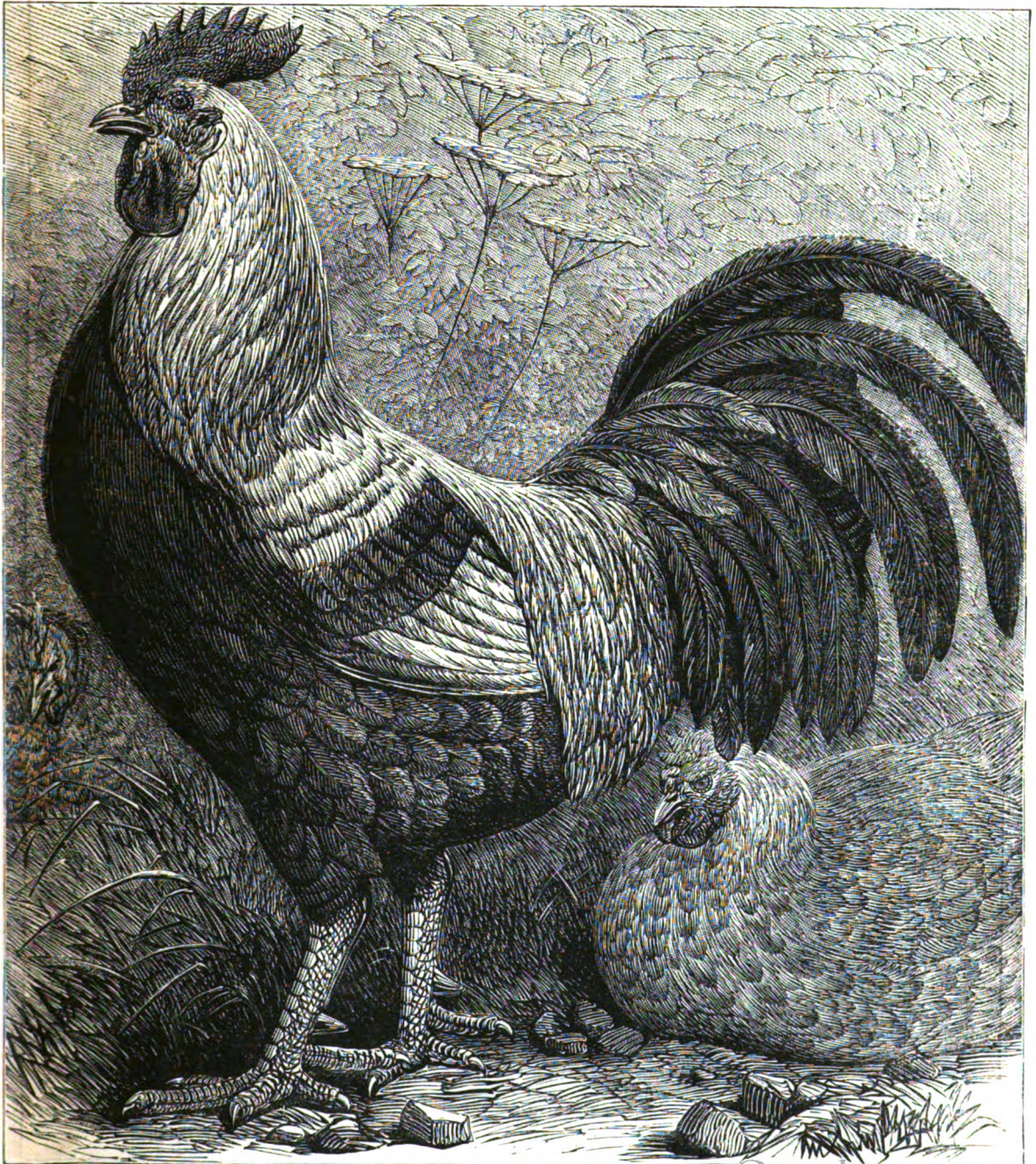


Jim wounded in the Trenches.

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# Chatterbox.





## ORIGIN OF THE WEATHERCOCK;

OR, THE PUNISHMENT OF SELFISHNESS.

Translated from the Spanish.



HERE was once upon a time a beautiful hen, who lived at her ease in a court-yard, surrounded by her numerous family, amongst whom was a young cock, remarkable for being deformed and lame. This was, nevertheless, the one of her brood whom the mother loved most, as mothers always love those best who need their help.

This little Cockerel had only one eye, one wing, and one claw, yet he was more vain than his father, who was the bravest and most comely cock in all the poultry-yards for twenty miles round. If the other fowls ridiculed this little Cockerel, he thought it was from envy, and said they were angry because he took so little notice of them.

One day he said to his mother, "Listen, mother; I am weary of the country, and am determined to go to Court to see the King and Queen."

The poor mother trembled on hearing these words. "My son!" she exclaimed, "who has put this folly into your head? Your father has never been out of his own neighbourhood, and yet he has always been considered an honour to his race. Besides, where will you find a court yard like ours? where is there a more superb dunghill? food more wholesome and plentiful? a roosting-place more sheltered? or a family who will love you better?"

"But then," said the Cockerel, "my brothers and cousins are ignorant and vulgar."

"Perhaps so, my son," replied his mother, "but hast thou seen thyself reflected in the pond? Art thou not aware that thou hast only one eye and one claw?"

"Since you give me this chance," answered the Cockerel, "I must tell you that you yourself ought to fall dead with shame at seeing me in this state. The fault is yours, and no one else's; and perhaps in the city I may meet with a skilful surgeon, who can supply those parts of my body which are lacking in me—if not, there is no remedy; so I shall set forth."

When the poor mother saw that there was no way of turning him from his intention, she said to him, "Listen, at least, my son, to the prudent counsels of thy mother. Beware, I pray you, of passing the churches where there is an image of St. Peter; for that Saint is not fond of cocks, and still less of their crowing. Avoid also certain evil-disposed men in the world called *cooks*, who are our mortal enemies; and who wring our necks before we can utter a shriek. And now, my son, may the protector of travellers guide you. Go and ask a blessing of your father."

The Cockerel approached his sire, bowing his head to kiss his claw, and asking his blessing. The venerable Cock gave it with more dignity than affection, for this son was not a favourite with him.

His poor mother was so much affected that she was obliged to wipe away her tears by poking her head into a dust-heap.

The Cockerel hurried away flapping his wings, and crowing three times by way of taking leave.

It was summer time, and on arriving at the border of a rivulet, he found it almost dried up, and the tiny stream of water happened besides to be hindered by a branch that had fallen into it. The Rivulet, seeing the traveller, said to him,—

"See, my friend, how weak I am; I can scarcely advance a step, nor have I strength enough to push away these troublesome boughs which obstruct my path; neither can I make a turn to avoid them, for that would fatigue me too much. You may easily relieve me from this distress, by separating them with your beak. In return, you may not only allay your thirst in my current, but you may rely on my services when the rain from heaven shall have restored my strength."

The Cockerel answered, "I can, but I will not; why should I become servant to a dirty little brook?"

"Though I am now weak, you shall remember me when you least expect it!" murmured the Stream, with feeble voice.

"You certainly do not appear to have drawn a prize in the lottery, nor are you to be compared with the waters of the flood," said the Cockerel in a scornful voice.

A little farther on he met with the Wind, who was lying almost breathless on the ground.

"My dear little Cockerel," said he, "in this world we all need each other's help. Come near and look at me. See to what a state the heat of summer has reduced me—*me* so strong, so powerful—*me* who can raise the waves of the ocean—can level the plains of the desert,—whose might nothing can resist! The heat of these dog-days has nearly exhausted me, and here I lie languid and fainting. If you will raise me a few inches from the ground with your beak, and fan me with your wing, I shall be able to take flight, and guide myself to my cave where my mother and sisters, the Tempests, are repairing a cloud, which I have torn. There they will give me some refreshment, and I shall recover my strength."

"Sir," answered the ill-natured bird, "you have diverted yourself sufficiently at my expense. How often have you rudely pushed me behind, and caused my tail to open just like a fan, so that I was laughed at by all who saw me? No! my friend. To every pig comes St. Martin's day,\* and by what I see, you seem to be a jester."

Having said this, he crowed three times, and strutting proudly away, pursued his journey. In the middle of a field which had been reaped, and to which the labourers had set fire, there arose a column of smoke. The Cockerel approached and saw a small Spark which was wandering about amongst the ashes.

"Dear little Cockerel," said the Spark, as soon as it saw him, "you are come just in time to

\* The day on which pigs are killed.

save my life. For want of food I am at the last gasp. I cannot think what has become of my cousin the Wind, who always helps me in these difficulties. Pray bring me a straw to revive me."

"What have I to do with it?" replied the Cockerel; "you may die, if you choose, it is no concern of mine."

"Perhaps it may concern you some day," answered the Spark.

"Oh, no!" cried the perverse bird, "to whom do you talk such nonsense? Take this then——"

And so saying, he covered the Spark with ashes; after which, according to his custom, he began to crow, as if he had performed an heroic exploit.

The Cockerel arrived at last at the capital. In passing before a church, which he was told was the Church of St. Peter, he placed himself in front of the door, and there he made himself heard with crowing; as much to enrage the saint, as to have the pleasure of disobeying his mother. On approaching the palace, which he wished to enter to see the King and Queen, the sentinels cried out to him, "Begone!" So he took flight, and entered by a back-door into a very large hall, where he saw many people coming in and out.

Asking who they were, he learned that they were the King's cooks; but, instead of flying away, as he had been warned by his mother to do, he went in pompously with crest and tail erect. But no sooner did one of the scullions perceive him than he laid hands on him, and twisted his neck in a moment.

"Come, I say," said the Scullion, "bring some hot water to scald this wretch, that I may pluck him."

"Oh! Water, dear Water!" cried the Cockerel, "do me the favour not to scald me! Have pity on me!"

"Did you take pity on me, you ill-natured fowl, when I begged you to help me as I lay in the brook?" answered the Water, boiling with anger, and washing all over him, while the scullions, by way of comfort, soon left him without a feather.

Then the Cook seized him, and put him on the spit.

"Fire, bright Fire!" cried the unhappy bird, "take compassion on my sad case; repress thy heat; soften thy flames, and do not burn me!"

"Rascal!" replied the Fire, "how have you the impudence to apply to me after stifling me with ashes and saying that you wanted no help from me? Come near, and you shall receive what is your due;" and, indeed, not content with browning him, he burned him till he was as black as a coal.

When the Cook saw him in that state he seized him by the claw, and threw him out of the window. Then the Wind took possession of him.

"Wind!" screamed the Cockerel: "oh! mighty Wind! Thou that reignest over all, and obeyest none, take pity on me, and lay me gently on some quiet dunghill."

"Lay thee gently, indeed!" roared the Wind, whirling him up in a hurricane, and turning him round and round in the air, "not as long as I have life in me!"

So the Wind whistled and whirled him about till

he deposited him at the top of a belfry; and St. Peter, putting out his hand, fixed him there firmly: and since that time he has remained impaled there, black, emaciated, and stripped of his feathers, except some in his tail. He is soaked by the rain and buffeted by the wind. Now he is no longer called a Cockerel, but a Weathercock, for every one knows that all these misfortunes befell him as a punishment for his disobedience, his ill-nature, and his pride.

J. G.



## LOVE AND KINDNESS.

NE beautiful evening in summer, a carriage drove up to a village inn. A stranger stepped out, and told the landlord to prepare him a dinner. The last rays of the setting sun were visible on the fleecy clouds and on the vane of an ancient church, which stood on the opposite side of the way. The stranger looked about him

for a few moments, and then directed his steps to the church.

He entered the gate which opened into the graveyard, and walked around; he viewed the grassy beds, beneath which the sons of other years lay silently resting from want, and toil, and pain. While he was reading the various inscriptions on the tombstones, his attention was drawn to a corner of the yard by the sobs of a child. He went immediately to the spot, where two ragged children sat weeping upon a newly-made grave. A piece of hard bread was between them. The stranger sat down upon the grave, and inquired into the cause of their distress. The little boy, whose name was William, began to tell him that his sister Mary was naughty, and would not eat the piece of bread he had begged for her. She interrupted her brother here, and told the gentleman that she had some bread-yesterday, but her brother had eaten none since the day before, and she wanted him to eat this.

The boy then went on to tell the stranger that about a year ago his father left the village to go to sea, and that in a storm he was drowned. "And poor mother cried so hard, and said that she must soon die, too; but that we must love each other, and that God would be our father. She called us to her bedside, kissed us both, and then died."

The stranger listened to the tale of sorrow until his eyes were filled with tears, and he was moved with compassion for the wanderers. He exclaimed, as he rose from the grave, "Come with me, poor children. God will be your father. He has, no doubt, sent me here this night to befriend you."

He took them to the inn, and had them provided for until he returned home. Then they were received into the bosom of his family, where they were well fed, clothed, and instructed; and the stranger in his declining years, witnessed them useful and honourable members of society. His hospitality was rewarded a hundredfold.





## BOHEA HILLS.

THE Tea-plant is a native of China, but it will grow in any country at a latitude of about 26 degrees from the equator. Thus it is grown in Assam in India, which lies on the proper

line; but all the best tea comes from the province of Fokien in China.

This province of Fokien (which lies in the map just opposite to the island of Formosa) is very

thickly populated, most of the people being engaged in cultivating the tea-plant, which, owing to the extreme subdivision of the land, is grown in small enclosures. It flourishes best on



spots where the ground is light and stony. Our picture represents a scene in the tea district of Fokien. The plants cover every available spot. The hills around are twisted into strange shapes, and are almost like icebergs.

The Tea-plant commonly grows to a height of five or six feet. It is said to be a good deal like a large myrtle, its leaves being hard and glossy, while the flowers resemble those of the English wild rose. It is not of its flowers however, but of its leaves that tea is made, and these are not fit for picking until the plant is three or four years old. After the tree is eight years old the leaves are worthless.

The gathering process is a slow one, an active labourer not being able to gather more than fifteen pounds a day. There are three or four pickings in a season. The first takes place early in spring, when the leaves are young and tender, and these make *Pekoe* tea. The next gathering is when the leaves are full-grown, which makes the kind called *Souchong*. The last crop is called *Congou*: this is the poorest kind, as the leaves by the end of the season have become rather bitter. *Hyson* and *Gunpowder*, as well as the black and green teas, are only varieties of the above kinds, made and dried in different ways.

The drying of the leaves is simple. They are first placed in the sun, and, when they have been there the required time, they are rubbed in the hands, and thrown into heated iron pans, being kept stirred about for a few minutes with a brush. When they are turned out, the coarser leaves and bits of stalk are removed, after which they are again put into the pans, and then pressed. This drying process is a delicate one, as too much or too little heat destroys the flavour. When all the preparations are completed, the tea is put into chests and sent down to Canton or Amoy.

But here another process takes place, which is better for the merchant than for the tea drinker. The teas are unpacked, mixed with inferior and stale kinds, and otherwise "doctored." They are then put into the pretty chests we see in the shops, stamped with Chinese characters, and shipped to Europe. A gentleman, whom the writer knows, brought home with him from China some tea which had never been to Canton, and the effect of a single pinch of it in the teapot was marvellous. It made all present declare "that they had never tasted *real* tea before."

We must now say a few words about the introduction of tea into England. This took place about two hundred years ago, the first chest being brought over by Indian merchants. Such a rarity made its way only slowly at first, for it was not known, and of course was very dear. Mr. Pepys, a person who kept a diary at the time, which has since been published, says, "I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink, which I never drank before." As it became more known, it was liked, and in a few years tea-parties became a custom. It was a common mode of invitation to say, "Will you come to my house to drink a *dish* of tea?" A writer in the last century wrote a book against its use, which was replied to by no less a person than Dr. Johnson, who was a great lover of the beverage. He playfully calls

himself "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker." He partook of it several times a-day, and one of his teapots held two quarts! Cowper the poet describes it as "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

At the beginning of the present century the cheapest tea was as much as seven shillings a-pound. It is now very cheap, and a cup of tea is within the reach of all. For a few pence, a meal may now be procured which a king could not have obtained long ago for hundreds of pounds.

We may add that the Chinese do not drink tea as we do: they pour boiling water upon it when it is in the cup, and take it without sugar or milk. In Ningho or Fuh-chau a cup of tea can be had for less than a farthing.

B. W.

### EMIGRANT CHILDREN.

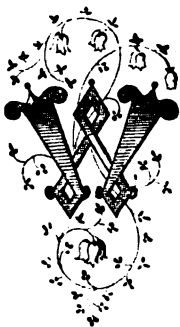
EVERY year, in the month of May, when spring unfolds all its beauty, a peaceful emigration of a very singular kind, consisting of troops of children from six to fifteen years of age, begins from the lofty mountain-villages of the Canton Grisons, in Switzerland. Their course is along the banks of the Rhine, till they reach the fruitful plains of Suabia. Sometimes from twenty to thirty children go from one parish under the guidance of a boy of scarcely fifteen. Their mothers and the curate of the village accompany them as far as the boundaries of the parish. The pastor speaks a cheering word of farewell to the young emigrants, reminding them how many of their fathers have made their fortunes in a foreign land, and how they, too, must early accustom themselves to a wandering life. They must continue honest and brave, and be obedient to their employers, and then God's blessing will accompany them on their journey. With sobs and tears the mothers take leave of their children. The fathers have, for the most part, already started for a foreign land, so that in these mountain-villages, only women, girls, old men and infants, remain at home. In every village through which the company of young emigrants passes, a halt is made, and they take up their position in some square or open place. Men and women then come and choose a shepherd-boy, or a nursery-maid from among them. Thus the troop becomes smaller and smaller the farther it gets from its home. With the return home it is quite the reverse. The company swells more and more the nearer it approaches to its beloved village. The scanty gains which the summer labour has earned abroad are scrupulously brought back to the mothers in autumn, who provide them with necessary clothing. Thus the inhabitants of the Grisons accustom themselves early to a wandering life. When they grow up they travel over land and sea, as shoemakers, tailors, or pedlars. But their hearts remain still in their mountain villages. They all desire to die at home, therefore as soon as they have earned a sufficient amount of money they all return back to their native mountains.

J. F. C.

The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.—Prov. xxii. 2.

## THE BROTHERS.

A TALE FOR BOYS.

*(Continued from p. 179.)*

HY, what a chicken you must be, Arthur! it's all nonsense to talk of being tired with this beautiful walk of only five miles; besides, it's such a pity to miss getting the hart's-tongue when we are so near the place."

"I wish I were as strong as you are, Philip; and I am very sorry to disappoint you, but I really don't think I can go so far."

"Oh, I'm not going to be disappointed, for I'm going home through the wood; so you may please yourself whether you go home by yourself over the fields or through the wood with me, Arthur."

"Oh, never mind it to-day, Phil; Ned Stanton will be glad to go with you some day this week, and I'll stay at home and work in your garden whilst you are away."

"I've done all the garden will want for more than a week," said Philip, "and I'm going through the wood now. Don't you know the old proverb, 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day,' and 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'? Besides, the hart's-tongue will be just right for transplanting. But here you are at Mr. Hargreaves', so you have not much time to settle it. Well, which is it to be?" said Philip, as they came down the steps from Mr. Hargreaves'.

"You are not kind, Phil," said Arthur; "I am sure if you were tired I should not wish you to go a longer way with me for the sake of a few ferns."

"I do not want you to go with me; I can go quite well alone," said Philip.

"Well, Phil, you know very well I'd rather go with you through the wood than go home over the fields by myself."

"Well, come along then, and don't be foolish," said Philip.

"But I'm so tired," pleaded Arthur.

"Well, please yourself," said Philip; and he turned towards the wood, followed by poor Arthur, more hurt by his brother's unkindness and selfishness than by the distance he had walked. But was Philip satisfied and happy all this time? No; the "still small voice" within reminded him that this was not the only time in which he had taken advantage of Arthur's gentle, yielding disposition. And when he saw his brother's pale face and faltering steps, and missed his cheerful, loving voice upon the way, he made a stronger resolution than he had ever made before to overcome his self-will and stubbornness: he frankly told Arthur so, and asked his forgiveness, which, you may be sure, was quickly given; and more united than they had been in the morning, though weary and footsore, the boys reached home, and went early to bed.

Though Philip was brave, generous, and frank, and had very much that was loveable in his nature, he was too often overbearing, and could not put up with

any opposition to his will. Arthur, with his great love for his brother, and his ready submission to his lightest wish, had helped to foster this temper. Though Philip was always ready to confess his error, and sorry whenever he had given way to his self-will, and though he made many good resolutions to be more guarded, his strong, impetuous nature again and again led him astray. His father and aunt watched him with some anxiety, but not without a hope that in time his better self would have the victory, because he always knew when he was in the wrong, and never made excuses or told a lie to hide it; but frankly owned to the fault, and did all he could to atone for it. It was Philip who told why they were later than they should have been in reaching home that evening, and why Arthur was so very much tired; and his father and aunt, seeing that the lesson was having its effect, wisely said no more about it.

The next morning when the boys awoke there was a storm upon the sea. The waves were angry, and lashed into foam; the winds howled and raved, and the sky was dark and lowering. Mr. Thornton, Philip and Arthur, and their gardener Robin, hurried down to the beach; but what a scene there met their view! A vessel, with her masts stripped and her sails rent, struggled with the waves, and the cry for help from those on board rose every now and then above the roar of wind and waves. Arthur's face grew paler, and he trembled with awe and fear, but he did not falter in his determination to stay with his brother, and if he could give no help, at least to see the end. Philip breathed a silent prayer, and watched with kindling eyes. A boat was manned by the fishermen of Westpool, a little village near; five times it left the land, and five times the waves beat it back, the last time bottom upwards, and the gallant men who tried in vain to row it to the ship were cast upon the shore. The vessel neared a dangerous rock, and those on land could give no help. A mighty wave dashed against her side, followed by another and another, and all was over. She struck and rapidly filled. The hungry waters seemed waiting for their prey, and soon nothing was seen of her but broken timbers. But what was that upon the waters? Philip saw it, and looking neither to the right nor left, he leapt into the sea. All who saw the leap thought him lost, but soon the brave boy's head appeared again for a moment, to be soon lost again in the trough of a wave. On he went, now lost, now seen, towards a dark object upon the water, which the beholders made out to be a woman and a child. He struggled manfully, and had almost reached them when the woman sank to rise no more. Philip's outstretched arm caught the child, and with another prayer for help he turned his face to the shore. A loud hurrah and many a waving handkerchief encouraged his efforts. A rope was thrown to him, which he caught, and holding it firmly, he and his little burden were soon safe on shore. "My noble boy!" his father exclaimed, and clasped him in his arms. Philip never forgot that proud clasp. They knew not whether the child were living or dead; her face was ashy pale, dark circles were round her closed eyes, and her



limbs were cold and stiff. Philip, too, was much exhausted, and required care. They were soon conveyed home and given into the charge of Philip's aunt, who had everything ready in case of need, and under her wise treatment Philip's usual health was soon restored. Not so, however, the little stranger; many days they watched her hovering between life and death. The doctor they had called in did his best, and at last their care was rewarded; life gained the victory. The little girl was about three years old; she had bright blue eyes and pretty flaxen hair, and her clothing seemed to show that her friends had been in comfortable circumstances. Philip and Arthur were deeply interested in the little one, and hoped their father would let her live with them always. "God has sent her to us," the boys said, "and she will be our little sister." For many days she cried in her plaintive way, very sad to hear, "Mamma, mamma, come to Ally; Ally wants mamma;" then raising her eyes, full of sweet wonder and inquiry, she would ask, "Where's mamma?" And giving the answer to her own question, the words would follow, "In a big ship, going home to papa." That was all the little one seemed to know. Mr. Thornton made many inquiries from the few seamen who had been saved from the wreck; but he could learn nothing further than that Mrs. Ashton was very reserved and silent, and seemed to have no friends in the ship, and that her little daughter Alice was the pet and plaything of all on board. He advertised in "The Times" and in the local papers of the place from which the ship had sailed, but all in vain. Months passed away, but no one came to claim her. The boys feared to lose their new-found treasure, and, indeed, every one in the house shared the fear. So surely had the little one worked her way into all their hearts that she seemed to be in no small danger of being spoiled among them, for she had many endearing ways, and her childish prattle was so engaging that no one could help loving her.

One fine morning the boys had planned to have a sail to a cave at some distance from their home; they were full of excitement and pleasure, and chatted merrily over breakfast about their excursion.

"The two Wilsons, Jack Seymour and Fred, and Ned Stanton and his cousin Tom, are going with us," said Arthur.

"Yes, and Tom has just come from sea, and he's such a jolly fellow, and can tell us such grand tales about the countries he has been to, and the things he has seen," rejoined Philip.

"He showed me last night some queer shells and seaweeds he brought with him from the West Indies," said Arthur, "and a little humming-bird; and he has promised to tell us how he caught it."

"Well, my boys," said Mr. Thornton, "what do you intend to do with yourselves all day, as I see your aunt has packed a basket with good things for you to take with you?"

"Oh! we are going to sail into the cave, as the tide will have gone down enough for that by the time we get there," answered Philip.

"Then we shall fasten our boats safely, and leave them there, while we climb the cliffs and look for the samphire, for Tom knows where we can find

it," said Arthur; "and then we'll go again, aunt, when we know the place, and bring you some home to pickle. I am sorry it's too early to see its pretty white flowers, for Tom says they do not come out till August."

"We shall fill our basket with eggs when we have eaten our dinner," continued Philip; "and those who are not afraid to climb to the top," he said looking at Arthur, "are going to waken the echoes in Old Man's Hollow."

"Oh, I shall try to get to the top to-day," said Arthur, noticing his brother's look. "I do not like to be thought a coward, and if I feel dizzy I shall stand still for a moment and shut my eyes; Tom says that's the way to get over it. Besides, Tom says he's got a queer old tale to tell about the Hollow, and he can only tell it when he's there; so, of course, I must go, or I shall not hear it."

"Oh," said Philip, "I expect you'll forget all that when you set your feet upon those slippery rocks, and hear the water dashing and foaming all down below you."

"Oh, well, you'll see when we get there!" answered Arthur, with a slight flush upon his cheek.

"That's right, my boy," said Mr. Thornton; "I am glad to see you are trying to overcome your fear, for I know you can do so if you only set yourself to work, and be watchful and determined about it."

"I always find that Arthur *does* the thing he says he will, even though he is very nervous about it at first," said their aunt, here for the first time joining in the conversation; "and I have no doubt that, if he really tries, he will be in time as fearless as Philip. But, my boy," she continued, looking kindly upon him, "you must gain by perseverance what Philip has naturally, because he is stronger than you are."

"Oh, I don't think I shall ever be as brave as Phil, however much I try," answered Arthur, rather sadly; "it must be so glorious never to feel afraid, and Phil says he never does. Why, the other day, when we had got half-way across Farmer Nesbit's field, we found out that his red bull was there, and saw it pawing the ground, and heard it making such a dreadful noise, I wanted to turn back, but Phil would not, and he did not seem to be frightened at all. I was glad afterwards that we had gone on; but if I had been alone I am sure I dared not have done so."

"The greatest characters, you must remember, boys," said Mr. Thornton, "are those who have made the greatest self-conquests, for 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city;' and it is not a little thing to overcome bodily fear, though fellows like Phil there," he said, smiling, "may think it is." Philip blushed slightly, and his conscience told him that he had often secretly boasted over his timid brother. "It is not always the greatest deeds that are the most praiseworthy; and if our inmost hearts, with all our motives, could be open to each other, as they are to the eyes of our Heavenly Father, perhaps some of those who now take the highest rank for brave and noble actions would have to give place to others who are lightly passed over, because their deeds seem so small and mean."

(Concluded in our next.)



### THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

**A** HUNGRY Fox one day did spy  
 Some nice rich grapes that hung so high ;  
 And as they hung, they seemed to say  
 To the Fox, who underneath did stay,  
 If you can fetch us down you may.  
 If you can fetch us down you may.

The Fox his patience nearly lost,  
 And all his expectations crossed ;  
 He licked his lips for near an hour,  
 Till he found the prize beyond his power,  
 And then he said, The grapes are sour.  
 And then he said, The grapes are sour.

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 price 3d. each, are now ready.



# Chatterbox.



The Brave Fisher Girl.



## THE BRAVE FISHER-GIRL.



N the coast of Normandy, near Granville, the rise and fall of the tide are very great, being about forty-four feet at spring-tides. It comes in very rapidly, and in particular places may be seen making up in a great wave two or three feet high. In a book on Normandy the following adventure is narrated of two English gentlemen:—

They had been out on the sands watching the manner in which sand-eels were caught, and examining the structure of the rocks, which were like sponges, when of a sudden one of them, whose name was Cross, shouted,—

"I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

His companion, whose name was Hope, turned towards the sea, and saw a stream of water running at a rapid rate, and replied quickly,—

"I suppose we had better be off."

"If we can," replied Cross: "by crossing the rocks we may yet be in time."

They began to scramble up the rocks, and walked as fast as they could toward the nearest shore; but it was some time before they reached the highest point. On gaining it they looked round, and saw that the sand was not yet covered, though lines of blue water here and there showed how fast it was rising. They hastened on, but had not gone far when they found that the sand was now in narrow strips, with sheets of water between; but seeing a girl before them who was familiar with the beach, they cried,

"We shall do yet," and ran forward.

The girl, however, instead of going towards the shore, was running to meet them, and almost out of breath cried,—

"The wave! the wave! it is coming! Turn, turn!—run, or we are lost!"

They did turn, and saw out at sea a large wave rolling towards the shore. Out of breath as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps towards the rocks they had just left. The little girl passed them, and led the way. The two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for as they neared the rock the wave still rolled towards them, the sand becoming gradually covered. Their last few steps were knee-deep in water.

"Quick! quick!" said the girl; "there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave come we shall be too late."

She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crack in the rock six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill sluice.

"We are lost!" said the girl; "I cannot cross: it will carry me away."

"Is it deep?" said Cross.

"Not very," she said; "but it is too strong."

Cross lifted the girl in his arms, plunged into the stream, and, though the water was up to his waist,

he was soon across. His companion followed, and all the three now stood on the rock.

"Come on, come on!" cried the girl; "we are nearly lost!" and she led the way to the highest point of the rocks, and on reaching it, cried, "We are safe now!"

All were thoughtful for a moment, as they saw the danger which God had delivered them from: looking round, the sand was one sheet of water.

"We are quite safe here," said the girl; "but we shall have to stay three or four hours before we can go to the shore."

"What made you forget the tide?" said Cross: "you must know the coast well."

"I did not forget it," she replied; "but I feared, as you were strangers, you would be drowned, and I ran back to tell you what to do."

"And did you risk your life to save ours?" said Hope, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I thought at any rate I should get here," she replied; "but I was very nearly too late."

Hope took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said, "We owe you our lives, you brave little maid."

Meanwhile, the water was rising rapidly, till it almost touched their feet.

"There is no fear," said the girl; "the points of the rocks are always dry."

"Cold comfort," said Hope, looking at them; "but what shall we do for our young friend?" he said to Mr. Cross.

"If we put all the money in our pockets into a handkerchief and tie it round her neck, it will warm her, I warrant, for she looks cold enough."

One of them had twenty, and the other seventeen francs, and binding these in a knot Mr. Hope passed it round her neck. On receiving it she blushed with delight, kissed both their hands, and cried,—

"How jealous my sister Angela will be, and how happy my mother!"

Just then a wave rolled past, and the water began to run along the little platform they were sitting upon; they rose and mounted on the rocky points, and had scarcely reached them when the water was a foot deep where they had just been seated. Another wave came—the water was within six inches of their feet.

"It is a terrible high tide," said the girl; "but if we hold together we shall not be washed away."

On looking to the shore, they saw a great many people clustering together on the nearest point; a faint sound of cheers was heard, and they could see hats and handkerchiefs waved to them.

"The tide has turned," said the girl, "and they are shouting to cheer us."

She was right: in five minutes the place was dry.

They had some hours to wait before they could venture on the sand, and it was quite dark before they reached the beach; but at length, guided by the lights on shore, they gained their own home in safety, not unmindful of Him who says to the proud waves, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The friends handsomely rewarded the little fisher-girl, whose name was Matilde, for her bravery.

## THE BROTHERS.

*(Concluded from p. 191.)*

AND you know, Arthur," said Mr Thornton, earnestly, "where to look for strength when your heart fails you. No one asks in vain who seeks in the right spirit."

All were silent for a few minutes, and then Philip said, "Well, I am very glad you've made up your mind to go to Old Man's Hollow, for there's no danger really; and if no one is left behind, we intend to go to Fred Seymour's grandmother's tea: for Fred said yesterday, that when she heard we should be so near, she invited us all to go there; and

she's got two white mice with pink eyes and pink feet."

"Oh! Ally wants to go," broke in Alice, "and see the white mice, so pretty! Ally go with you, Philip?"

"Oh no, little girls must stay at home with aunty," said Arthur. "Why, little feet would get wet on the sand, and then Alice would be poorly; she must stay at home, and take care of pussy."

"Me not like pussy; she can't swing in the garden, and she won't speak," said Alice, in a fretful tone.

"Well, never mind, Ally," said Philip, "we'll give you a jolly swing to-morrow if it's fine, and we'll bring you such pretty shells home to make a farmyard!"

"With sheep and cows, and pigs and horses?" said little Ally.

"Yes; and I'll help you to build the house and plant the trees," said Arthur.

"And then we'll blow it all down again," answered Ally, quite delighted.

"Why, Arthur, it's ten minutes to nine, and we are to meet them all at Long Point at nine o'clock! We must run down to the shore, and then put all our strength in our arms, or we shall not be there in time," said Philip.

"Who goes in your boat?" asked their aunt.

"Ned Stanton, cousin Tom, and ourselves," answered Philip; "and Jack and Fred Seymour and the Wilsons in a boat they've hired; and the man that owns it is going with them."

Then, hastily bidding their father and aunt "good-bye," and kissing little Ally, the boys ran off.

"Don't forget the shells!" called Ally after them.

"Oh no, we'll bring them, never fear!" the boys answered cheerfully from the garden, and in a few minutes more they were out of sight and hearing.

When they returned in the evening they seemed in every way satisfied with the day's enjoyment. Arthur especially was happy with the consciousness of a good work well begun; he had got many a kind word and encouraging look from Philip during the day. Nor had little Ally been forgotten. Her little bag of shells had many fresh ones added to its number, and oh!—never-ending source of delight

—the boys had brought for her in their basket two tame doves from Fred Seymour's grandmother's, instead of the eggs they had promised themselves. It made up a great part of the pleasure of the gift to Ally to know that they had been sent to her, because she had so willingly remained at home all day while her brothers, as she now called them, had been enjoying themselves.

One day Arthur had gone with his father to town to meet an uncle and cousin, who were going to spend a few weeks with them. Philip had remained at home to finish a book of travels that had been lent to him, and which had to be returned to its owner the next day; he had taken it with him into the garden, and there he was seated under the pleasant shade of an old apple-tree, meaning to have two hours' quiet reading before his cousin came. He hoped in that time to finish it, for he knew that whilst his cousin was with them there would be very little time for reading. He had not been there long, however, before he heard Ally's pattering feet coming down the gravel walk, and her childish voice calling, "Phil-ip, I'll find you; Phil-ip, peep at Ally." Philip did not wish to be disturbed, and therefore he did not do as the little one asked, but soon her loud, clear laugh told that she had found the object of her search.

"Dolly's broken her leg," said Ally, in a tone of deep concern, holding the doll in one hand and the limb in the other. "Poor Dolly! will you mend her, Philip?"

"Not to-day, Ally, I'm very busy," said Philip, going on with his reading.

The little girl was silent for a few minutes, and then she said, "Where's Arthur?"

"Oh, he's gone to meet Frank and uncle; don't bother me, there's a pet, I want to read," answered Philip, rather impatiently.

"Will he be back soon?" persisted Ally.

"I don't think he'll be long," said Philip.

"Aunty can't mend it, for she's in the kitchen making pies," again said Ally, now nearly crying herself. The little girl waited for a short time, hoping that Philip would relent; but as he made no remark, but went on reading, she started off, dragging the broken doll in her arms. But Philip could not go on with his book, though now he had the quiet garden-seat and the pleasant sunshine all to himself. He was obliged to go after Ally, "to see about that doll," as he muttered, half in excuse for the child's influence over him. He found her with Robin, who was gathering peas for dinner. She had tried in vain to get Robin to help her in her difficulty. He had put her off, saying, "No, no, my little lass, I can't mend it." Very joyously she gave her doll to Philip, and they went into the house together. The doll took Philip a good half-hour before he had mended it to his satisfaction, but he was amply repaid by Ally's intense interest in the whole operation, and her delight when it was finished. She trotted about him whilst he was doing it, fetching first this thing and then that, prattling all the while in a pleasant, loving way. When he had finished, and was about to go back to his book, his aunt called him.

"Philip, I want you to go to the village to tell the

carrier to bring out my groceries to-morrow, instead of next week."

"Yes, aunt," said Philip, though not without a sigh, as he thought of the unfinished book. "Perhaps I may finish it by the way," he said to himself; "and, if not, I must try to borrow it again when uncle and cousin Frank are gone."

When he returned all was bustle and gladness to welcome the visitors, and his book was quite forgotten.

As the days and months flew swiftly by, the boys grew more and more fond of Ally; she was so gentle, so loving, young as she was, so forgetful of herself, so thoughtful for others, so devoted and earnest in her love for Philip and Arthur, that soon her power over the two boys was indeed wonderful. They petted and spoiled her, it is true, as much as her simple nature could be spoiled. But under her influence a marked change came over them. Philip, though he lost none of his native daring, forgot his self-will and his obstinacy, and from yielding to Ally's wishes learned also to bend more than he had been wont to those of others. Arthur, too, when he saw his little sister's upturned face, and caught her blue eyes sparkling with delight, was tempted to do many things that otherwise he would not have had the courage to do. All in the house thought it a happy day when she came to them; she was so bright and beaming, so joyous, and so dear to all, that she seemed to make

"A sunshine in the shady place."

### NEVER FEAR TO CONFESS.



"ATHER, dear," said Harold Clifford, "do tell me a story about yourself: I like your stories so much. You have told me about your travels, and about the voyages by sea; I should like a story about yourself when you were a boy. I often wonder if you were ever naughty as I am sometimes, or if you were always good and kind."

"Well, Harold," replied Mr. Clifford, "I think I was not much better than boys now-a-days, and I was not always good and kind; but I learnt a lesson

when I was about your age that I have never forgotten, and that lesson was, never to be ashamed to confess I was wrong when I knew it. It was our custom when children to say our prayers by our mother's knee, just as you do, and also to confess the faults we had committed during the day. I had a dear little sister called Grace, who was born at the same time I was; for we were twins. She used to say her prayers first, then your aunt Mary, and then I said mine last. That day I had been very unkind to Grace,—I tore her favourite book, I broke the leg of her best doll, and did nothing but try to provoke her temper. I cannot tell why I was so cross, but I didn't care how much she cried as long as she did not tell my mother. When prayer-time came, I went into the nursery without her seeing

me, and stood by your aunt Mary's side, holding her hand, and tried to find out what Grace would confess—if she would tell anything about me. However, she said nothing; and after she had finished the Lord's Prayer, your grandmother, who had been told by the nurse of my naughty conduct, said, 'Do you forgive every one who has trespassed against you, darling, from the bottom of your heart?' She answered, 'Mother, dear, I very seldom have anything to forgive, for every one is generally very kind to me; but if any one is unkind I forgive them at once, because I know that I could not be forgiven if I did not.' 'Has any one been unkind to you to-day?' said my mother. I then felt burning all over, I was so frightened; for I thought she would tell of me. But Grace answered, 'If you wish me to tell you, mother dear, I will tell you, but I had rather not. I have been vexed to-day, but all is over now.'

"I then slipped quietly out of the room, and returned in a few minutes.

"As I knelt by my mother's side she said to me, 'Have you done anything wrong to-day, my dear boy? anything you are sorry for?' I mentioned one or two little things, but said nothing about Grace. I then said my prayers. I did not pray that night; I could not, for I was very unhappy. I had been unkind to my sister, I had tried to deceive my mother, and I had offended God. I could scarcely sleep all night, and determined the first thing in the morning to go to Grace and ask her to forgive me, and to confess all to my mother as I had confessed to God before I could sleep. I was running to Grace's room as soon as I was up, but just as I was going to open the door nurse stopped me, and said I must go back, for Miss Grace was ill and must not be disturbed. She was not up to breakfast nor dinner, and at tea-time the doctor came and said she had caught the fever, and the other two children must be sent away into the country at once. I begged to see her and just give her one kiss before I went, but I was not allowed for fear of infection, and I had no opportunity to speak to my mother, but your aunt and I were sent away for some weeks. When we returned she was gone! gone far away to the place where there is 'no sorrow nor crying, and God shall wipe away the tears from all faces.' Grace was dead! and I was very, very sad. My mother met me, and bent over me, and wept; my father looked pale, and little Mary could hardly understand what death meant: but I felt as if my heart would break. My dear Grace had left me, and could never give me one loving look, one sweet kiss, or tell me myself she had forgiven me. But the worst of all was, that my last words and actions had been unkind towards her. Oh! if I had confessed that night all would have been made up, and my last words would have been of love; but it was too late now. I told my mother all about it with many sobs. She comforted me as well as she could, but the impression left upon my mind will never be effaced. It taught me one lesson which I have profited by ever since, and that is, always to confess when I am wrong. We can hide nothing from God, every sin committed is first against Him, and





from Him first we must seek for pardon ; and next, to show that we are truly penitent, we must not fear to own our faults to our fellow-creatures, and

make amends to them to the best of our power, to show that we are really and truly sorry for having done wrong. W.M.



## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

## PART I.—CHAPTER I.



HERE comes the Dane. Look out!" The ice was thick on Redwood Pool, and a knot of boys had gathered about it; some standing round the side, some fastening on skates, and some already cutting all sorts of patterns on the ice: while one long-legged fellow had climbed up a willow-stump and sat on the top quietly overlooking the fun.

It was this boy who had called out, "Here comes the Dane!" and he proceeded to make a trumpet of his two hands, and shout, "News from Denmark!" just as a lad of about sixteen, shot away across the ice, described a figure of eight—rather an angular one, it is true—and stopped himself in front of the knot of boys who were watching him.

"Pretty fair!" said one of these. "It doesn't take you long to put your skates on, anyhow."

"No," was the reply. "I got the blacksmith to fasten mine on an old pair of boots; and it's easy to slip out of one pair and into another, you know."

"Not a bad dodge to save time."

Randal Dane looked at his schoolfellow out of the corner of his blue eye, and laughed.

"Not a bad dodge to save something else," he said. "I'm not so precious hard up for time; but it doesn't do to spoil *all* one's boots. Now, then, who's for a race?"

As he spoke, two figures came through the gateway towards the pool, and all the boys turned to look at them. These were Hester and Philip Dane, of Redwood Firs; Hester, a girl about the same age as her cousin Randal, and Philip five years younger. He was a small, fair-haired, delicate-looking fellow, but he was the only son of Sir Roger Dane, and he would be Sir Philip some day if he lived. There was a discussion between the brother and sister, and Randal heard Philip say coaxingly, "Only five minutes, Hester; I won't be long, and it does look so famous. But don't go home, because of papa." And then he sung out manfully, "Who'll lend me a pair of skates for ten minutes?"

"I will! I will!"

Two or three voices said this at once, and then the boy on the willow-stump pointed down to a pair lying on the grass at his feet, and said somewhat ruefully, "You can have mine, and welcome. They're no use to me. I don't know what I bought them for, unless I'd meant to have my legs chopped off at the knees like Widdrington. Perhaps that wouldn't do any good, either."

A faint glow of pleasure spread over Philip Dane's pale face as he nodded his thanks. There was nothing in the world that he coveted so much as to be popular; to be thought strong and hearty—up to all sorts of manly games, and never tired. In his own poor little ambitious heart he knew that a very slight exertion made his bones ache, and the softest

bed hard to him; but he didn't want any one else to know this, and he got behind his sister to put the skates on, for he was ashamed of the delicate white hand that fastened them. His five minutes grew into ten; and Hester, when she saw how the exercise brought the pink to his cheek and the light to his eye, could not shorten his pleasure.

"I do believe," she thought, "that if his father would let him exert himself like other boys, it would be better for him."

Meantime, Archie Wray, the owner of the skates, sat on the stump, battering his arms to keep them warm, and looking on. All at once he said,—

"I think I'd keep off this end, Randal, old boy. It's apt to be thin about these big tree-roots."

"When it cracks it's safe," replied Randal, carelessly.

"Ah! but it doesn't crack,—it bends."

By this time, however, Randal was far away; and, unluckily enough, Philip had heard the warning and its answer. What Randal had done he must do. And what could a fellow who confessed that skates were of no use to him know about it? Poor Philip thought it would be rather a brave thing, and show pluck to disregard the warning of an outsider. And thus it was that suddenly there rose up a sharp cry from the skaters; Randal was back across the pool like a flash of light, and Archie Wray had disappeared from the willow-stump, and was standing on a jagged piece of ice which bent under him, and stretching out one arm as far as he dared.

"Keep off, you fellows!" sang out Archie Wray. "Can't you see it won't bear? The other side, Randal. Quick! You can span it to the stump."

They got him out, but it was Randal's arm that he clung to,—Randal that laid him on the bank—and Randal's face, rather white and scared, that he looked up into. Archie Wray had walked off with apparent unconcern to where Hester stood, a helpless witness of it all.

"It's only a ducking, Miss Dane," said Archie, taking off his cap. "He'd better turn into Brand's cottage, though, and get his wet things off, but he was hardly in two seconds, thanks to Randal. I'll go and see that there's a good fire, shall I?"

Hester said something in reply, and went round the end of the pool to where her brother stood trembling all over, and trying to make light of it.

"I'm all right," he said, his teeth going like a pair of castanets. "I'm used to cold baths, winter and summer, which is lucky. What do you say, Hester? Brand's cottage? Yes, that will be jolly. They'll give me a blanket, and I shall be like a Choctaw savage."

"He might pass for having on the war-paint," said one of the boys, in an under tone, "only it ought not to be all blue."

None of them meant to be ill-natured; indeed, to a certain extent, Philip Dane had his wish, and was popular, which was a great deal more than could be said for his father, Sir Roger; but the laugh that rose amongst them at this speech reached the boy and made him turn round at the cottage-

door, fearful even then that there might be something childish and weak about his accident.

"What's that?" he said. "What are they all laughing at?"

Randal, looking at him, laughed too, and pushed him gently in towards the fire, and gave him over to the care of the old woman, who was already bustling about him in a fever of importance.

"He'll be all right, Mrs. Brand," said Randal, "if you'll give him a shawl or something, and dry his togs. I must be off for a bit, Phil; I want to speak to Wray before he goes home."

When he came back, Philip was sitting half smothered in blankets, and drinking hot milk.

"It's jollier than you'd fancy to be a Choctaw," said the boy. "Come here, Randal, I've hurt my back a bit, but don't tell Hester."

"Oh, if that's all, you'll be stiff, perhaps, for a day or two. And now, perhaps, I had better go."

"Well," said Philip, "I think you better had. For Hester has gone home to send me some dry things; and if papa gets to know, he's sure to come, and he'll be in a way, and, perhaps, not over civil to you. I shouldn't like that."

"It won't be anything very new," replied Randal, dryly. "But what have I done now?"

"Why, you know Sir Roger's hasty, and I believe he thinks everybody ought to be looking after me. I do believe," said the boy, "that he thinks me no better than a baby. It's too bad."

"Well, I'll come up and see how you get on to-morrow."

"Do. And, Randal, wait a bit."

"Well?"

"What were the fellows laughing at?"

## CHAPTER II.

It was a pleasant place enough; a great deal pleasanter to describe at midsummer than at Christmas; only that in a general way no one cares much about descriptions at all. There were no deer in Redwood Park; people said that Sir Roger could not afford them; but there were marshy coverts enclosed for wild-duck; there were coppices where hyacinths grew in beds amongst the fern, hiding the "man-traps" which placards declared to be placed there, and sending up their perfume to the mock pheasants perched here and there upon the trees. These were for the supposed discomfiture of poachers, only that the poachers knew all about them, and only grinned if they chanced to pass that way and see them.

Now, however, the trees were bare in Redwood Park, and the frost hung on the black branches; and the evening sky hung dark above, with neither moon nor stars, but heavy black clouds that frowned down upon the frost and threatened to scatter it. In the principal avenue that was the drive to the house, there were a few lamps scattered at unequal distances; just enough, the drivers of the carriages said, to make darkness visible. Randal Dane, walking in through the lodge-gate, saw the lamps, and stopped irresolutely. He had purposely left his inquiries after Philip until evening, but now he had

half a mind to go back. Then a carriage passed him slowly, and presently it stopped for the coachman to get down and arrange something about one of his horses.

"Anything going on up at the Firs?" asked Randal.

The man pulled away at his harness, and answered, sulkily, "There's a Party. You can't see Sir Roger to-night, if that's what you're after."

"Can't I?" said the boy.

He smiled to himself as he walked on. He didn't want to see Sir Roger. He never did. The baronet was not pleasant to his nephew, and Randal never went to the Firs if he could help it. If it had not been for Philip he would not have gone now. But this evening, having started, he said to himself that he would go on. After all, the party was nothing to him. He simply wanted to know how Philip was, and he had promised to call and see him.

"I won't break a promise if I know it," said Randal, "for a dozen Sir Rogers."

But he was unfortunate. When he got to the hall door it was wide open, and he saw Sir Roger passing across the hall; moreover, Sir Roger turned and caught sight of his nephew.

"Oh, is it you?" said the baronet. "Come in."

He drew the boy into a small ante-room, and stood looking at him, his own face growing very hard and pompous.

"I came to ask how Philip is, sir?" said Randal.

"I didn't know you had a party."

"Oh, well, Philip is ill,—not able to leave his room."

"I'm very sorry to hear it."

"Not able to leave his room," repeated the baronet, working himself up. "And I wish that when you are engaged in your wild escapades, you would have the goodness to remember that his life is of some importance, and leave him out of them."

Randal could not help a momentary thought, that but for him the life which was of some little importance might have probably come to an end in Redwood Pool; but he did not trust his voice to answer.

"I wish you to understand also," went on Sir Roger, "that it is altogether against my wish for Philip to associate with the—the town boys. There is young Wray, the son of my own tenant-farmer—"

"Archie Wray," broke in Randal, hastily, "helped to fish Philip out, and he is a better fellow than any—than I am."

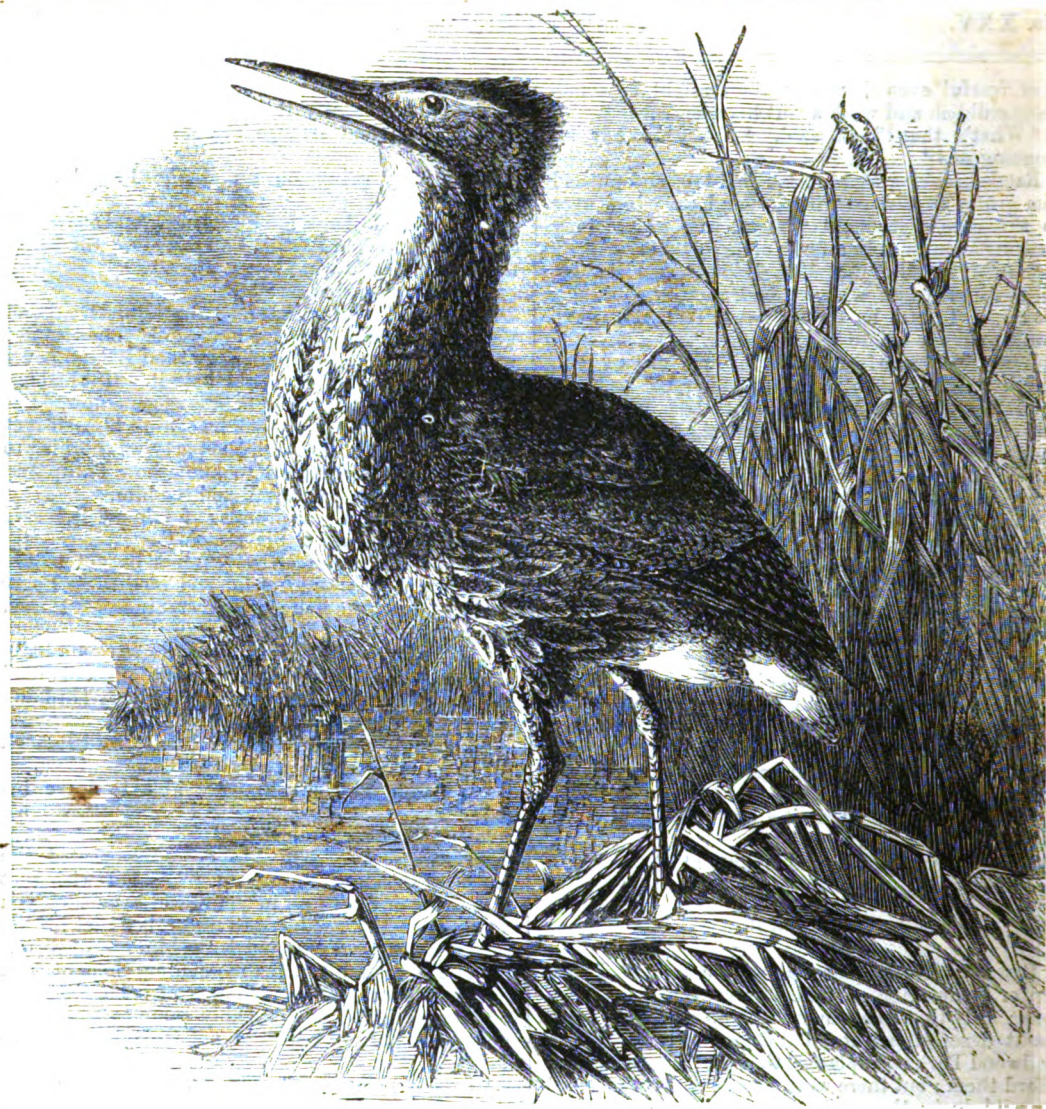
"I think that very probable," said the baronet, coldly. "As to fishing Philip out, as you phrase it, he had no business to be there at all."

"I didn't take him there, uncle Roger. I don't really see why you should scold me about it."

To which Sir Roger replied gravely, "I never scold. You and your mother will do as you like, of course; but the position which my son is to fill in the world demands that he should associate only with gentlemen."

(To be continued.)






### THE BITTERN.

THE Bittern is what is termed a night-bird, because it feeds by night instead of by day. It is seldom seen, partly because it sits all day long in some quiet spot in the midst of the thickest reeds, and does not move about till the night comes on; and partly because it is a rare bird, and becoming more scarce in England every year. The marshy grounds of Essex seem to be the favourite resort of this bird. Like the heron, the Bittern uses its long and sharp beak as a weapon to defend itself with or for attack, and it always chooses the eye of its antagonist as the part to aim at. The feet and legs, too, are powerful weapons, and when the bird

is disabled from flight it will lie on its back and fight hard with its feet and bill.

The Bittern builds its nest on the ground near water. It is made of reeds and sticks, and contains about four or five pale-brown eggs. During the breeding the booming cry that the bird makes can be heard at a great distance, but it usually utters a sharp and harsh cry as it rises from the ground. The colour of the bird is a rich brownish buff, and is covered with streaks and mottlings of grey, black, dark-brown, and chestnut. Like the heron, its food is mainly fish and reptiles.

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# Chatterbox.



## THE DUKE OF ALVA AND HIS TWO COURTIERIS;

OR, THE DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

From the German by James F. Cobb, Esq.



SOME people are foolish enough to indulge in practical jokes, and many have been the sufferers by them; but few, probably, have had more serious experience of their bad effects than the two men whose story I am about to relate.

During the cruel and bloody rule of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, no man was sure of his life for an hour; many, who in the evening were happy and cheerful in the midst of society, the next morning were no longer among the living. Hundreds suddenly disappeared, but no one dared even to ask whither they were gone, for no one knew except the Duke's executioner, or provost-marshal, as he was called, and his numerous assistants, who blindly carried out their master's orders; people could only guess at who it was that lay in the fresh grave that had been dug and filled up in the same night. This provost-marshal was the Duke of Alva's favourite, and he shared his good graces with the captain of his body-guard, Don Bolea, a young, light-hearted man. The two favourites, as seldom happens in such cases, were good friends. They were, too, exceptions to the dark, solemn Spanish character, inasmuch as they were cheerful and fond of a joke. The jokes of the provost, however, were coarse, often of a rude, boisterous character, while Bolea, who had enjoyed an excellent education, never transgressed the boundaries of good manners.

One day both were sitting in an apartment of the palace at Brussels, when a third person came in who was a friend of them both, also a Spaniard, and captain in the duke's body-guard, and whose dauntless hardihood was a wonder to every one.

The provost related many events of his official life, and among others, some examples of presence of mind at the approach of death, on the scaffold and the gallows, such as their bloody executioner had seldom witnessed. The conversation which followed was very animated, and Don Bolea remarked, "That it was indeed a dreadful thing to die the dishonourable death of a criminal, but he believed that a clear conscience could meet even such an ignominious death with the calmness and courage of innocence." The friends separated late, and the provost determined to put the assertion of his friend Captain Bolea to the proof.

It might be about three weeks after this, that one night, close upon midnight, the provost appeared at the house of a priest, who had more than once accompanied him into the prison, or into the houses of the city, and ordered him to come and receive the last confession of one whom the duke had condemned to death. On such occasions he used but few words. The priest knew his business, put on his robes and followed him. They knocked at Don Bolea's dwelling, who, after having spent a merry

evening, had just gone to rest. The servant opened the door trembling, for he knew the terrible import of this unexpected visit.

The provost shook the captain out of his slumber, and said with a grieved but very solemn countenance, "Get up, Don Bolea! By special command of the duke you are at once to be led to death. Here is the priest who has come to receive your confession."

The announcement acted fearfully upon the otherwise brave captain. He sprang from his bed, dressed rapidly, and inquired, "Friend, tell me how I have incurred the anger of the duke?"

"It is not my business to ask the duke the reasons of his death-sentences," replied the general-provost, "I have only to obey!"

With these words he retired, in order to give the priest an opportunity for conversing with the condemned man. He spoke to Don Bolea's conscience, who then knelt down and confessed to him.

When the priest had finished his sad duty the provost ordered the executioner who accompanied him, to come in and perform the duties of his office. He entered, put the cord round Don Bolea's neck, and would have drawn it and thus terminated his life, had not the provost suddenly called out 'Stop.' Bolea was already half a corpse with terror, when the provost burst out into a loud laugh, and said, "Don Bolea, you remember our recent conversation, I wished to put you to the proof; and I must confess that you have stood the trial in the most admirable manner, and that henceforth your word will always be implicitly trusted."

Still pale and trembling, Bolea arose, breathed heavily, and said, "Leave me! we were friends till the infamous deed which has disgraced this hour! It is the most wicked joke you ever perpetrated!"

In silence, and somewhat penitent, the provost left the captain, and then he had to submit to the solemn rebuke and angry remonstrances of the priest at this wicked abuse of religion. Don Bolea, who, till the past night had been a handsome, fresh-coloured young man, appeared the next morning with a countenance pale as death, which never after lost its severe expression and deadly pallor. His raven-black hair had become in that one night white as snow. People scarcely recognised him, and persecuted him with questions, but to no one did he tell the cause, not even to the duke, who urgently pressed him to do so. But to the provost-marshal he never spoke a word again.

A year after, the bloody reign of terror in the Netherlands came to an end, and the cruel Duke of Alva was recalled by his sovereign. The curse of the unhappy land, the curse of thousands of families who had been ruined by him, followed him wherever he went.

Don Bolea and the provost-marshal were among his most intimate attendants. The duke travelled like a great nobleman of those days—slowly, and in large cities he halted for some days.

This happened at Saragossa:—

One morning while they were resting in this town, the duke inquired of Don Bolea what there was in the city worth seeing. The captain enumerated all the curiosities, and advised that on that day



they should visit a very interesting and benevolent institution—the asylum for the insane. The duke had never seen one, and ordered the captain of his body-guard, Don Bolea, to announce his visit to the superintendant of the establishment.

Bolea set out at once, and told the governor of the institution what the duke had commanded him. "The cause of the visit of his highness," continued Bolea, "is a very sad one. The provost-marshal of the army of the Netherlands who accompanies the duke (you will recognise him by his scarlet clothing and his broad sword which he wears at his side as a sign of his office) is at times entirely out of his mind—quite insane. For weeks he is raving mad, and as he wears a sword, very dangerous. His highness wishes to confine him here, but it is necessary that you should at once put him into chains, because he falls suddenly and quite unexpectedly into his deplorable malady. I must too, impress upon you, most reverend sir, that you must detain him by cunning, and have him bound at once by four strong men, because he is a very powerful man. But above all, you must manage to take his sword away from him. This is the duke's will and pleasure."

The governor made a profound salute. "Acquaint his Highness with my deep respect, and the assurance of my obedience to his orders. I shall know perfectly how to execute them." Bolea departed.

About ten o'clock, the duke with a large suite entered the asylum. He remained there a long time, examined everything minutely, and gave a liberal present in money to the institution. The superintendant had reckoned upon this present, for the provost whom he was to keep. He noticed the man dressed in scarlet, and because he did not think four sufficient, appointed six strong fellows to the work, and then sent a monk to request of the provost the honour of a visit from him that evening alone and without ceremony.

"Strange!" said the provost to himself, "what can the old fellow want?" However he went alone as soon as it was dark, to the monastery, in which was the asylum. He had scarcely entered when the porter shut the gates, and the six fellows at once fell upon him, dragged him to the ground, cut through his girdle in which his sword hung, which he was about to use for his defence, and when the marshal, a man of immense strength, defended himself with fury, dealing blows on all sides, he received back from the six strong fellows such a superabundance in return that he was soon exhausted, and loaded with huge chains, and in a half-unconscious condition, he was borne into a cell, the windows of which had strong iron bars. Bread and water were his only food, straw his couch, and when the next day he broke out in wild despair and behaved like a maniac, he received blows upon his bruised limbs, and was drenched with icy-cold water. For a whole day and two nights the unhappy man had to bear his hard lot, and he was nearly becoming really mad when a stranger came to view the establishment.

When he came to the iron-barred cell in which the provost lay, the unhappy man called out to him, and related his story so clearly and reasonably that both the stranger and the monk who accompanied

him were somewhat startled. The general provost entreated the stranger to give the Duke of Alva intelligence of him and his position. The stranger told the superintendant what the man had asserted. He, too was moved by it, conversed with the provost, and as he could not discover the thread which was to guide him out of this mysterious affair, requested the stranger to tell everything to the duke. Already the strange disappearance of the merry general provost, without whom the duke could not exist for any length of time, had excited the greatest surprise. No one could give any information about him, and he who alone could give it knew very well why he was silent. Then the stranger appeared, and was to Alva like one fallen from the clouds.

He sent at once for the prisoner and the superintendant of the asylum; the latter declared that everything had been done by the express command of the duke, communicated to him by an officer of high rank.

Now Don Bolea came forward and related what the provost had done to him in Brussels, and the cause of his grey hair. He had long thought and pondered how he could play him a similar trick in return, and never found the right manner of doing so till here at Saragossa, the opportunity presented itself, and he had at once carried his plan into execution; only it had not quite succeeded, for he had meant him to remain at least a week in that position. The duke laughed, though he was much displeased with the conduct of both; he tried to reconcile them, and when at last he had succeeded, he forbade them any more to make similar practical jokes.

### COFFEE.

ONE of the chief differences between tea and coffee is, that tea is made from the leaf of the plant, while coffee is made from the seeds or berries.

Coffee came into England about the same time as tea; that is, about two hundred years ago. It had previously been heard of as a drink of the Turks, but never seen. There is an old story about the discovery of coffee, which tells us that once upon a time there was a convent in Arabia, the monks of which—notwithstanding the rules of their order, which prescribed much fasting—contrived to get very fat. It came out, that in consequence of the sparing food they got at home, they had been obliged to make it up, when out of doors, by satisfying their hunger upon the berries of a wild plant, which was afterwards called coffee. If this story be true, those monks ought to be looked upon as benefactors of mankind.

Soon after coffee was brought to England, its use became general. Coffee-houses were opened in London, the company of which was very select. These early coffee-houses were the "Club Houses" of those times, only distinguished persons being admitted as members. One of the chief of them was known as "Wills' Coffee-house." It was situated in Covent Garden, London; and it was the meeting-place of some of the wits and great men of the day





Coffee Plantation, Ceylon.

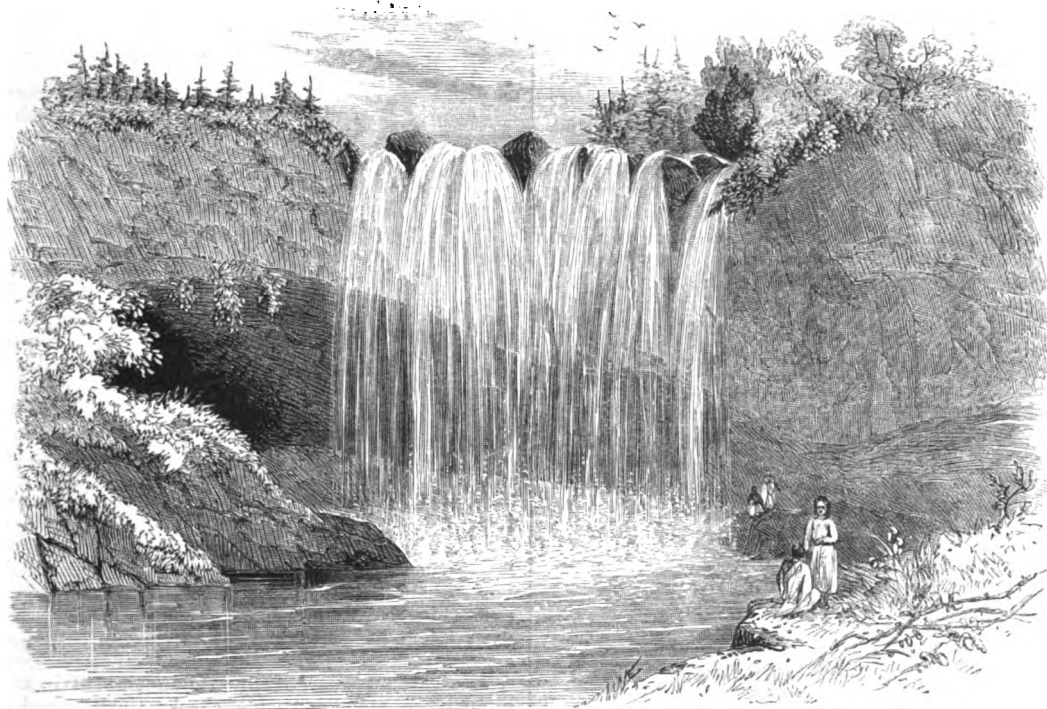
Arabian Jasmine, but it will grow in almost any country. Hence it is now widely spread, much of it being cultivated across the Atlantic, in Brazil, South America. Much is also

—the chief of whom for many years was Dryden the poet.  
The coffee tree is a native of Arabia, its botanical name being *Jasminum Arabicum*, or

grown in the island of Ceylon, which belongs to England, and it is of this that we are now going to speak.

In Ceylon the coffee plant flourishes best on





The Cil-Hepste Waterfall.

lofty mountains; the higher it is up the better is the produce, as it likes showers of rain. It is grown just as shown in the picture, and frequently is planted on the very point of a mountain.

The labourers who work in the coffee-fields, or clear the forests for future crops, are in Ceylon called coolies. These men are all natives of India. All are free men, working for fair wages, which they take back with them at the end of the season. It is calculated that there are as many as 100,000 of these coolies now in Ceylon, and that each man earns 20*l.* a-year, a much larger sum there than in England, and sufficient to maintain an Indian family for a long time.

The coffee plant is not profitable until it is three years old. If allowed to grow, it would become a tree, but the owners get a two-fold crop by keeping it down to three feet, as it then throws out branches side-ways all of which bear plentifully.

### THE CIL-HEPSTE WATER-FALL.

**T**HE beautiful waterfall of Cil-Hepste is situated among the mountains a few miles above the Vale of Neath, in South Wales. The whole district is a remarkable one, being broken up by nature into deep ravines or glens, very narrow and thickly wooded, with streams or rivers flowing through.

The country being so cut up, it is difficult to get across it, as there are no bridges and few roads; so

the traveller must scramble down one side of the glen, wade through the water, and push his way through the wood up the steep and lofty bank upon the other side. Hence the waterfalls, though plentiful, are not very easy to reach, and most persons lose themselves in the search, although they can hear all the while the sound of the water several hundred feet below them.

The writer, however, did *not* get lost, but after a walk of four miles, through woods and over moors, he hit upon the Hepste exactly at the right place, and descending the bank, stood on the spot in front of the fall, where you see the children in the picture.

It was very lovely. Down at so great a depth there was only partial light, and its effect upon the trees and the ferns, sprinkled with the spray from the fall, was remarkable. The fall itself, a sheet of water above 50 feet high, was so transparent that it appeared like a beautiful veil, through the pattern of which could be seen the rocks behind. A singular feature about this cascade is, that a pathway lies along these rocks behind the water, so that it is possible here to walk under a river without getting wet, and yet remain in the open air. Along this strange path cattle have frequently been driven, and, what is still more curious, the fall serves effectually for shelter if the visitor be caught in a shower of rain.

Above the fall, the ground rises to form some mountains called the Brecon Beacons, which are



2800 feet high. Nearer at hand is another mountain, called Craig-y-Llyn, 2000 feet high. From its summit we can look down upon the glens which we spoke of above, reduced from here to mere chinks in the ground; and see, besides other mountains all round about us, lakes, valleys, towns, and the coast, just as if it were on a map.

When we crossed over this mountain, we noticed several cairns, or heaps of stones, in different places, some of them quite freshly made. Each one marked the spot where some unfortunate traveller had perished in winter. Snow-storms are very frequent on mountains, when it is fair weather in other places. They come on without warning, and hardly a winter passes without some one perishing on Craig-y-Llyn.

W.

### MAY.

By Samuel Goodall.

**D**ELIGHTFUL month! delightful May!

A thousand cheerful voices say;  
The young, the old, the rich, the poor,  
Rejoice that winter's fully o'er.

How full of life is all around,  
From mountain-top to lowest ground!  
How rich, how varied Nature's bloom,  
And how refreshing its perfume!

The pasture-fields of living green,  
With blooming hawthorn fence between;  
The fields of precious, thriving grain,  
Which rural sceneries contain.

The orchards, too, and scatter'd trees,  
Which here and there in bloom one sees,  
In perfect beauty now appear,  
The gayest month in all the year.

The feathered songsters of the air  
Subscribe, in sweetest notes, their share  
Of pleasures to the human mind,  
Poured freely forth, and unconfined.

And countless insects on the wing,  
Which divers forms and colours bring,  
In every walk and turn we see,  
Enjoying life and liberty.

And we had nearly failed to say,  
The cuckoo, too, talks most in May;  
And though his talk is o'er the same,  
We can't—old friend—suppress his name.

Delightful month! delightful May!  
How beautiful, how fair, how gay!  
Oh! how thy lovely colours shine,  
Ascribed to Nature but—Divine.

### RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 199.)



RANDAL lifted his head a little higher, and his cheeks were rather redder than usual.

"I suppose the Danes of Redwood are gentlemen, uncle?"

Sir Roger looked puzzled. He was so wrapped up in his own importance, that the Danes of Redwood meant, to his ears, only himself and his son—and, in a secondary point of view, his sister and daughter also. But as Randal looked up at him, the lad's likeness to the portrait of the late baronet, Sir Randal, forced upon him some faint perception of his nephew's claim, and he

said briefly, "I suppose so."

"I told Philip I would come and see him, uncle Roger."

"He will be better kept quiet this evening. There is—I speak plainly—a boisterous element about you,—the school element, I believe; which might excite him and do him harm just now. Some other day; when he is quite recovered from this—accident."

The baronet was gone, and Randal, still in the same place, stood with his cheeks tingling and a great lump rising up in his throat as he thought of all that had been said. It was very foolish; and he was ready to confess that he ought to have known his uncle too well to be hurt at anything he might say; but still the sting was there.

"This is what I get for fishing poor Phil out," he said to himself. "Not that I want thanks, of course. But I did fish him out. I shall call it that if I like."

And then going out into the hall, he found himself face to face with Hester, and his angry mood changed. She was dressed in something white with silver stars all over it; and the lamp shone down full upon her.

"Why, Hester," said Randal, "you are like a little princess of night."

Hester laughed.

"If you take to paying compliments it will be all over. I didn't want to come out in this fashion, but it's Aunt Jean's fault. Never mind examining my stars, Randal; they are only tinsel after all. Philip wants you."

Randal dropped the fold which he was touching with mock awe, and his face clouded again.

"Hester, I'm going home, and I shall stay there. I was a simpleton to come at all. Sir Roger Dane is a very grand personage—very grand indeed; and Redwood Firs has no welcome for a poor town boy like me," said Randal, with an emphasis on the words.

"What's the matter now, Randal? What do you mean?"

"Never mind. But I shall not go to Philip."

"You must."

"I tell you Sir Roger has forbidden it. He says there is a—a boisterous element about me."

"So there is," said Hester, laughing again. "You come with a rush and a rattle like a railway train. But there's a sort of grandeur in the train you know; we don't want it to slacken—except at the stations—this is one; have the goodness to stop at it, Sir Steam-engine!"

"That's chaff," said Randal. "And you had better go away to your visitors. I told you before that Sir Roger said I was not to see Philip."

"Papa would do anything rather than disappoint Philip, though. And you ought to know better than be vexed at what he says when he is worried. I'll make it all right with him. Come, Randal, to please me. Ah, that's right."

"I wonder Philip isn't quite spoiled amongst you," said Randal. "He's a lucky fellow; I know that."

But when he went away that night it was with a certain pity that he thought of his cousin; feeling his own health and strength in every step he took, and battling pleasantly with the wind that had risen high and roared amongst the branches of Sir Roger's trees.

"Boisterous element!" he said. "Well, perhaps I am; but it's what poor Philip never will be. I said he was a lucky chap, but I'd rather be myself a thousand times than the heir of Redwood Firs. Hallo!"

He said this to a head and shoulders that were leaning over the lodge-gate as he reached it, and the long figure of Archie Wray reared itself up slowly with a yawn.

"What a time you've been, Dane! I saw you go, and I saw the carriages, so I concluded you wouldn't stop, and thought I'd wait. But it's cool out here. Come along now, is the poor little chap all right?"

"It would be odd if he were," said Randal. "They cosset him till he's more like an old woman than a boy."

"He doesn't want for pluck, either."

"I'll tell him you say so. It's all he wants—to be thought plucky."

"You Danes are a plucky lot," said young Wray, "and proud."

Randal winced. It was odd, but he didn't quite like being classed amongst them all as "you Danes." Although his pride and his confidence in himself had been humbled lately, yet there was a certain sense of power still about him; and it was this that he liked to think of. If he had pride, it was pride rather in what he actually might do and be; not because he was a Dane, but because he knew himself to be a strong, brave fellow, eager to try great things in life's battle, and confident that to his perseverance and resolution success must come. And he had been thinking, as he came down the avenue to-night, that these people of the Firs were altogether distinct from himself. He put them away with a sort of grand compassion. They were very high and mighty,—very great, far away above him. He and they could have, he thought, very little in common.

"And, after all, they don't care about us," he said, replying to his own thought instead of to his companion's speech. "At least Sir Roger doesn't. I believe mother's poverty is a rankling sore to him; though, if what people say is true, he is poor himself."

"People say!" repeated Archie, "'People say' is about the biggest liar in the world."

"But then," continued Randal, "he keeps up a swell place, and he's a baronet, while we—I think, Archie, he takes our being here at all as an injury."

"A plucky lot," repeated the son of Sir Roger's tenant, significantly, "and proud."

"I'm not proud; if you mean that."

"No; only in your own way. Proud enough to look down rather upon the people you call grand, and feel that you are somehow above them, better stuff than they are. After all, pride's a poor thing, but it's like charlock, there's no getting rid of it. And if you were to take a scholarship——"

"Which I never shall do."

"You won't try again?"

"No."

It was too dark for young Wray to see how Randal's face changed and fell; how all the brightness went out of it, and there came instead regret, and disappointment, and humiliation. But he guessed something of it, and he said quickly, "Dane, we both know that but for me you would have won it this last time. No other fellow had a chance against you."

"But if there was always an Archie Wray to the fore?" interrupted Randal. "Don't worry, old fellow; as I wasn't to have it myself, I'd rather you had it than anybody. I should be worse than a fool if it made any difference between you and me."

"That's all I wanted; and now I'll be off. There's going to be no end of a thaw—no more skating, Dane."

"That won't matter to you," retorted Randal.

"No, I'm like a cat in pattens, if I try it. Good night."

The two lads separated, and Randal went on round the churchyard, which lay dark under the cloudy sky; round by the stone walls of Redwood school, though it was out of his way; and on to an old-fashioned black and white house with a lawn before it, whose flower-beds and shrubs were a proverb in Redwood.

Randal stopped at the gate and looked up. There was a light in the parlour, but the shutters were not closed, and he could see a woman's head bending down over something beside a solitary candle.

"It's the sewing as usual," he said. "She never rests. After all, what right have I to be disappointed if she is not? And I don't know; I never can make out whether she is or not."

(To be continued.)

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—Ps. xxvii. 10.



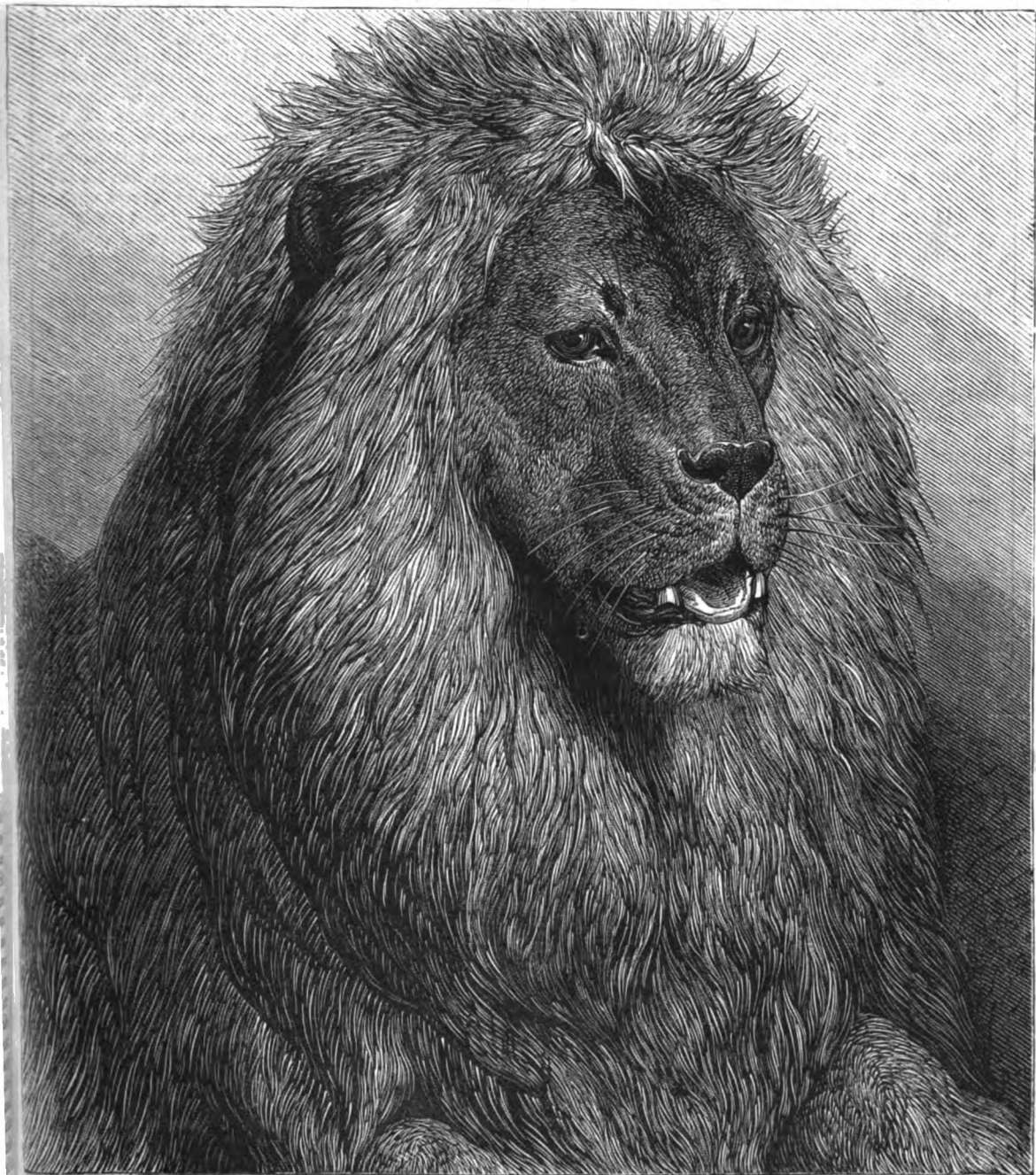
SIR JOSEPH PAXTON.

**JOSEPH PAXTON** was born in 1803, at Milton-Bryant, near Woburn, Bedfordshire. He was educated at the Woburn Free-school, and afterwards became a gardener in the Duke of Devonshire's service at Chiswick Gardens, near London, where, owing to his skill and good behaviour, he gained the favour of his master, who afterwards sent him to Chatsworth, the Duke's beautiful seat in Derbyshire. Joseph Paxton still continued to advance in his master's favour, and he became not only director of the gardens at Chatsworth, but also manager of the Duke's Derbyshire estates. The erection of the grand conservatory, which covered an acre of ground, and the tasteful way in which the grounds at Chatsworth were laid out, attracted great admiration, and caused Joseph Paxton to be thought one of the first gardeners, and conservatory designers in England. The skill displayed by him in building glass houses led to his designs being adopted for the Great Exhibition building of 1851. His plans were

slightly altered by eminent architects, but were carried out under his direction, and he was rewarded with the honour of knighthood, owing to the success and great merits of the building. When a company was formed to purchase the old building at Hyde Park, Sir Joseph Paxton was requested to direct the works and supply new plans for the rebuilding of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; which building now stands as a monument of one who by his ability, energy, and good behaviour, made himself worthy of the many honours that were conferred upon him. He became a Member of Parliament for Coventry in 1854. He was also a Knight of the order of St. Vladimir, which honour was given him by the Emperor of Russia. Sir Joseph Paxton conducted, or contributed to, several publications, such as "The Flower Garden," "Botanical Magazine," and others. He also published a "Pocket Dictionary of Botany," a "Cottage Calendar," and a work on the Cultivation of the Dahlia. He died in 1865.

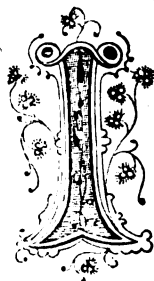


# Chatterbox.



Sir Edwin Landseer's Lion, sketched by F. W. Key.

### SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S LIONS.



**I**DARE say there are few of the readers of *Chatterbox* who do not know who Nelson was, how he lost his life in fighting for his country, and how people built in Trafalgar Square in honour of him a tall column, with his statue on the top, and sculptured scenes from his life at the base; so that even the busy people in London should be often reminded of his bravery and grand deeds, while the name of the place where that column stands is that of the very victory and battle which cost his life. It was intended from the first that four gigantic Lions should guard this monument, and add to its grandeur and impressive appearance: and that they should be *British Lions*.

The column was finished, the sculptures at the base were placed; but the Lions were still wanting. The difficulty was to find the man who could model the British Lion—that emblem of what our nation aims at, both in dealing with people at home and also in dealing with foreign powers.

The British Lion must not be shown as a defiant, roaring, rampant, blood-thirsty, savage beast, with bristling mane and lashing tail, but it should be shown rather as gentle and generous in its great strength, as patient towards the weak, able to hold its own, conscious of ready power and endurance, yet slow to put forth its might, even when provoked.

One day I was shown the picture of a favourite cat, drawn by a little boy, some years ago—that little boy did not think at that time, and still less did his friends think, he would grow up to be the right man to model the British Lion for the nation. Yet, even that early drawing (the little boy was about five years old) showed some of that power to observe, which in due time made the little boy a great painter—one of the greatest that ever lived. The name of that painter is Sir Edwin Landseer, and every English boy and girl ought to be proud of him. But you will want to know how he, being a Painter, could do those Lions, which are not painted but sculptured, and then cast in bronze. The answer to this may be found in the story of a blind old Indian Chief. He was at New York, and when he was young and could see he had known Washington. When a bust of that great man was put before him, he passed his fingers over it, and said,—“Wonderful! but it is like what I have seen when my eyes were open.” Then they brought a picture, and told him again that it also represented the General. He asked to touch it; shook his head, and said, “If this be a likeness, it is more wonderful still—I feel nothing.” He could understand a model, but he could not understand how a flat surface should give a likeness. In modelling there are not the difficulties of light, shade, and perspective to be overcome, nor is it required to express a form by a line. Painters often model as a help to drawing.

And, indeed, painting requires much more art and skill; and so we need not be surprised that a great painter should be also a skilful modeller.

Sir E. Landseer had worked hard all his earlier life, and not only had he taken every opportunity to study living animals, but he had also made most careful studies of dead ones. And just as in his career as a student at the Academy he had gone through a course of anatomy of the human body, so he dissected and drew life-size dead lions and other animals when he could get the chance of doing so. Many a day did he spend sketching at old Exeter 'Change, where there was a menagerie—many an one at the more recent Zoological Gardens. The lion whose picture is given in the *Chatterbox* to-day has often been watched and sketched by him since he undertook the task of modelling the British Lion. But the real lion who sat for these four bronze ones was fifty years' experience—that is, all that love for nature and his art with which he worked since he drew that cat, when he was but a wee bairn. Few can realise the anxiety, and wear and tear of mind, by which those simple, calm, majestic figures were arrived at. There were large drawings, quite complete, of lions in various positions; splendid in themselves, but not the British Lion. They were fine fellows of the African forests, but not what was wanted for that site in Trafalgar Square. Years rolled on, and at last the large models were finished, cast, and found in their places. I had only seen an early model, then one large one unfinished, some time ago.

After a long, tiring day at the Zoological Gardens, where I had been dotting down observations among the lions, I found myself in Oxford Street, looking at the photographs from Sir Edwin's Lions, and I was delighted. And it requires very great qualities in a picture to excite a tired brain, and to delight eyes that are weary with gazing for the whole day at such beautiful real animals as those among which I lived all day.

Two days afterwards I saw the monument, and as the sun shone upon the noble fellows opposite the club-houses, I could not help feeling how true was the remark that the huge creature, calm and self-contained though it looked, yet might be supposed ready to make a sudden spring. On the day, when I was watching the lions at the Zoological Gardens, the magnificent one which is in the same cage with the Babylonian lioness was quarrelling with her, and was in a bad humour, disturbed by the quarrels of two large Bengal tiger-brothers in a cage close by. And I must say that their noises were enough to disgust any one. After scratching Mrs. Lioness very discreetly with my pencil-case (mind you, there were bars and wire-net between us), I just touched Mr. Lion with the same behind the ear. In disgust he had flung himself with his whole weight against the bars, turning his back to me, sitting on his haunches. As I touched him behind the ear, he sprang round so suddenly, that he faced me almost before my pencil was withdrawn. I could not help thinking of that sudden spring when I was looking at those British Lions of Sir Edwin Landseer in Trafalgar Square.



## NURSE'S TALE.

ACRED to the Memory of Mary, the beloved Wife of Edgar Hamilton, who died on Ascension Day, 1849, aged thirty years."

"It is just twelve years ago to-day, Miss Julia, since your dear mother was taken away from us. On that day the parish of Lyndhurst suffered such a loss as it has never yet recovered."

These words were said to a sweet little girl who was standing by her old nurse's side. Julia had read the above inscription upon the tombstone, and then said, "Please, nurse, tell me about dear mamma." Julia Hamilton was the only daughter of the Rector of Lyndhurst, and on every Ascension Day she would go with her father and look at her mother's grave. She came at other times, but on the day before the anniversary of her mother's death the grave was always fresh turfed, and some of her mother's favourite flowers brought and placed upon it. On this day, however, immediately after service, Mr. Hamilton had been met in the porch by a messenger, who was sent from a distant part of the parish to tell him of the sudden illness of a parishioner, and he was obliged to go at once, without stopping a moment. It was then that Julia and the nurse came, and as they are by the grave the old servant tells something of the history of her former mistress. "She was very dear to me, Miss Julia," continued the nurse. "I loved her as much as my own children. I nursed her when she was a little baby; I nursed her when you were a little baby, and when you were only a few months old she died."

"Every one who knew her, loved her; she never seemed to care for herself, but was always thinking for others. Her last illness was brought on by her forgetfulness of herself. On Easter Monday she heard of the illness of a poor girl who used to be housemaid at the Rectory. She lived in the part of the village where Mr. Hamilton has gone to-day, and mistress walked to see her. It was a beautiful morning when she started, but when she was coming back the weather turned bitterly cold, and your mother caught rheumatic fever and died. Sarah Willes soon got well again, and came as a very sad mourner to the funeral."

"Some people were almost angry with Sarah for sending to see her mistress; but, poor girl, she could not tell that any evil could happen from it; and, strange enough, the person who had the most reason to be vexed with her showed her the most kindness. Your dear father was very kind to Sarah, and told her she must not fret, but only take it as a mercy to herself; and so it proved."

"But how was it a mercy to Sarah, nurse?"

"In this way, Miss Julia. Sarah was a thoughtless and giddy girl, who seldom thought about anything but amusing and enjoying herself; but her mistress's death so rested on her mind that she became quite a different girl. She learnt to pray to God and to serve Him, and became quite a pattern

to other girls. She is married now, and has three of the best children in the parish."

"Not better than the little Lees, I am sure, nurse."

"Those are the very children—her name now is Sarah Lee."

"I am sure I did not know that Sarah Lee had anything to do with dear mamma's death before."

Mr. Hamilton returned in about three hours, his little girl was waiting for him at the gate.

She ran to meet him, and said, "Who is ill, father dear?"

"No one, now, Julia; the person I went to see is dead. Poor Sarah Lee has just died. I was in time to see her, I am thankful to say, and had some conversation with her before she died. She spoke to me about the death of your dear mother, and said how much she owed to her kindness. It was your dear mother's gentle teaching that won her heart when a girl, but when she went away from Lyndhurst and got into new scenes the good advice faded away. Upon her return in ill health your mother visited her, and even after all her kindness Sarah still cared little for anything except pleasure and amusement; but when she heard of your mother's death, all the good advice returned to her with tenfold power, and by God's blessing she became quite altered. She had scarcely strength to tell me all this, but said she could not die without letting me know how much her mistress's death had done for her. I stayed with her a little time longer, and saw she was growing weaker and weaker. She begged to receive the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and not long after she had received it she died."

Julia went and told the old nurse the story, and after she had returned to her father they both went to her mother's grave. Mr. Hamilton looked at the flowers and said, "Ah, Julia, my darling, your dear mother wished us to put her favourite flowers on her grave on every Ascension Day; these flowers will fade and die, but the flower that has died this day has gone to the home of the blessed, and with your dear mother will bloom for ever and ever in the Paradise of God."

W. M.

## THE IMPATIENT PEACH-BLOSSOM.

IT'S very dull here," fretted a peevish little voice one still spring morning. The sound came from the branch of a large peach-tree which was carefully nailed against the garden wall; and it was the eldest Bud on the end of a stout bough that spoke.

"Nonsense, Pinky," said a little sister close beside her. "How you do go on fretting! I'm sure we are all very comfortable in our warm brown cloaks. You know we can't have to wait much longer, only until the fine weather really sets in."

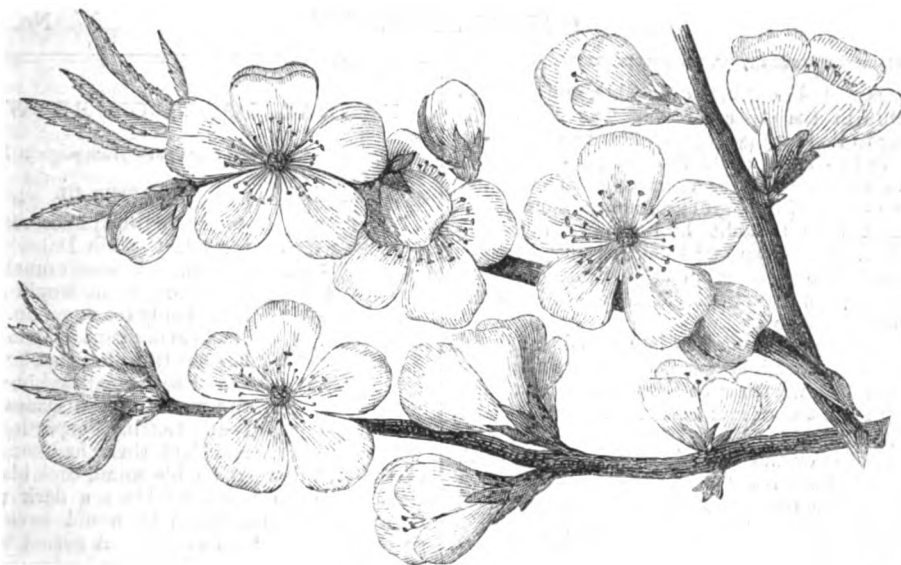
"I'm tired of waiting," answered Pinky again in the same cross voice,—"quite tired. It's more than a week now since the South Wind told me I was ready to open, and here I am, day after day, in the same place. My beautiful dress is getting crushed and crumpled, and by the time we really are let out it





Nurse's Tale.





The Peach Blossom.

will not be fit to be seen;" and Pinky gave the sheltering leaves that kept her safe from cold and wet an impatient push.

"Silly child!" murmured the Parent Stem, waking up from a comfortable doze she had just been enjoying. "If you had lived as many summers as I have existed, you would have learnt to beware of the South Wind. Why, he is never of the same mind two days together. One minute wishing to rule in the garden and have it all his own way, and the next flying off somewhere else, and leaving his brother from the north in possession, who comes in nearly as bad a temper as you feel now, Pinky, and bites to pieces every blossom he can catch hold of."

"Shall we have to wait much longer, mother?" asked several little Buds, who felt quite inclined to agree with Pinky.

"Not much longer, dears," said the mother; "only be patient and do as I bid you, and no harm will come to you."

"But the crocuses are out," murmured Pinky again; "they look warm enough, and the almond, who's our first cousin, has been in blow for the last three days. Why mayn't we go too?"

"Silly child!" said the mother, "won't you trust me? I have lived much longer than you have done or ever will do; and I tell you, you will suffer for it if you are not patient. Won't you trust me, little daughters?"

"Yes, yes, yes," cried the Buds on all the branches, "we will trust you, we will be patient;" and then the Parent Stem felt she had done her duty and went off into another comfortable nap.

All was quiet now on the garden wall, the Buds rested snug and warm, never troubling themselves about what the other flowers were doing;—all, that is to say, except Pinky, who felt very fidgety and uncomfortable, and twisted and turned in her case, until she awoke all her sisters near.

"How brightly the sun shines!" she said. "It looks so pleasant out in the light; and there is a bee, I do

declare. Dear me, she's coming our way, and not one of us awake; it's disgraceful to be so lazy. Mother *might* let us out, I think."

So fretted poor, discontented Pinky, instead of resting satisfied with what she had and believing her mother's words. And she encouraged her naughty temper by giving way to it.

"I'm sure mother is mistaken," she said at last; "the next time the South Wind comes I'll ask him about it."

As Pinky was whispering this to herself, the South Wind came dancing over head, and singing in his merriest tone, "Wake, wake up, little flowers; you have slept long enough. What! pretty Peach-blossom, you shut up still? Come, open and see how pleasant it is in the world. Why, there's not a flower in the garden now so beautiful as you, if you would but unfasten that stupid brown cloak."

"I can't stay here any longer," said Pinky. "Sisters, won't you come too; and we will have such fun together?"

"Mother told us to wait and be patient," answered the other Buds with a little sigh; "stay a while longer, Pinky; you can't come back, you know."

But Pinky by this time was busy shaking out her crumpled leaves in the sunshine. The frequent pushes she had given to her cloak had loosed its folds, and the warmth of the South Wind melted the last little bit of gum from its edges, so it was easily thrown off, and fell back from the stem, and the Peach-blossom appeared in all her glory.

But this was not the end of the evil. One by one that morning other little Buds began to follow her example, and to unfold as she had done, so that by the middle of the day one branch of the tree was quite in blossom. In vain the Parent Stem, who discovered the mischief that was going on, called out to them to stay. They *would* do as they liked; they were old enough now to judge for themselves.

At first they had a fine time of it, to be sure. It

was charming to be out in the sunshine, and to watch the plants in the other borders. The Wind came and sung to them praises of their beauty, which they dearly liked to hear. And the Bee paid them frequent visits, dipping into their crimson cups and buzzing so loud of his own and his neighbours' concerns that they thought him a most agreeable companion. Only now and then, in spite of their amusement, the recollection of their disobedience made them feel a little uncomfortable. What if the wind should change?

"Silly things," their mother had called them, and very silly they certainly were, choosing their own will, and following their own way in spite of her warnings; what wonder if matters turned out badly for them, after all!

Towards the evening the air grew misty and chill. The Bee said he found it cold, and flew home to his warm hive. The South Wind got out of spirits, and at last remarked that he must leave his dear Peach-blossoms for awhile, but would soon come back again. And when he was gone, Pinky and the sisters whom her bad example had made disobedient, folded their pretty leaves together, and drew as close to each other as they could, shivering and longing for the comfortable cloaks they had despised that morning.

All in vain, poor things! the night was bitterly cold. The North Wind came, as their mother had warned them he would do, in a very bad temper, and brought Jack Frost with him; and when the sun shone out again the Peach-blossoms were drooping from their stems—faded and dead.

"Dear, dear!" said the old gardener as he went his rounds next morning, pausing before the perishing flowers, "who would have thought it! Why, whatever could have made that one branch open so much before the others? this changeable weather, too! To be sure, I ought to have covered it up before, but it's not too late for the rest of the tree, and I'll do it at once. Master would be vexed if more of the blossoms got nipped."

And when the summer had passed, and the autumn came with its glowing fruits, the master of the garden, leading his little son by the hand, came to look at his favourite peach-tree. All the boughs were loaded with ripe, juicy peaches, except one near the top, which had only a few green leaves. The child asked, "Why is that branch bare when all the others have their fine fruit?"

And the father answered, "Because, my son, in the spring-time the blossoms on that bough were impatient and disobedient; when the frost came it killed them, and thus they have brought 'no fruit to perfection.'" And the child blushed and hung his head, for he remembered that he himself was often impatient and wayward to the father who loved him dearly.

K. V.

"A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."—Prov. xxviii. 20.

## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 207.)

### CHAPTER III.



ONE in Redwood knew much about the late Captain Dane. Perhaps, indeed, there wasn't much to know. The story, as he would have told it, was only too common. He had been extravagant at Cambridge, to begin with; after that he had been seized with what he himself called the mania of the Danes, speculation. Getting deeper into misery and debt there had come a time, as the fact dawned on his mind, that his speculations were so many bubbles; a dark period in George Dane's life which he would have fain forgotten at the last if he could. A period brief as it was dark, when he was led away to try, for present relief, all the dissipations which his so-called friends could offer him.

When he woke up from this, with the reaction of disgust strong in his heart, he sold his commission and brought his wife down to Redwood, where he tried to eke out his scanty income by farming a little and gardening a great deal. That is, the farming did something towards helping him to live, the gardening did not. But it pleased him, and it was a simple and innocent hobby, not like those down in the dark past, which had been such sore trials to his wife. He had his moments of ambition still,—ambition I mean, not so much for himself as for his son;—moments when the old vigour of the man stole up from under the languor of his used-up life, and whispered to him that it might yet be possible for him to do something. But these were only moments now and then, sparks of energy which died down and left him sadder under the consciousness that it was too late. He was incapable of any great exertion. He said to himself that his had been a wasted life, and all he could do now was to suffer the punishment of his faults in silence, and use the time that might be granted to him as best he could.

At first when his downfall came he only rebelled against the actual poverty he had brought upon himself, and against the world's verdict. But a time came when the heat of this rebellion wore off, when he would sit alone with his face in his hands looking out upon the story that seemed to have closed behind him,—a finished book, and say—

"Oh, my life, my life!—my blurred life! Give it me back! At least a little of it,—a few years only!"

And then he would look at his son's face and long with a desperate longing that the story had not been his own, so that he might tell the lad and warn him. As it was, only the one subject of the bubble speculations could he open to him. He could not take his son into that terrible time, the very memory of which still made his brain grow dizzy, as with the terror of a man who has been snatched from the brink of a precipice. By-and-bye his prayer grew to



be a calmer and more constant one: "Lift it up! Oh, lift up the cloud a little way that I may see light under it!"

But of all this Randal knew little or nothing. He knew only that his father was dead; and he bore about with him the memory of words, spoken with difficulty, which had committed his mother to him as a sacred charge.

As for the widow, it would be hard to tell whether she was glad or sorry for the boy's failure concerning the scholarship. It seemed to her at times, indeed, the natural and proper thing that Randal should go to college; but yet, down under this thought, there was hidden a secret pleasure at the prospect of keeping him still under her own eye. It is true, she knew but little of college life, and, perhaps, judged it unfairly from the recollection of her husband's misuse of it. Not that she would have said this, or suffered any one else to say it. He had always been good and tender to her; the thought of him was yet fresh in her memory; sometimes almost more than she could bear. But for all that, it seemed to the forlorn woman a piteous thing to send forth her only son alone upon a sea of unknown temptation.

She would have done it, of course, without a spoken murmur, if matters had turned out differently; but now she could not help catching at this new glimmer of hope, that he might not leave her.

It was not until the boy had been for some time in the room with her, and had seated himself at the table near her, that Mrs. Dane paused in her work to look up. He had a pencil in his hand, and his forehead was puckered up into a frown over some plans and drawings that lay before him. Again the little pang came to the widow's heart. Though she should keep him with her, there was yet the faint stirring of ambition for him in her heart; and was it possible, after all, that this career which he was about to choose would not be worthy of him? Somehow these plans and drawings irritated her; they came before her as if to put the final touch to a decision which she was hardly quite prepared to accept.

Suddenly Randal, conscious of her glance, raised his head, "I was right here, mother, at any rate. Mr. Kellet lent me this book yesterday, and I've been looking it out."

Mrs. Dane responded, "I am glad you are right;" but there was something painful about her smile for all that.

Randal pushed his book away and went up to the fire, watching with a little trouble the quick flash of his mother's needle. She was always sewing, he thought. He even had a notion that she made her own dresses, for economy's sake; but he said nothing about it, he only wished that the time had come when all this might be altered through his exertions.

"I wonder you don't hate the sight of a needle, mother," he said at last; "I should."

Mrs. Dane answered, "I wonder you don't hate the sight of a pencil, Ran; I should."

Randal laughed, and she went on, "How is a woman to occupy herself, do you think? Why,

when my bit of housekeeping is over, it's a treat to come and sit down to my sewing. You don't give me half work enough, that's the worst of it."

She said this in perfect good faith, never suspecting for a moment that he noticed how much her needle accomplished; for what do boys know about such things?

But, after all, both mother and son felt that they were only fencing round the real subject uppermost in their minds, and which had got to be discussed.

Mrs. Dane, nodding towards the plans, said suddenly, "A fault in somebody's new building was it, Randal?"

"Not exactly, mother," he added, emphatically. "I'm sorry—sorry every day of my life, sorrier when I wake up in the morning and think about that scholarship all fresh again. But I tried hard. You know I did my best?"

"I know you think you did. The question is whether it really was your best or not."

"You once said," interposed Randal, "that if I failed this time it would be better not to try again."

"I should think it wiser to be satisfied, my dear," said Mrs. Dane, slowly. "If I were not so poor it would be different; but you see it is the most useless thing in the world to consider what we should do under other circumstances. What we want is, to find the best thing to do under our present ones. You are sixteen, Randal?"

"Yes, mother. Old enough to be helping you, instead of burdening you."

Mrs. Dane made an impatient little jerk with her needle.

"A good son is no burden upon his mother, Randal; that is not the question. Rather, do you think you have any more time to spend upon a trial which may be only another failure? I think that whatever talent you may have—out of the common way—seems to turn towards architecture."

"I suppose so," said Randal.

"I can't remember a time when you were not spoiling paper and pencils in some way."

"Mr. Kellet's is a good offer, mother."

"A very good offer," responded Mrs. Dane.

"And I believe he thinks I have a turn for his kind of work."

"He has been a very good friend to me, Ran. But that should not count. As you have got to work and to choose a profession we should be careful to hit upon the right one. If you think you can forget what might have been, so far as to be troubled by no vain regrets, and give your mind to this—"

"It is the only thing," interrupted Randal, "that I have any fancy for. I know it has only been an amusement as yet, but have no fears about that, mother: I shall give my mind to it."

Mrs. Dane's needle grew quiet here, and she looked at her son thoughtfully.

"Have you considered at all about Sir Roger?"

"I don't see that it can matter to us. He has Philip. He is not likely to concern himself about me."

(To be continued.)




## CROCODILES.

THE scene which our picture represents is thus described by a naval officer who has just returned from India, and who was an eye-witness:—

"About ten miles from Kurrachee there is a large pool surrounded by swampy ground, containing many hundreds of crocodiles, called 'muggars' by the natives, by whom they are worshipped and protected. Those who live in the neighbourhood, including the heathen priests, breed goats and sheep, for the express purpose of feeding these reptiles. These animals are sold at a considerable profit by the priests and natives to those who visit the place for the purpose of seeing the reptiles. A priest generally accompanies the party, at whose call the

crocodiles leave their swampy bed, and approach within a few feet of the bystanders. Large pieces of flesh are thrown into the reptiles' gaping jaws, which are extended to an enormous size. Sometimes the head of a goat, with its horns, are thrown into a crocodile's mouth. The upper jaw descends like a Nasmyth's hammer, and crushes it to pieces.

"The crocodiles are quite tame, and therefore visitors are enabled to play many practical jokes upon them: such as throwing into one of the open mouths a bottle of soda water, and this, when it explodes, causes much astonishment to Master Mugar, and some fun for the visitors."

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# Chatterbox.





### ONLY A BABY SMALL.

By Matthias Barr.

ONLY a baby small,  
Dropt from the skies ;  
Only a laughing face,  
Two sunny eyes ;  
Only two cherry lips,  
One chubby nose ;  
Only two little hands,  
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,  
Curly and soft ;  
Only a tongue that wags  
Loudly and oft ;  
Only a little brain,  
Empty of thought ;  
Only a little heart,  
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower,  
Sent us to rear ;  
Only a life to love  
While we are here ;  
Only a baby small,  
Never at rest ;  
Small, but how dear to us  
God knoweth best.

### DON'T BE COWARDS.

I WON'T tell alie ! I won't be such a coward !"  
said a fine little fellow, when he had broken a statuette of his father's in showing it to his playmates, and they were telling him how he could deceive his father and escape a scolding. He was right. Cowards tell lies, brave little boys tell the truth. So Charlie Mann was right, and was rewarded for it, as the following story will show :—

A boy, whose name was Charlie Mann, happened to smash a large pane of glass in a druggist's shop, and he ran away at first, for he was frightened ; but he began to think, "What am I running for ? It was an accident ; why not turn about and tell the truth ?"

No sooner thought than done. Charlie was a brave boy ; he told the whole truth—how the ball with which he was playing slipped out of his hand, how frightened he was, how sorry, too, at the mischief done, and how willing to pay if he had the money.

Charlie had not the money, but he could work, and to work he went at once, in the very shop where he broke the glass. It took him a long time to pay for the large pane of plate-glass he had shattered ; but when it was done he had made himself so useful to the druggist, by his fidelity and truthfulness, that he could not hear of his going away, and Charlie became his clerk.

"Ah ! what a lucky day it was when I broke that window," he used to say.

"No, Charlie," his mother would respond, "what a lucky day it was when you were not afraid to tell the truth !"

### FANNY PERKINS' ARTIFICIALS.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRLS.

DON'T you think these artificials look very pretty on my bonnet ?" said Fanny Perkins to Martha Holmes, as they were walking one afternoon to the Sunday-school. "I wish you would have some in yours ; I know you would like them."

"Well, now," replied Martha, "I am not certain that I should."

"Why not ?" returned Fanny. "I am sure they would look smarter than that bonnet of yours—which I call as plain as a pike-staff—with not a flower, or a bit of a bow of ribbon, or anything in it."

"Why as to that," said Martha, "I know something of that kind would look smarter, but of what use would it be ?"

"Use !" said Fanny ; "why, what use is anything smart ? To make you look like other people, to be sure ! One may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

"Well," replied Martha, "I do not wish to look so queer as to attract notice, or to be dressed as oddly as if one had just come out of Noah's ark, as Aunt Jane used to say ; but father and mother have nothing but what they work for, and there are five of us, so that they have enough to do to provide us with useful clothing, without buying things which we can do without. You know I have to go out in the field to work, or stay at home and mind the baby while mother goes ; and in harvest I must glean."

"Well, and what of all that ?" returned Fanny. "I have to do all those things as well as you, and yet mother lets me have smart things. Why should not we, I wonder ? What is it to any one, as long as they are paid for ? Ask your mother to buy you some flowers. I know you can persuade her if you try."

"But I don't wish to try. I should not like to have it said that Martha Holmes, who, every one knows, is glad to weed the corn in summer, and to glean it in harvest, makes a flower-pot of her head."

"What a funny girl you are to talk, to be sure !" exclaimed Fanny, laughing. "But I suppose when you get out to service, and have your wages to spend, you will be so smart then we shall hardly know you."

"I hope," returned Martha, "I shall have a greater plenty of useful things ; and if I can spare a little to buy a hat or a frock, or anything for some of the little ones at home, it will help mother, and I shall take a pleasure in it : but as to *finery*, I do not think it suits a servant. I believe mistresses like to see their servants clean and neat in their appearance better than when they are so very smart. It looks as if they wanted to ape richer folk ; and I have heard mother say that such smart, flaunty girls mostly make very untidy women. You know what a dirty, slatternly woman Mrs. Jenkins is ; and the neighbours say when she was a girl in service she was one of the smart sort, with her flowers and furbelows, her necklaces and earrings, her ribbons and artificials ; and when she married, and had a family, and could not get smart things, she did not care to keep those things neat which she could get."

"Aye," said Fanny, "I hope I shall never be such a dirty trollop as she is."

"I hope not," said Martha. "Then you remember Kitty Fripp. How fond she was of dressing smart, as she called it. If she had a new frock, she must have it made in the last new fashion; and if she could but get a bit of ribbon, or an artificial, to put on her bonnet, she thought herself as fine as a lady; but she did not try to keep her things in repair. If she chanced to tear a little hole in any of her clothes, instead of mending it at once, she would say, 'O, that little place won't matter;' and she would let it go and go till it was past her art to mend it. After her mother's death her father thought she was old enough to take care of the other children, and save him the expense of a house-keeper; but she let everything go to ruin. Poor man! he could not get her to mend the children's clothes, and often, when he has put on his things on a Sunday, there have been holes in his stockings, and no buttons on his wristbands. I once went there on an errand, and, though it was near dinner-time, the breakfast things were not cleared away, a lot of green onions and onion-peelings lay on the table, the salt was spilt, a cup of coffee had been upset and made little puddles all over the table; pieces of bread and butter, with the crumb eaten out, lay amongst the slops; and the kitten was curled round in the crown of her Kitty's Sunday bonnet, which lay on the window-seat, amongst a jumble of children's shoes, potato-parings, and cotton balls. On the unmade bed two of the children were playing 'Jack's alive,' and buffeting each other with the pillows; while the youngest, with its face smeared with treacle up to the eyes, sat in its bedgown on the floor, surrounded by pea-shells, playing with a bag of Sunday-school tickets, and scattering its contents in all directions. On one of them I read, 'Let all things be done decently and in order.'"

"And what important business think you was Miss Kitty engaged in? Why, she was rummaging the patch-bag to find a piece which had been left to repair her frock, that she might cut it into shreds to put some trimming on her sleeves like Miss Bland's new dress, which she had caught sight of the day before! Her father at last resolved she should go to service, but she was so sluttish and slatternly that no mistress would keep her long. When she had a little time, instead of mending her things she would be altering the trimming of her bonnet, or threading her beads on a fresh string, or curling or plaiting her hair, which, though oiled till it shone like an eel-skin, was wretchedly dirty underneath; meanwhile, her apron-strings were tied in half-a-dozen knots, and she was forced to draw her stocking heels under her feet to prevent the holes from peeping 'above shoe.' I think she had seven places in one year, and at the last she left she was sitting up late one Saturday night, puckering up some bows of velvet to put in her hat, when the candle set the bed-clothes on fire. Happily, help was soon procured, and the flames put out; but her mistress never let her have a light in her room after. You know Mary Goulding was no older than Kitty when

her mother died, and the care of three children fell on her, and how clean she always kept them; and then the house was always tidy, so that her father had a comfortable home to come to when he left work. She was always *neat*, but never *showy*. Don't you think Mary a better pattern than Kitty?"

"Why, yes, to be sure," said Fanny; "but if Mary had dressed a little smarter it would have done her no harm."

"That is more than we know," replied Martha. "If the mind is set on dress it is always wanting something fresh. Let me ask you, Fanny, if you are *satisfied* now you have got those flowers?"

"I *should* be," said Fanny, "if I had a frock and cape like Miss Prince."

"Not you, I can tell you," said Martha. "You would soon see something else you would like. For my part I care very little about fashion, so long as one's clothes are clean and whole. Besides, I know that last year Miss Cutter made a dress, which she *then* said was a most splendid affair, and last week she had it to alter, because, as she said, it was such an ugly, old-fashioned thing; so, if *splendour* can be changed into *ugliness* by *fashion*, I think the less we have to do with it the better: for, if we run ourselves out of breath, we cannot keep pace with it. It is all vanity; and the verse on one of my tickets last Sunday was, 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.'"

By this time the two girls had arrived at their school. Martha sat down attentively to her lessons; but as to Fanny, her poor head was as full of roses within as her bonnet was without. She thought they were charming and smart, and kept staring about to see if other people noticed them. No wonder that she could not give her teacher a good answer to any question, and that she had some words of sad reproof. After teaching was concluded, Mr. Stevens, the superintendent, addressed the children from 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." He spoke kindly, but seriously to them, of the infinite value of the soul, and the folly and danger of neglecting it, while all the attention was given to deck a poor dying body, which must soon be food for worms. The elder children were very attentive, and Martha felt more than ever strengthened in her resolution to abstain from useless finery, and to attend to "the inward adorning of the mind;" but poor Fanny felt much ashamed, and when the children sang—

"Shall we be fond of gay attire,  
Which children love, and fools admire?"

she blushed red as the roses with which her head was emblazoned. She felt that she was wrong, and that Martha was right; and if she had had a pious and prudent mother it is more than probable she would have been easily induced to give up her showy and unbecoming finery.

EMNELINE.





### THE LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

**P**ALESTINE, or the Holy Land, is the most interesting place to a Christian in all the world, for it was there that not only most of the wonderful events related in the Old Testament

occurred, but in it also the Saviour Himself was born, and lived and died for men.

The Land of Canaan, the Land of Promise, or the Land of Israel—for by all these names it

is called in the Scripture—is now in an utterly changed state to what it was of old. Its "cities are laid waste," its ancient people scattered, and another people—the Turks, followers of the false



prophet Mahomet—are in full possession. The former population of the land is reduced to a fragment, and where of old were “the thousands of Israel,” are now no more than a few stragglers—in daily fear of robbers and of the oppression of the rulers. But notwithstanding all this, the country is still to us the *Holy Land*; we can trace the homes and the footsteps of the Patriarchs, of King David, and, more than all, of our Blessed Lord Himself; and there are some things which neither Time nor the Turks have altered, among which is the Lake of Tiberias.

It is difficult to compress into a few lines even a portion of what ought to be said about this famous Lake. It is called in Scripture the Sea of Tiberias (John, xxi. 1), the Sea of Galilee (Matt. iv. 18), and the Lake of Genessaret (Luke, v. 1); and it is one of the spots which witnessed many “mighty works” of our Lord. Here it was that He called Simon and Andrew to be His disciples (Mark, i. 16); where “He taught the people out of the ship,” thrust a little from land, and ordered the miraculous draught of fishes (Luke, v.); upon its waters He was seen walking (Matt. xiv.); here He stilled the tempest (Matt. viii. 26); and after His resurrection, it was upon its banks that He appeared to His disciples, and renewed the miracle of the draught of fishes (John, xxi.).

Around the Lake in the time of the Saviour were many flourishing towns and villages. Capernaum—called in the Gospel “His own city,”—Chorazin, and others on the Galilee side. On the opposite shore were Bethsaida\* and the country of the Gergesenes, where the people madly urged their Divine Visitor “to depart out of their coasts.” But now there is hardly one of these places which has one stone left upon another (see Matt. xi. 21–23), except the town of Tiberias, which still remains, though nearly destroyed by the earthquake of 1837.

The Lake, however, still rolls its waters as of old. It still abounds with fish, and is subject to the same sudden storms. The shape is an oval, its length being about fourteen miles, and its breadth seven. The neighbouring land is very fertile, and the climate is intensely hot—as the Lake is plainly in a hollow, or basin formed by a volcano. Boiling streams flow into it from the adjoining hills, and the rocks are black and like the “slag of a furnace.” The hills which surround it are bare of trees, but very green after rain. Far in the distance, and a ways capped with snow, is seen the Jebel esh Snehk, or Old Man Mountain, a part of the Lebanon range, and supposed to be the Hermon of the Bible (Ps. lxxxix, 12). This view, with the town of Tiberias, now called Tabareh, is shown in our picture.

Right through the Lake from north to south flow the waters of the river Jordan, which has its springs in Lebanon. After leaving the Lake it runs through a deep valley, called by travellers the “Region of Depression,” past Jericho and the place



Robbers lying in wait for Travellers.

where Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist, into the Dead Sea, from which no outlet for its waters has yet been ascertained. B. W.

## LESSONS FROM BIRDS.

By G. W. Doane.

WHAT is that, Mother?  
The Lark, my child!—

The morn has but just looked out and smiled,  
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,  
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,  
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure bright sphere,  
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child! be thy morn's first lays  
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother?

The Dove, my son!—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,  
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
For her distant, dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—  
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother?

The Eagle, my boy!—

Proudly careering his course of joy,  
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,  
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,  
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, Mother?

The Swan, my love!—

He is floating down from his native grove;  
No loved one, now, no nestling nigh,  
He is floating down by himself to die;  
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,  
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

\* There seem to have been two Bethsaiidas; one on each side the Lake.—Compare Mark, v. 45, with John, i. 44, and xii. 21.

## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.



(Continued from page 215.)

UT I think he is, Randal. At least so far as this goes. If we were in—say Central Africa, he wouldn't care what we did; but here, close to him, he will think we are disgracing the Danes. He has not taken much notice of us, to be sure," added Mrs. Dane. "But we are Danes, and in a sort of way he acknowledges us. I don't wish to offend your uncle, Randal."

"Mother," said Randal, "I have come to the conclusion that we must be two distinct families. They are great people, we are not. Is there any shame," continued the boy, reddening, "in being an architect? Was Sir Christopher Wren ashamed of himself?"

Even now Mrs. Dane could not help a sly hit at this outbreak of enthusiasm.

"He ought to have been if what people say of his masterpiece is not all prejudice. But never mind Sir Christopher, Ran. There's no shame in work, only in the meanness of being ashamed of it."

"I have got to work, at any rate. And Sir Roger cannot punish us if he is ever so angry. He can't turn us out, as we don't live under him. And then I have you to see to," said Randal, with a little pardonable impudence. "And, mother, Archie Wray has worked hard."

"Oh! yes."

Mrs. Dane said with a sort of sigh. Young Wray might be all very well, no doubt; but he was an awkward, straggling fellow, and—he wasn't her son. She put down her work as she heard the click of the garden-gate, and saw Mr. Kellet coming up the walk.

"So you've been trying for a medal from the Humane Society, eh?" said that gentleman to Randal. "My boy says it would have gone hard with young Dane but for you."

"I forgot, mother," said Randal, impatient of the subject, "Philip had a bit of a ducking under the ice, that's all."

Mr. Kellet looked from one to the other over his spectacles, and waited.

"Randal and I have been talking it over," said the widow. "You must not think we are ungracious; indeed, I hope you know better, but it was not a step to be taken hastily, though we are well aware of your kindness, Mr. Kellet."

"Hastily!" repeated Mr. Kellet. "Of course not. And as I expect my boy to be steadier for Randal's example, the kindness may be rather one-sided. Well?"

"I will come, sir," said Randal, forestalling his mother. "And thank you."

## CHAPTER IV.

"I believe," said the baronet, one day throwing down a little note on the table, "that this has been done to annoy me."

Randal himself would not have thought it necessary to take any steps to inform his uncle of his choice. The last interview at the Firs was still fresh in his memory, and when he thought of Sir Roger at all it was to repeat doggedly, "We must be two families; he doesn't care about us, why should we trouble?"

But his mother knew better. Sir Roger was her husband's brother, and, though in a grudging sort of way, he did acknowledge the relationship. Perhaps there was a little feminine pride in the brief note which she wrote to him, and in the air which pervaded it, and inferred that her son must, as it were, ennoble any profession he might choose.

At first no one dared to answer Sir Roger's outbreak. Philip lay back in his easy chair wearily, and the sight of his son thus did not tend to soften his irritation at the news he had just heard. He was more angry than Hester had ever seen him in Philip's presence; and when the boy took courage to say that he didn't see any harm in Randal's choice, his father turned upon him sharply.

"No harm in it? No harm that a Dane—a relation of ours, mind—should go and article himself, like a common apprentice, to such a man as Kellet?"

"Mr. Kellet has the reputation of being very clever," put in Miss Dane.

"Clever!" repeated Sir Roger: "so is my coachman clever. I shall have Philip taking to trade next, and you encouraging him."

"I don't look much like it now, do I?" said Philip, a little plaintively.

Sir Roger looked at him and turned away with an exclamation, half vexation, half pity, to leave the room. He was going to do a very unusual thing, but he reflected that he owed it to the dignity of the Danes to remonstrate with his nephew, or at least to let him know how he was lowering himself. He walked down into Redwood sharply, round the church, and past the school, and stopped in front of Mrs. Dane's flower-beds.

Mrs. Dane saw him from the window, and could not repress a throb of agitation which was almost terror. The baronet had never done her such an honour but once since his brother brought her down to the black and white house, and she could not but feel that it did not mean a mere visit of ceremony. The first moment she wished Randal had been at home, and the next was glad of his absence. Who could tell what the hasty, untried lad might have said or done? Yes, she was glad that he should be away.

"You are welcome," she said to Sir Roger, meeting him at the door.

Perhaps some faint perception dawned upon the baronet as he held out his hand, that this was a lady and a widow, and that there was something sorrowful in the close cap and sombre black dress which he saw her in now for the first time. At any rate he hesitated, cleared his throat, and tried at some commonplaces instead of breaking into his errand as he had intended.

"Randal is not at home," he said, lashing himself up again.

"No. I shall miss him a good deal at first."

"I don't see that. He has been at school before."

"Yes, but the hours are longer, and altogether it will be different."

"What hours? What will be different? You don't mean to tell me that this most absurd plan—worse than absurd—is really settled?"

"Randal has chosen to be an architect, Sir Roger. It was his own choice. I think he will do very well. I hope he will."

Sir Roger looked at his brother's widow as if she had done him the deepest injury. If she had only been a man that he might have let loose his rage upon her! But this restraint was worse than all. That she should stand there so calmly and tell him that the thing he had come to forbid was beyond recall! In his passion he fell back upon his dead brother's shortcomings.

"I thought it enough when George came here, to live in this—this low style, I did indeed. He a Dane,—a younger son, it is true, but still with a fortune which in our singular circumstances was nearly equal to mine——"

"And which is gone, Sir Roger," interrupted Mrs. Dane, a faint tinge of colour rising to her face. "It seems useless to talk of that. I have heard my dear husband say that speculation has ruined Danes before. He would have had every one of them beware of it."

Sir Roger stared at her with a face of blank amazement.

"When I speculate," he said at last, "I shall take care that the investment is a safe one."

Who shall say how bitterly he remembered this speech in days to come? We boast in our arrogant self-confidence, and look with superior contempt at another's fall, which we flatter ourselves we are too wise and cautious ever to risk ourselves.

"But it was not only of that part of my brother's career that I was going——"

"Please to stop," interposed Mrs. Dane, once more to the baronet's amazement. "Pardon me, Sir Roger. No one could speak or think more harshly of my husband's past life than he would have done himself. It is not to me, however, that any one living must blame him. We will leave his name out of the conversation altogether. If you choose to reproach me, I will hear you; but I would have Randal also held blameless in this matter."

"Blameless! When he is bringing disgrace upon the most unspotted name——"

"I deny that," said the widow, lifting her head. "There is no disgrace in what we have done."

"I wish that I may be permitted to speak. I have a right to ask why my nephew," said the baronet, with emphasis, "does not go to college like other gentlemen's sons?"

"Because I cannot afford it."

"He should have tried for an exhibition."

"He did try."

"He should have succeeded. A Dane ought not to know what failure means."

"He is a Dane, but he failed."

"Perhaps you think," said Sir Roger, sharply, "that I might assist him."

"No, Sir Roger, I think that he should make his own way."

"I'm glad you think that. Because I do. I have one thing more to say. I shall encourage no friendship between Kellet's—apprentice, is it?—and my son."

He turned and went away up the road again towards his own lodge-gate. And the sun was shining over the great winding river Rede, swollen with heavy rains, the birds sang in the hedgerows, and there were violets and primroses at every step, but Sir Roger noticed none of these things.

"Hard," said Mrs. Dane, looking after him. "A hard man. Will he repent? I don't wish that any trouble should make him repent, but a time may come when something shall show him that his is a hard pride. Who knows?"

"Shall I tell Randal?" she asked herself. "I think not,—that is, not all. He is so hasty, and after all, I love peace."

Later in the evening a three-cornered note was brought to her, addressed in Philip's unformed, childish hand, and she opened it with some curiosity.

"My Dear Aunt,—"

"Papa has been to see you. I don't know what he has said to you at all, but I hope you'll let Randal come and see me. I told him the day he picked me out of the pool that I had hurt my back a bit. Well the doctor says, I shall have to be down most of my time for weeks, perhaps months. Isn't that hard? Hester is very good, and aunt Jean pesters me with kindness. Whatever papa may have said when he was angry, you know that he will not prevent Randal coming to see me if I want him, and I do. Papa has left off teaching me, and I am to have a horrid tutor. I can't think why he wouldn't let me go to the school with the other fellows."

"Your affectionate Nephew,

"PHILIP DANE."

## MOTHER AND CHILD.

By Christina Rossetti.

WHAT art thou thinking of?" said the mother,

"What art thou thinking of, my child?"

"I was thinking of heaven," he answered her,  
And looked up in her face and smiled.

"And what didst thou think of heaven?" she said,  
"Tell me, my little one."

"Oh, I thought that there the flowers never fade,  
That there never sets the sun."

"And wouldst thou love to go thither, my child?"

Thither wouldst thou love to go,  
And leave the pretty flowers that wither,  
And the sun that sets below?"

"Oh! I would be glad to go there, mother,  
To go and live there now;  
And I would pray for thy coming, mother,—  
My mother, wouldst not thou?"





### THE CARRION CROW.

THE carrion crow is one of the most common birds in this country, and in its habits very much resembles the raven, especially so in its love for carrion, and its taste for pecking the eyes of any dead or dying animal. It often attacks rabbits and hares as they look about for food, and kills and carries off young ones without any difficulty. The crow also eats frogs, lizards, and other reptiles, and very often it plunders the eggs of poultry by the simple means of digging its bill into the egg and then flying away with it. It is said that if a crow happen to find food on the seashore, such as crabs or other shell-fish, it is cunning enough to fly a great height with them and then let them fall on a rock or hard ground, to break their shells.

Crows do not fly in flocks, but are generally seen in pairs, or, perhaps, in small numbers, consisting of the old birds and their young ones. Before going to roost in the autumn evenings, when ten or fifteen birds assemble together, they make a wonderful chattering as if they were telling the events that had happened to them during the day.

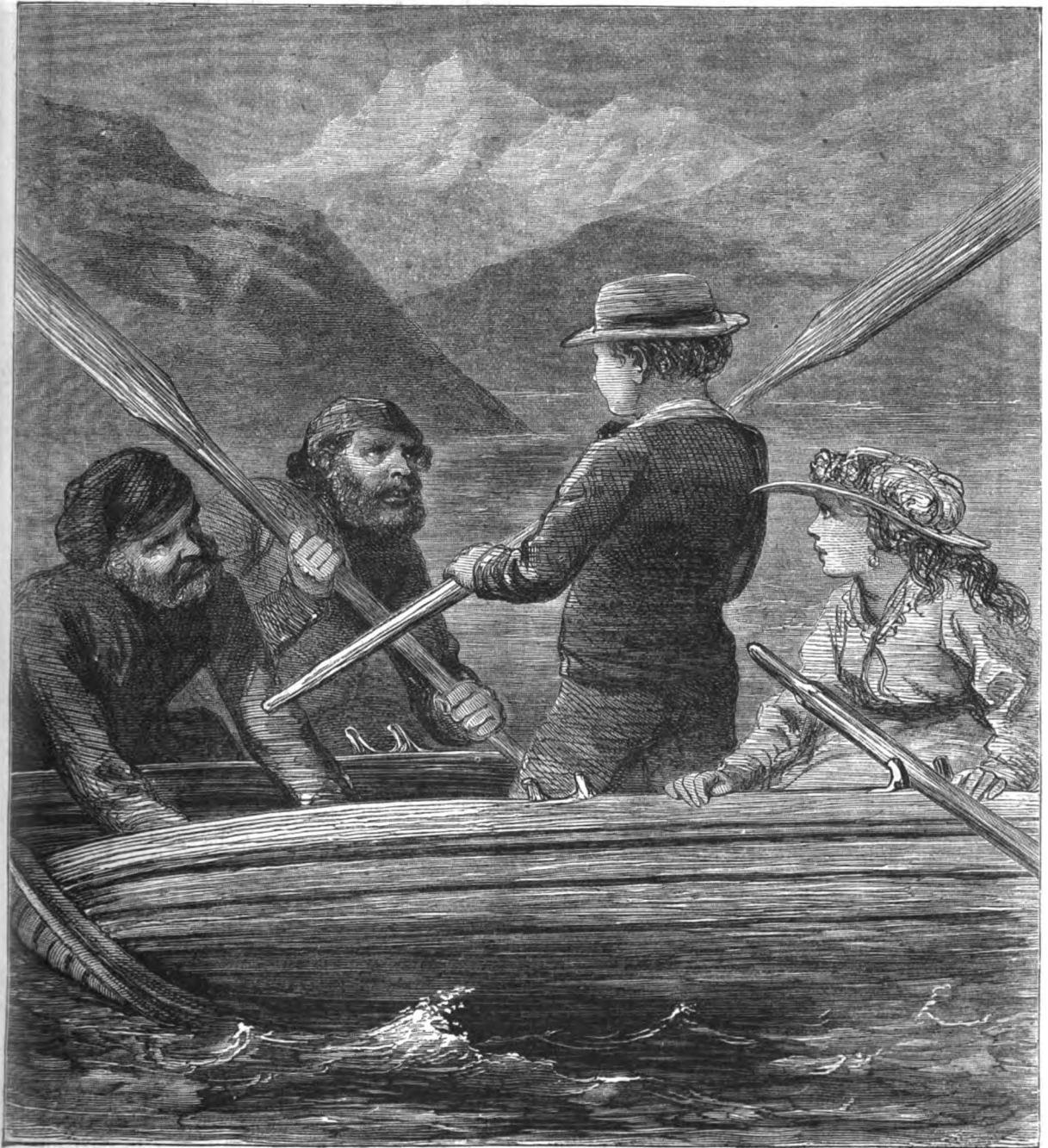
The crow is very fond of its mate and young ones, and is said to be even more loving than the turtle-dove. Its nest, which it builds on the topmost branches of a tree, is composed of a foundation of sticks, upon which the softer substances of the inside are laid. It seldom occupies the same nest a second year, although it generally builds in the same neighbourhood year after year, and sometimes will rebuild a new nest on the old foundation of sticks.

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# Chatterbox.



Our Adventure on the Lake.



## OUR ADVENTURE ON THE LAKE.



ALWAYS seem to have had a notion, ever since I can remember, of being very brave, and defending my one sister, Clara, from any ill that could befall her. When I was quite a little fellow I think I must have bragged of my intentions, for I recollect my father saying to me one day, when I was talking very big about how I would

behave if Clara were suddenly attacked by a lion, "Softly, softly, Andrew! don't you know discretion is the better part of valour? If I were you and Clara, I would not venture into the lions' country at all."

When Clara was thirteen and I eleven we lost this kind father,—mother we had never known, as she died when I was a baby; and so it came to pass that I was really Clara's only protector, if a boy of eleven or twelve can be called such. We had some very distant relatives living in Switzerland, to be sure; and an arrangement was made that Clara should live with them, while I was put to a good school in Geneva; for, though two poor orphans, we were not left destitute. Our two old spinster cousins lived in Lucerne, and every year, in the beautiful late summer, I was allowed to pay them a visit, and spend some weeks with my sister Clara. Those were happy days! Any one who has travelled in Switzerland will remember how bright the skies are there,—how blue the lakes,—how shining with unearthly light the fair snow mountains of that beautiful country. We had a little Swiss blood in our veins, too, and we liked to think that this sweet land of mountains and lakes belonged to us by right. So it naturally followed that these summer holidays were very happy ones for both of us, for the old ladies with whom Clara lived were kind to us, and let us ramble about together on the mountains, provided we strictly regarded their primitive hours of getting up and going to bed. I still held to my old doctrine of guarding Clara, though I was a small, under-sized boy, and she a tall, blooming maiden. I often wanted her to undertake dangerous expeditions with me, promising to bring her safely through; but Clara would shake her head, and say, smiling, "Let us keep out of the lions' country, Andie."

So time passed pleasantly by, till I was fourteen and Clara sixteen, when the adventure occurred of which I am going to tell you.

I was spending my holidays as usual at Lucerne—if possible, more pleasantly than ever; for Clara and I had begun to build happy castles in the air of the days when we should be quite grown up, and live always together, my only grief being that I was still a short, slight boy, not over-strong either.

A fiercely hot day had closed in a lovely, calm evening, so I proposed to Clara that we should spend the hour left us in a row on the lake; it was an enjoyment we had often had before, but the lateness of the hour made Clara hesitate.

"Cousin Mina does not expect us in till nine these hot days," I urged: "come; just a little turn, Clara!"

"If I could believe in the 'little turn,' Andie," said Clara, laughing; "but you always forget the time when we are on the lake. See," she said, holding out a pretty little watch, which had been our mother's, "promise to make for shore when we have been out half-an-hour."

We were standing on the pier as Clara said this, and I remember how the evening sun danced on the glittering chain of the little watch, and on her earrings which also had been our mother's, while her bright eyes sparkled with merriment.

Some boatmen and others were standing near, and I avoided any promise to Clara by making arrangements about the boat. Clara rowed well, and I was no novice at the art, so we never needed a boatman to accompany us. We were well aware of the treacherous nature of the Swiss lakes, in the way of sudden storms rising, so we did not usually venture far. This evening, however, was so calm, that I proposed rowing as quickly as possible into the centre of the lake to catch the breeze,—which we did. Clara reminded me once or twice of the time, and I replied that our old cousins would not be angry even if we were a little late, as the day had been so intensely hot that we had not been able to stir out till nearly seven o'clock. Still Clara was uneasy.

"Don't let us be out in the dark, Andie, dear; it is so lonely out here."

"You are afraid, Clara," I said, sternly; "and when I promised no harm should come to you. What is the use of my being a man—I mean, boy—if I can't take care of one woman?"

"Yes, Andie, I know," said my sister, soothingly; "but you see, dear, it is late, and—and—I don't like to seem fanciful, but have you noticed that boat out there?"

It was a little boat with two men in it, not very far off. I looked first at it, and then at Clara.

"Yes, dear," she whispered, softly, though they were not near enough to hear; "I have watched it for the last five minutes, and I am sure they are following us."

"What should they want?" I said, bravely, though I felt a little queer: "we must pass them to get home."

"Row to land anywhere, Andie, darling," said Clara, who had turned very pale; "I don't like their looks. See, they are gaining on us!"

And so they were. As soon as ever they saw us make for the nearest land they put on their utmost speed.

"Row quicker—quicker, Andie!" gasped Clara.

But I could not, I had already strained every nerve; the pursuers were gaining quickly on us, and I thought it best to cease my exertions, and put a bold face on the matter by shouting to them. Perhaps they were respectable people, who wanted the loan of a rope or an oar. They had very bad countenances, to be sure; but one must not judge by appearances. I tried to reassure Clara, who sat, white and trembling, but self-possessed, in her place.



Our disagreeable visitors left us a very short time in doubt. Two strong, bearded, muscular men, they rowed straight alongside us, and in a most straightforward manner demanded our purses. My English blood was up; I stood before Clara with an oar, intending to show fight.

"You shall not rob us," I cried,—*"I will die first!"*

"Then die, cheeky young dog" (this is my English translation of their Swiss epithet), said one of them, knocking the oar out of my hand, and laying me sprawling in the bottom of the boat.

"Andrew," said Clara, calmly, in English, "keep quiet; it is no use resisting." Then in German to the men, "Here is my purse; there is not much in it, but it is all I have."

"Your earrings!" said one of the ruffians, stretching out his hand towards Clara.

I had only just picked myself up, and was sitting rather stunned and dazed in the boat, but I could not stand this, and made a lunge at the nearest man, who held me firm with one hand, threatening to drown me in the lake if I did not hold my tongue and keep quiet.

"Do keep quiet for my sake, Andie," said Clara again.

So there I was, ignominiously pinioned by one of the men, while the other demanded from Clara her earrings, her watch, and a little ring she wore. Then they held a whispered consultation. Clara told me afterwards she spent those moments in praying God that they might not be tempted to drown us to conceal their robbery; and her prayer was answered, for after giving me a parting shake, and turning out my pockets for the few coppers I had in them, they left us, shouting out as they rowed off that if that young dog (meaning me) had not had a lady with him, they would have taken away the oars from our boat, and left it to drift about in the middle of the lake.

We did not move for some little time after the thieves left us, as Clara had turned quite faint when the danger was past, and had to lie down in the bottom of the boat, while I damped her forehead with my handkerchief dipped in the lake.

Then we rowed home as fast as we could, and found every one in alarm at our absence. There was great excitement when our tale was told, and while I was talking to the old cousins and to the head of the police I felt quite like a hero: but when I lay down in bed, with an aching head from the tumble I got in the boat, I could think of nothing but father's saying, "Discretion is the better part of valour." If I had turned to go home when Clara wished, we should not have been out in the dusk, and probably the thieves would not have dared to attack us. This was my moral to the day's adventure.

It may please my readers to hear that the robbers were caught some few days after, and Clara got back her watch, ring, and earrings,—indeed, it was through trying to dispose of the latter that they were detected. Of course we got no money back, but, luckily, Clara had not much in her purse. We never were out on the lake after dark from that day.

F. H. A.

## LITTLE WILLIE.

By Matthias Barr.

WILLIE he sits in his little chair

By the fireside, musing with brow of care;  
What is he dreaming of, idle boy—  
Lesson or play, or cake or toy?

Willie has eyes that are bright and blue,  
Lips like a rose in the morning dew,  
Sunbeams that glitter around his face,  
Feet that are music about the place.

Sorrow and Willie walk wide apart;  
Life hath no sadness to touch his heart;  
Nothing but pleasure his thoughts to fill:  
What are you dreaming of—tell me, Will?

"Father, O father! I wonder sore,  
Why Lizzie comes back to you no more;  
Sister Lizzie they carried away,  
Over the hills that snowy day.

When you are sleeping so sound and still,  
And the moon lies white on the window-sill,  
She comes and stands by my little bed,  
And lays her hand on my aching head.

And she looks so pure in her robes of light,  
With her pale, pale brow, and her wings so white;  
And she smiles so sweet as she looks on me,  
I know that in heaven her home must be.

And then she kisses me, oh, how sweet!  
And, father, I hear her your name repeat;  
I hear her murmur a prayer for you  
In her baby-voice, as she used to do.

She tells me to love you, father dear;  
Never to bring you a sigh or tear;  
Never to whiten your head with shame;  
Never dishonour your spotless name.

And she tells me, father, of endless day,  
In a beautiful kingdom far away,  
Where there is never a thought of care;  
And mother, she says, is smiling there.

I think she must weep, too, father dear,  
To see you sitting so lonely here,  
With cheeks so pale and with locks so grey,  
Thinking of her so far away.

She tells me we all shall meet again,  
Oh, far from this world of sin and pain;  
Where sorrow is joy, and strife is rest,  
And our happy home on the Saviour's breast.

And mother is waiting our steps to hear,  
Wishing and wishing the hour were near,  
When God shall call us to joy above,  
And we go from earth to the land of love.

I know that your heart is like to break,  
That your hair is white for my mother's sake;  
That your eye is dim and your cheek is wan,  
Watching and waiting to see the dawn.

When the moon is white on the window-pane,  
And sister Lizzie shall come again,  
I'll wake you, father, and you shall know  
The words that she utters so soft and low."



### THE PARSEES.

**T**HERE is no city of India which contains so many persons professing different religions as Bombay. In the same street, or upon the Exchange (for Bombay is noted for its merchants), may be seen at the same time Christians, Jews, Mahometans, Hindoos, Parsees, and natives of the opposite shore of Africa. All these, except the last, have their different temples and places of worship.

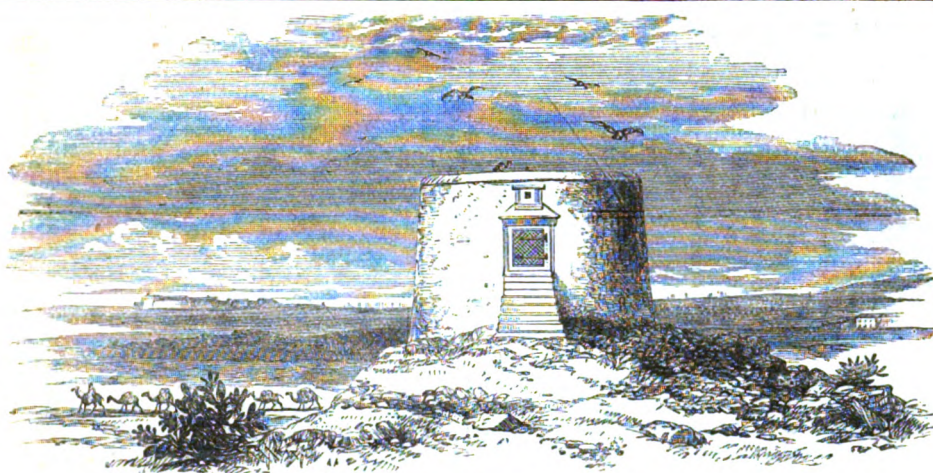
Our picture represents a group of Bombay merchants. Those wearing the turban are Mahometans, and in the background are some Parsees.

In Western India, and Bombay especially, the Parsees are very numerous. They number at least a quarter of a million. Many of their merchants are very wealthy, giving often generously of their

substance to public institutions, such as hospitals for the sick. Parsee merchants may frequently be seen even in the streets of London, where several of them reside, having come over to England to engage in business. These dress as Englishmen when they are in public, in all except the strange brimless hat, sloping back from the brow, which they wear as a distinguishing mark.

The peculiarity of the Parsees, however, is not in their dress, but in their religion. They are worshippers of fire, and profess to be followers of Zoroaster, who founded the sect in Persia 2000 years ago. He taught that the Sun, as the origin of fire, was to be worshipped as an emblem of a divine power, in opposition to the evil power of





Parsee Tower.

darkness ; but the precepts of Zoroaster have since his time been so added to and overlaid as to have become idolatrous. The Parsees now, in addition to fire, worship wells of water, spirits of the air, and so on, thus paying the honour to the elements of nature that is due to God only.

A Parsee believes that to extinguish fire is a great misfortune, on which account many are unwilling to snuff a candle or trim a lamp, lest they should put it out. If their house is on fire they will lend no assistance to quench it, and sometimes not even allow others to do so. Each head of a family is bound to keep up a perpetual sacred fire in his dwelling. The principal hours of worship in India are at sunrise and sunset ; and it is a painful sight to the Christian, as he takes his evening walk outside Bombay, to see numbers of these people adoring the sun as he sets in the western sea.

The mode of burial among the Parsees is also very peculiar. They do not bury the dead or burn them, as we might expect, but they lay the bodies on the top of a round tower, covered only by an iron grating. In India there are always a number of birds of prey, such as vultures, kites, crows, hovering in the air for food. These birds pounce down at once upon dead bodies, the tower, and soon leave only the bones behind. The annexed picture of one of these Parsee towers is taken from a sketch made upon the spot. The door in front is made of iron, and is opened only for receiving the dead. W.

### THE LAST PENNY.

A RELIGIOUSLY-MINDED student, the son of a pious and skilful surgeon, who was studying in a German university, fell into great poverty and distress ; his parents could send him no assistance, on account of the disturbed state of the country, and at the same time death robbed him of his best friend and only benefactor in the town where he was living.

Quite destitute of money, he did not know how to procure himself the necessaries of life. One day, with

heavy heart, he went very early in the morning to the church of the town, which always stood open ; he found it empty, and fell down upon his knees in that holy place, and prayed God to show him some way out of his trouble, so that he might be able to maintain himself. When he had risen from his knees and was approaching the door which led into the chief street of the town, a poor, old, infirm woman passed on crutches into the church, and asked him for charity. The poor student had only one penny in his pocket, and with that he hoped to get enough food for the day, but he gave it to the woman, while in his heart he prayed to God : " Lord, I have besought Thee for help, and yet now Thou askest me for the last penny I have left,—yet Thou wilt provide means to help me ! I know none ! "

With tears in his eyes he went on further, and just as he was leaving the church-door a gentleman riding by let his glove fall. The student picked it up and gave it to its owner. The gentleman was surprised at such humility and attention in a student, and inquired his name ; he told it, and the stranger then asked whether he was any relation of the celebrated surgeon of the same name ? When the student replied that he was his son, the stranger wished him to dine with him at an inn, and added, " Your father successfully performed a very difficult operation on me. After God, I have to thank him for my life." The student bowed, and the stranger rode on.

For a long time he was doubtful as to whether he should accept the invitation to dinner. At last he decided to go ; he was kindly received and well entertained. On taking leave the stranger pressed six gold coins into the student's hand, with the words, " Youths at college often want a little extra money which their parents cannot always afford to give them. Take this trifle from me, as a proof of my gratitude to your father."

So graciously does our heavenly Father help those who trust in Him ; and thus He abundantly repaid the penny which was given for His sake.

J. F. C.



## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 223.)



MR. DANE read the note and shook her head at it half laughing at the last sentence. She knew very well why Sir Roger wouldn't let his son go to the school "with the other fellows." For one thing the baronet would never have borne that Philip should be Dane junior, as he must have been while Randal remained at school.

"But that's over now," said the widow, regretfully. Though the thing was settled, she had hardly yet got used to the idea. She could not always keep from dreaming certain dreams which had been sweet to her concerning a possible future for her son. As for Randal himself, however, he was troubled by no vain regrets, but had thrown himself into the work before him with all his heart. While Philip's letter occupied his mother, Randal was seated at his desk in Mr. Kellet's office, busy over the outlines of a map which he was doing for his own pleasure, since office hours were over. And on another office stool, not far from him, was perched Thomas Kellet, junior, his hair sticking out like so much hay, while he put the finishing touches to a pair of moustaches which he was giving himself with the feather of a pen.

"Dane," said the young gentleman, having completed this improvement, "did you ever have any ferrets?"

"No."

"Ever catch any rats?"

"No."

Tom Kellet uttered a grunt of contempt.

"Why just before Christmas I knocked over fifty with my own hand at Mr. Wray's place. He had got the thresher, you know; and they were running all over the place, you know, out of the wheat-stack. It's rare fun. You know Rolver Wood?"

"Yes."

"You should see the rabbit-burrows there. Mr. Wray gave me leave to go as often as I like, and young Carey helps. As for Archie, he's no better than an old woman, but you'd be famous. Come and have a shine at them?"

"Some day. But I've got to work, and so must you, if you mean to be an architect."

"I don't know that I do, unless it's the architect of my own fortunes," said Tom, "and the governor has begun that for me. I suppose I'm not an industrious chap, to speak of. So you won't come?"

"Not to-night. I'm going home."

"Like a good boy," said Tom, grinning. "Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. You'll be of some use to the governor, and I'm afraid, — I'm sadly afraid that I shan't."

### CHAPTER V.

"What use is the spring to me?" said Philip Dane. "And the crocuses and snowdrops and

violets? I know they're nice, but not this way. I want to go and gather them in Rolver dell, where we sat on the moss last year. Don't you remember? And Randal climbed the big sycamore and very nearly tumbled off. And we went down the Rede in Archie Wray's boat. O Hester, I wish we might go down the Rede again!"

The lad's face brightened and grew eager, and his sister, turning from the window, said, "So you might if papa didn't object. We shall go for a drive just now, and you can ask him. Don't be cross, Phil; it is such a splendid day. See how the sun lights up old Sir Randal's face."

"There," interrupted Philip, peevishly, "I know what you are thinking. But I hate going out in the carriage, like a pack of women; and as to the old picture, I hate that too, because it puts me in mind of Randal. He might have come when I asked him. They are hard upon me, those two. They call it proper pride and that sort of thing, I suppose; but, Hester, it doesn't matter what papa has said, they ought to know better than to punish me for——"

"Look here, Philip; come to the window, quick. I can't think why you wouldn't go down to the meet."

"In a carriage as big as a luggage van," said Philip, "and as clumsy and slow."

But he went to the window, and some of the peevishness left his face as he watched the bounds at fault running backwards and forwards in the open, while the redcoats came gathering up from between the trees.

"There!" cried Philip, suddenly: "why it's Randal himself, and he's got Archie Wray's little cob, and he's talking to Lord Carisford of Carisford. Look at him, Hester, he doesn't seem to know what a great man it is that's speaking to him. But then the Earl looks just like a jolly old farmer. I like Lord Carisford, because he isn't stuck up."

Philip stopped as abruptly as he had spoken, for just then Sir Roger went up to Lord Carisford, and stood, turning his back to Randal, talking to the Earl. And, perhaps, some mental sense of a difference between the two gentlemen, which was not in Sir Roger's favour, forced itself upon the boy. He was very fond of his father, considering that the great wall of dignity and reserve which kept off the outer world from the baronet was never broken down even for his son; but somehow Philip in his solitude had begun to perplex his brain concerning questions which have puzzled wiser heads than his.

"What an odd thing it is!" he said at last. "Papa is a strange man, isn't he, Hester?"

"Strange? Yes! Why?"

"Because he's odd. He doesn't care about hunting really, only he likes to have open house at the Firs, and a grand spread, and a lot of people. Is there a grand spread to-day?"

"Most likely there is. Aunt Jean has been busy all the morning."

"That is what you should never say," retorted Philip quickly. "Nobody is busy in this house, and nobody makes a noise. Everything is done, but nobody does it. It's just as if Sir Roger had got Aladdin's lamp. I wish he had, I'd have a new back,

and not lie here all day, and I'd see if I couldn't be in at the death."

"They're away now," said Hester. "We shall see them again as they come across the park."

"Yes. I suppose, being a girl, you'd ask no better fun than to watch them; with me it is different. They'll find in the osiers by the Rede, and then cross at the ford, and away for Rolver Wood; perhaps even get as far as Carisford; and if they do that they won't come here to luncheon, and papa will be disappointed."

But Sir Roger was not disappointed; the hunters did come back to luncheon, and Philip, contrary to his custom, insisted on going down too. He entered the room just as Lord Carisford was saying across the table to Sir Roger, "Some one said that he was a nephew of yours?"

Sir Roger answered briefly, but hesitatingly, "Yes."

"And a fine fellow he is, a capital fellow,—fit for anything."

Philip saw the little red spot he knew so well rising to his father's face, and he wondered how far Lord Carisford would go. But his lordship was hungry and did not notice his host.

"Fit for anything," he repeated. "May I ask what you are going to make of him?"

"Your lordship is under a mistake," said Sir Roger, coldly; "Randal is in his mother's charge, not mine."

"Oh, he has a mother living then? So much the better. By the way, is it possible that he is son of George Dane——"

"He is Captain Dane's son," put in the baronet, stiffly.

"I used to know George. But this lad is not like him. The way he struck across country was uncommonly plucky. He came to grief at last though, by no fault of his own."

Sir Roger here changed the subject, and Lord Carisford went on with his luncheon. Presently he noticed a slight, fair-haired lad who stood at his side, patiently waiting until he had finished.

"Hallo, my small friend," said his lordship, "they told me you were ill."

Philip winced a little at this. It was quite true that he was small, but rather hard that he should be constantly reminded of it.

"I am not ill, thank you; that is, not particularly; and I should have liked to be out to-day, only papa is fidgety. But, Lord Carisford, I wanted to thank you for speaking like that about my cousin Randal. He is a great friend of mine."

"It wouldn't be any harm if you were a bit more like him, little lad," said the Earl, unconscious, in his compassion for the pale face looking up into his own, how sore a spot he was touching.

"I wish I was. But things are odd in this world," said Philip gravely. "I dare say people would tell me that I have a great many things which Randal cannot have, and that may be true; but I don't think it makes up, altogether. I forgot, though. You said Randal came to grief; was he hurt?"

"Not he!" said Lord Carisford, laughing. "He

was a great deal more anxious about his horse than himself."

"Ah, it wasn't his own horse. Was it the double ditch, Lord Carisford, up by the willow coppice?"

"No; but isn't your cousin here?"

Philip shook his head.

"He wouldn't come, which is another odd thing, and rather hard upon me. My uncle died poor, and Randal has to get his own living. They say he isn't clever at school; I don't know about that, but he likes making plans and maps, and that sort of thing, so he has chosen to be an architect, and has gone into Mr. Kellet's office."

"He couldn't have done a better thing, Philip, and you may tell him I say so if you like. Kellet is not only honest and clever, but he is a gentleman; that is, if I am any judge."

When they were all gone, and Sir Roger stood looking out upon the park he was so proud of, his son said to him: "Papa, I shall never be well this way. I think if I could get out into the woods and feel the wind I should be strong again."

"Well, there is the carriage."

Philip's face fell. He hated the great heavy splendid carriage with the big coachman always before his eyes, and the two fat horses crawling at a pace that never altered along the weary road.

"But there's no life in that. It's just like this ache in my back. If there would come a good strong pain and have done with it I shouldn't so much mind. But, papa, last year we had such a splendid row down the Rede in Archie Wray's boat. Now *that* kind of thing would be glorious."

"Young Wray is all very well in his place," began Sir Roger; and then he looked down at his son and stopped. He did not know why. There came at times an old look over Philip's face that startled and perplexed him. It was there now. It gave him a curious sensation of being, in his great wisdom and his many years, at fault before this boy who knew nothing to speak of.

"Yes," said Philip. "But where is his place, papa? that's the question. It seems to me sometimes as if everybody thought their own ought to be the biggest place, and everybody else ought to keep away out of sight of it. I don't know,—I don't understand it. Archie Wray has been the king of Redwood School; he will go away now and be a clergyman. He might even be a bishop; who knows? His place would be a big one then, wouldn't it?" said the boy, slyly. "He is very clever, and though he isn't handsome like Randal, he's strong. I'm afraid,—I'm sadly afraid that he'll make a better man than ever I shall, papa."

Philip had somehow contrived to put his hand over the baronet's large white knuckles, and Sir Roger's eyes falling upon it told him that it was a very feeble hand indeed; but he gave a short answer to Philip's long speech.

"You don't understand these things, my boy. When you are a man, you will know better."

"About the places, papa?"

(To be continued.)






## A GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

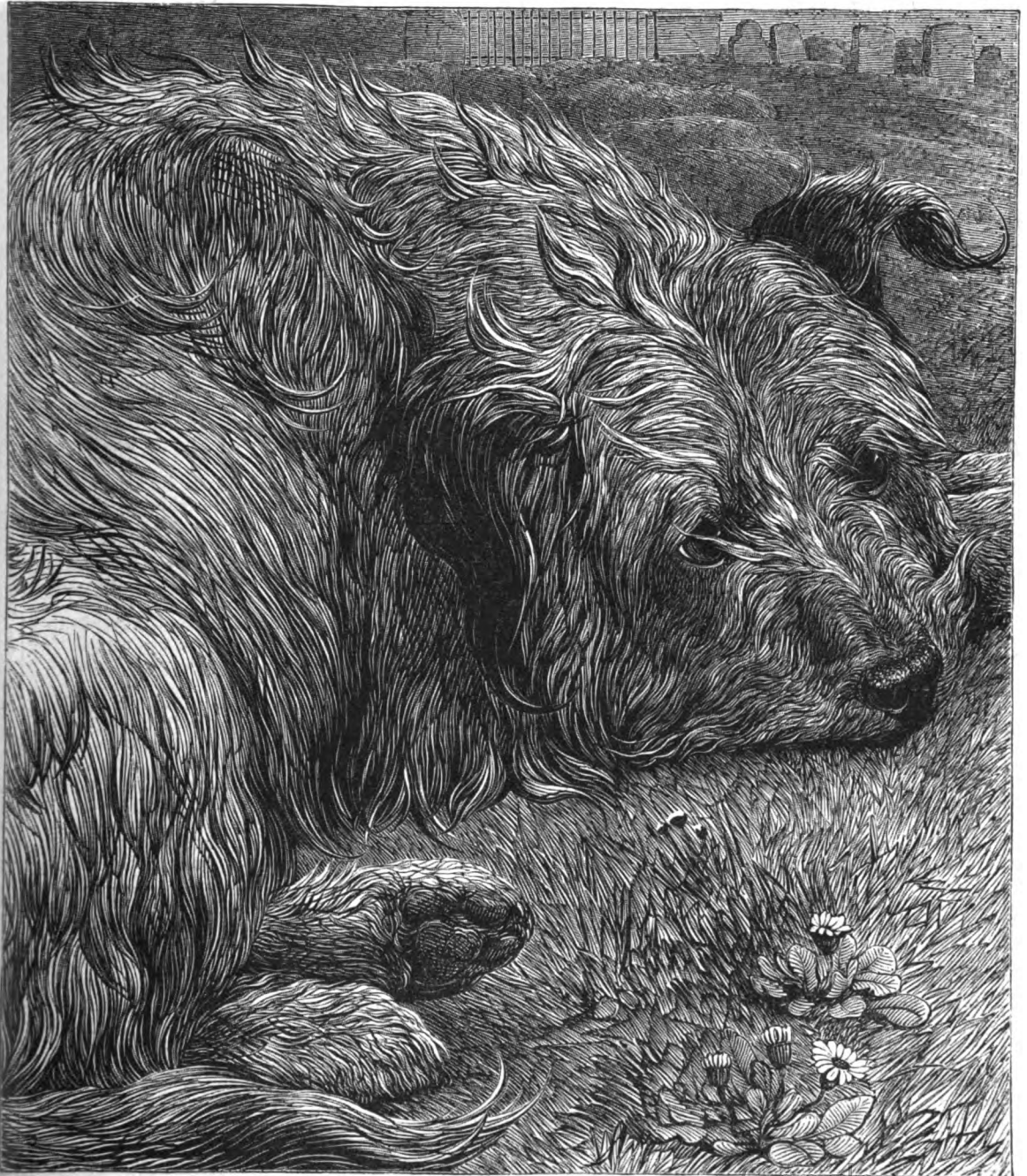
TO bed, to bed, my curly head,  
 To bed, and sleep so sweetly;  
 Merry and bright with the morning light,  
 Be up and dressed so neatly.  
 Then for a walk, and a pleasant talk,  
 About the birds and flowers;

And all the day, in work and play,  
 We'll pass the happy hours.  
 And then to bed, to rest the head,  
 And sleep until the morrow:  
 May every day thus glide away,  
 Without a shade of sorrow.

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# Chatterbox.



"Greyfriars' Bobby," drawn by F. W. KEVL.



### "GREYFRIARS' BOBBY."

A SINGULAR and interesting story was lately brought to light in the Edinburgh Police-court, by the hearing of a summons about a dog-tax. Eight and a half years ago, a man named Gray, of whom nothing more is known, except that he was poor, and lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town, was buried in Old Greyfriars' Churchyard. His grave, levelled by the hand of time, and unmarked by any stone, is now scarcely to be traced; but though no son or daughter or human friend seemed to care for it, the sacred spot has not been wholly disregarded and forgotten. During all these years the dead man's faithful dog has kept constant watch and guard over the grave, and it was this animal for which the collectors sought to recover the tax.

James Brown, the old sexton of the burial-ground, remembers Gray's funeral, and the dog, a Scotch terrier, was, he says, one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. The grave was closed in as usual, and next morning, "Bobby," as the dog is called, was found lying on the newly-made mound. This was an intrusion which old James could not permit, for there was an order at the gate stating that dogs were not admitted. "Bobby" was accordingly driven out; but next morning he was there again, and for the second time was driven out. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the man saw the faithful animal, in spite of all chastisement, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him and gave him some food. This recognition of his devotion gave "Bobby" the right to make the churchyard his home; and from that time to the present he has never spent a night away from his master's grave. Often in bad weather attempts have been made to keep him within doors, but by dismal howls he has succeeded in making it known that this interference was not agreeable to him, and latterly he has always been allowed to have his way. At almost any time during the day he may be seen in or about the churchyard; and no matter how rough the night may be nothing can tempt him to forsake his master's grave, the exact place of which he still marks in spite of all the changes that have been made around. "Bobby" has many friends, and the tax-gatherers have by no means proved his enemies. A weekly treat of steaks was long allowed by Sergeant Scott of the Engineers; but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. Trail, of an eating-house in Greyfriars'-place. He is constant and punctual in his mid-day visits to this shop, and it was on the ground of "harbouring" the dog in this way, that proceedings were taken against Mr. Trail for payment of the tax. The defendant expressed his willingness to pay the tax if he could claim the dog; but so long as the animal refused to attach itself to any one it was impossible, he argued, to fix the ownership; and the Court, seeing

the peculiar circumstances of the case, dismissed the summons. "Bobby" has long been an object of curiosity to all who have become acquainted with his interesting history. His constant appearance in the grave-yard has caused many inquiries to be made about him, and many efforts have been made from time to time to get possession of him. The old sexton, of course, stands up as the next claimant to Mr. Trail, and offered to pay the tax himself rather than have "Bobby"—"Greyfriars' Bobby," to give him his full name—put out of the way.

### THE SAVOYARD SWEEP-BOY.



THE natives of Savoy are noted for their industry and honesty. Though admitted into the most beautiful hotels in Paris, no complaint has ever been made that they abused the trust thus reposed in them. Accustomed to live on little, they have only one desire, and this is to earn and save by hard labour a moderate sum of money, which happy and

thankful they carry to their poor families who suffer much during their absence.

Sweeping chimneys is one of the callings which these good Savoyards follow. These chimney-sweepers go generally two together; one a grown-up man for climbing the larger chimneys, the other, quite a boy, who can get into the narrow ones, and this little sweep is entirely under the control of the elder one.

It was at the end of autumn, that M. Destinval, a rich merchant of Paris, sent for two Savoyards to sweep his chimneys. As the house was a modern one and the chimneys quite straight, it was the work of the youngest to go up.

They covered the grate as usual with a double cloth to hinder the soot injuring the furniture of the apartments. The boy, accustomed to the work, soon finished one chimney and went on to sweep the others. Elise, M. Destinval's daughter, wishing to hear the song which the Savoyards always sung at the top of the chimney, stayed in her father's room, and, in removing the cloth to hear better, she let it fall from its fastening on the mantel-piece. She sprang back to avoid the cloud of dust which came out from the grate, and then ran away to wash her face and hands so that no trace of her carelessness might remain.

The little sweep, having sung his song, came down from the chimney, and, finding nobody in the room, called his comrade who returned immediately, accompanied by M. Destinval and a servant. When the little Savoyard had taken up the soot and put on his jacket, M. Destinval, satisfied with his service and still more with the frank and honest face of the little mountaineer, gave him a crown as a present for himself. The boy left the room to help his elder comrade in clearing the soot from another chimney

which he had meanwhile been sweeping in the next room. Elise came in at this moment, and told her father that she had just passed these two Savoyards, and had seen the little one give the crown he had received to the elder one, and had heard him rejoice at having made "a good morning." Elise repeated to her father all the conversation, for that young lady, although very amiable, was such a chatterbox that often she said what was foolish, though unfortunately her parents could not find it in their heart to correct her.

When all had been put in order in M. Destinval's room, he wished to dress, and could not find his diamond studs on the chimney-piece where he had left them.

Surprised and annoyed, he looked everywhere, and at first suspected the little Savoyard of having taken them. "However," he said, "the open and innocent manner of the little sweep, and the pleasure he showed when I gave him the crown, prevent my believing him guilty."

While reasoning thus, M. Destinval looked everywhere for his studs, but in vain. Elise proposed to her father to ask everybody in the house if they knew anything about the studs.

"Do!" said M. Destinval; "but be sure you do not throw suspicion on any one, and desire the porter to tell the little Savoyard, when he goes out, that he must return to my room as I wish to speak to him."

Elise hastened to obey her father's orders: none of the servants had seen the studs, but each of them made some guess about what had become of them, and all felt uncomfortable at the loss.

Elise's love of chattering often led her into difficulties; she forgot her father's command not to throw suspicion on anybody, and told many of the servants that, on the little Savoyard's descent from the chimney he had been left alone in the room; and she confided as a great secret to one of the servants, that her father suspected the little Savoyard of being the thief; she then gave the order to the porter and returned to her father.

"No," again repeated M. Destinval, "I cannot make up my mind to believe that this poor little boy is guilty; and, even if he should be, I myself will give him a just punishment to save him from the shame and terrible anger of his companions." As M. Destinval said these words, he heard in the yard cries and the sound of repeated blows, which had attracted together all the people from the hotel, and those who passed in the street. M. Destinval opened his window and saw the elder Savoyard beating his little comrade who with clasped hands was protesting his innocence.

M. Destinval went down to the yard at once, thinking that the child had confessed his fault, and he was already forming plans for releasing him from his punishment. His daughter followed him, thinking that the thief was discovered; but what was their dismay to hear one of the servants, who held the boy by his jacket, exclaim, "Here is the thief; it is he who has exposed us all to suspicions, but he shall pay dearly for his conduct."

"Ah! but what proofs have you, that you condemn

him thus?" said M. Destinval, making his way through the crowd.

"Why," replied the servant, "you yourself accuse him, sir."

"I! who said that I accuse him?"

"Mademoiselle Elise; and would you," continued the angry servant, "let a little vagabond escape who has brought such suspicion on us all?"

"What! Elise," cried M. Destinval, with indignation, "have you revealed the secret I intrusted to you? No, no!" added he, "I declare to you that I have never accused this poor boy. I only had the faintest suspicions which I mentioned to my daughter, and which I forbade her to repeat."

While M. Destinval spoke, the little Savoyard threw himself at his feet and implored mercy, declaring that he was innocent. Elise, pale and trembling, saw when it was too late what trouble had come of her thoughtless chattering.

All the servants, angry and vexed, held to their first impressions, and asked that the little Savoyard might be taken up and tried by the police, when Elise's maid hurried in, and, going up to M. Destinval, put the lost studs into his hand, explaining that she had found them in the soot which was in the cloth that had been placed before the grate, and which Elise had dropped in satisfying her curiosity. You can fancy the regret of the poor girl when she found that the boy had been accused only by reason of her carelessness. The servants retired, saying how sorry they were that they had so easily been persuaded to believe a report so falsely grounded.

All the passers-by exclaimed at the cruelty of thus accusing an innocent child. The elder Savoyard repented of the hard blows he had inflicted on his younger comrade; and M. Destinval, pointing out to Elise the stripes on the poor boy's back and arms, exclaimed, "See, here are marks of your chattering tongue." And then he added, "Try always, my child, to remember that even a few words, not fully understood and foolishly repeated, though spoken with no thought to do harm, may lead to much trouble, and may cause much needless suffering."

Cr J.

### HOLD ON, BOYS.

**H**OLD on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or to say an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, or running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games of mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable dress.





### THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

**G**OD bless the little children,  
 We meet them everywhere;  
 We hear their voices round our hearth,  
 Their footsteps on the stair;  
 Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er  
 With mirthfulness and glee;  
 God bless the little children  
 Wherever they may be.

We meet them 'neath each gipsy tent,  
 With visage swarth and dun,  
 And eyes that sparkle as they glance,  
 With roguery and fun;  
 We find them fishing in the brook  
 For minnows with a pin,  
 Or creeping through the hazel brush  
 The linnet's nest to win.

We meet them in the lordly hall,  
 Their stately father's pride;  
 We meet them in the poor man's cot—  
 He has no wealth beside;  
 Along the city's crowded street—  
 They hurl the hoop or ball;  
 We find them 'neath the pauper's roof—  
 The saddest sight of all.

For there they have no father's love,  
 No mother's tender care,  
 Their only friend the God above,  
 Who hears the orphan's prayer.  
 But dressed in silks, or wrapp'd in rags,  
 In childish grief or glee,  
 God bless the little children  
 Wherever they may be.

### AN ARAB STORY.

IN the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired greatly to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of a herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to the roadside where he knew that the owner of the horse had to pass. He had not been many hours waiting when Naber approached on his beautiful steed. Daher cried out, in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying. Help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Arab kindly offered to take him up upon his horse, and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher find himself in the saddle than he pressed the broad stirrups which have sharpened edges to answer for spurs against the horse's sides, and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I—Daher! I have got the horse, and I am away with the treasure I have coveted." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance, "You have taken my horse," said Naber. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy with the animal, but I beg you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" asked Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another person might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment; then, springing from the horse, he returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made the Bedouin accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.



### A JUST RETRIBUTION.

AT the Royal Military School at Naumburg, the pupils had once the bad habit of escaping from their rooms at night to spend it in the town in drinking and gambling. One of the masters took much trouble by getting up in the night and watching to catch the offenders. He had succeeded in several cases, and the culprits had been severely punished.

One day he had been out rather late in his garden, and was coming back when it was quite dark through the long passage which led to his bedroom. Fortunately for him, he had a stick in his hand, with which he struck upon a large fox-trap which was placed just before his door, it at once closed upon the stick and broke it right through. He suffered no further harm himself than the fright which the noise of the trap had caused him. As the intention with which the trap had been placed there, could plainly be no other than to break his leg, and make it impossible for the good man to pursue the vicious scholars, the strictest investigations were set on foot to discover the guilty person, but all in vain.

Several years after this, the master received a letter from a man who had been at school there at the time when this wicked prank was played, and afterwards became a hussar; the contents were as follows:—"For a long time I rejoiced that I was able to conceal my disgraceful action of placing the fox-trap at your door, notwithstanding the inquiries made about it. I little thought that the Almighty, from whom nothing is hidden, would soon enough bring me to a reckoning for it. He has done so. Instead of breaking your legs, as I hoped to do, God preserved you, and prepared for me the very same fate which I had so wickedly planned for you. At the battle of Zorndorf both my legs were shattered by a cannon-ball. What I have since suffered cannot be described, but my conscience has tortured me more than the pain of my wounds. Near me in the hospital, lay several of my comrades, who had far more dangerous wounds, but they were much calmer, for they could pray with cheerfulness to God. This I could not do, and shall not be able to do till I have confessed my wicked action to you, and entreated your pardon. Tell your present pupils my terrible history, that it may serve as a fresh example to them, that though God's justice may rest silent for a long time at man's wickedness, yet at last He will visit the offender more terribly if His long-suffering does not bring him to repentance. As soon as I can use my legs again, I will hasten to you, and beg on my knees for your forgiveness, on the very spot where I perpetrated the most disgraceful action of my life."

"Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

J. F. C.

## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 231.)



SIR Roger was irritated, but he answered quietly, "Yes, about the places."

"I'm glad to think I shall know better," said Philip, "for there are a great many things that puzzle me. But, perhaps, I may never be a man."

Sir Roger struck his hand heavily on the window-sill, half angry, half softened against his will. What business had his son, the heir of his house, to talk about dying?

"We will think about the boat, Philip. Of course Wray would be proud to lend it. And his son is steady after all, and would take care of you."

"So he would, papa. Thank you."

Sir Roger, in his pleasure to see the heavy eyes light up, added, "You will want another oarsman. You might ask your cousin for once, and—any other you like?"

Perhaps he reflected, that if in his jealous guardianship of his son from rough and rather vulgar acquaintances the lad's health were injured, this would be the worse evil of the two. "But, Philip," he said, "it will be easy enough to go down; not so easy to row a heavy boat up stream."

"We did it before, and it isn't a heavy boat. But you might send the carriage as far as Swan Island in the evening, and I might come back in it. And we'll take some things, and picnic on the island."

"Suppose," said Sir Roger, with a rare smile, "that I were to come too?"

Perhaps in all the years that were to follow, in all the troubles with which they came laden, the baronet never knew a more bitter moment than this one when, at his proposal, he saw the light die out of Philip's face, and a look, almost of disappointment, take its place.

"I don't think you would like it, papa."

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't."

And then Sir Roger turned away and went to walk up and down in the long picture-gallery, his favourite lounge; if indeed it could be called a lounge, where the faces of dead men and women looked down upon him with dull eyes, the odd lights and shadows twisting here and there some faded lip into a smile, as though in mocking compassion for the man who walked below, feeling his greatness greater in the presence of these witnesses to the antiquity of his family. And presently passing the door of Philip's little room, in which the gallery ended, the baronet heard his son's voice say, "Fancy how the fellows would freeze up under Sir Roger's eye! It would have spoilt all, you know. But he was very good about it."

Sir Roger turned back again quickly up the gallery. Good of him! But he "would have spoilt it all." He began to ask himself how it was that he had so miserably failed as to make his very presence enough to spoil his son's pleasure. It did not occur to him that the gay nonsense and frolicsome-

ness of such a party would not have suited him, any more than the stiff solemnity from which he could not unbend would have suited the boys. He did not reflect either that anything in his own manner could have been the better for alteration; there could be no fault on his side, for was not Philip the very hope of his life? Other fathers, he thought, were more to their sons than he was to his; had more in common with them; were nearer to them. Yet few could think more of their son's welfare than he did.

"And I have sacrificed so much for him!" said Sir Roger to himself. Perhaps if he had gone into detail he might have been at a loss to describe the sacrifices, and obliged to find that if he had really made any, it was scarcely for Philip's sake so much as for the sake of his own pride in him as his heir. But he did not care to examine into the ground of his complaint. He remembered only just now the sudden falling of his son's face at the bare mention of his own companionship, and it was very bitter to him.

### CHAPTER VI.

It seemed to Philip as if all nature had clubbed together to make this spring day one long delight. The boys had filled up one end of the boat with what seemed to him a splendid crimson couch, and on which he threw himself with a sigh of contentment.

"It's only my mother's red shawl," said Archie Wray, stowing his long legs away as well as he could under one of the seats. "And the pillows that gentleman condescended to bring down," he added in a lower tone, glancing at Sir Roger's coachman, who sat on his horse waiting to ride along the tow-path, the picture of lazy contempt. Of course he would not have minded attending in a proper way upon his young master, but now he was to ride along the bank at the pleasure of these young upstarts in the boat, look after their comfort on the island, and then gallop back again for the carriage! No, that he wouldn't! His horses were never urged into a gallop, or anything so vulgar. Common people who had business, and were obliged to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, might gallop; he wouldn't, if he knew it.

Philip sat back amongst his cushions, and looked up at the sky, which was one bright expanse of blue, with tiny white clouds flecking it, and repeating themselves in the water. By-and-bye his one hand dropped over the boat-side into the river, lazily.

"It isn't so cold as Redwood Pool," said Philip. "Oh, how jolly this is! I wish Hester was here."

"Why didn't she come?" asked Randal. "We would all have been very polite."

Philip shook his head, and said something about Aunt Jean, which Randal understood. He rested his oars and looked back at the lad as he spoke; and he was struck with the beauty of the boy's fair hair and pale face, that rested so peacefully against the crimson shawl; the happy rest in Philip's usually somewhat troubled eyes; and the one hand listlessly dabbling in the water.



"If I were a painter," said Randal, "I'd make a picture of you, old fellow, to hang up in the gallery at the Firs."

"You might do a plan of him," suggested Tom Kellet, with what the baronet would certainly have considered a very vulgar wink.

No one knew how Tom Kellet had contrived to get his invitation, but he had done it. He was like one of the ferrets he loved so dearly; a very small loophole was enough for him. But in his heart he was glad that Miss Dane had not come. She would have been a restraint upon him, and might have had weak objections to a small bull-dog which he had with him, and which occasionally made sallies and bit at Archie Wray's long legs.

"It's only his play," said Master Tom. "He's as harmless as a kitten."

To which Archie said that he wished the kitten would take a fancy to some one else's legs.

And then Tom had a remarkable instrument which he called a cornet, and upon which he blew melancholy attempts at the popular airs of the day, always breaking down after a few bars, and stopping to shake his head at the cornet, as though it were to blame.

"It's a wonderful instrument," said Tom, after several failures; "wonderful! It is, upon my word. You should hear Carey—the fellow I told you about, Randal, you knew—the tunes he *can* bring out of it, to be sure! I bought it of him for—a consideration," said Tom, pulling up short, as though he feared the lowness of the price might go against his treasure. "And I brought it to-day because I thought Mr. Philip there liked music."

There was a shout of laughter from Archie Wray and Randal, but Philip looked up with a bright smile of gratitude; for no mark of kindness could be ridiculous in his eyes.

"And so I do, Tom. I'm very fond of music, and your cornet is very nice—don't laugh, Randal—and when you've learnt a little it will be nicer still. There's nothing done without learning," added the small philosopher earnestly, seeing that Tom eyed the keys with some distrust. "There isn't, indeed."

"Unless it comes natural," responded Tom. "Now, this dog has never seen a rat in his life that I know of, and yet if you were to show him one this moment, why—why, I wouldn't be the rat, that's all." Should you like to see a rat-hunt, Mr. Philip?"

"No . . . I don't know, exactly."

Philip was going to add that he wasn't fond of seeing anything killed, but he was afraid this might seem weak in Tom Kellet's eyes; so he said instead, "Ah, there's the island. I'm almost sorry."

Tom Kellet blurted out, "I'm not," and smothered it with a frantic assault on the cornet. He was not at all sorry. He had seen preparations for a pretty substantial luncheon, and he was quite ready for it.

The magnificent Johnson waited on the youngsters with a show of politeness which had a marvellous effect upon Tom Kellet.

"I feel as if a marquis were handing my plate," he whispered, "or a baron at the very least."

When the merry meal was over Johnson said to his young master, "I think that it will be getting cold, Mr. Philip. Perhaps I had better go for the carriage now?"

There was a general outcry at this, and in the confusion the terrier made his escape and buried his nose in a chicken-pie. The two boys were used to rowing up stream and didn't mind it in the least; in fact, they enjoyed it. The current was not strong at any part of the way, and the distance was nothing. At this juncture Tom Kellet turned round just in time to see Mr. Johnson pulling the terrier by his neck out of the pie.

"Halloo, sir, what do you want with my dog?" cried out Tom. And then he began to stammer and grow red. "I say, Mr. Philip, I'm very sorry. He's the best-mannered dog in the world generally. It's the—the excitement, you see."

Upon which Philip further exasperated the coachman by begging Tom to give the thief as much chicken-pie as he could eat. "The extravagance of which," said Mr. Johnson to himself, "I should not have expected. If it had been a well-bred dog now; but a low cur like that!"

And then he went back to ride slowly home again along the bank, while Archie Wray and Randal pushed the boat at a fair rate against the stream.

"I'm sorry it's over," said Philip, as he stood on the bank shaking hands with them. "It was very good of you all to come, and it has been, I do think, about the jolliest day I ever had."

"It need not be the last of the kind," suggested young Wray. "You know you are welcome to the boat at any time, and perhaps in the summer or autumn we could get as far as Wharfedale, and go up the hill. It's the queerest old place you ever saw; and there's an old pit in it where they once tried for copper. It's an outlying bit of Sir Roger's estate, too, Mr. Philip; so you should know it. And by that time, perhaps, you'll be able to take an oar yourself."

Philip was looking not at Archie, but away over his head towards the setting sun, and the light that touched his face from the west gave it so strange an expression of wistful sadness that even Tom Kellet was struck by it. The time came, indeed, when Philip was to know something of that outlying bit of Sir Roger's estate, but not in the way the boys were proposing to themselves.

"I don't know about the oar," he said, "but it's kind of you. Good-bye, and thank you. Take care of the terrier, Tom; perhaps I shall see a rat-hunt some day. So you won't have anything to say to us at the Firs, Randal, now they keep me so close?"

"You know I can't help myself, Phil. I'm sorry. Tell Hester I'm sorry. It's hard for me as well as you; but I can't help it."

"Not if Sir Roger himself were to ask you?"

"Ah, but he won't."

"We shall see," replied Philip. "I thought at first he wasn't going to let me come in the boat."

At the hall door Philip met his father, who tried



"Philip sat back amongst his cushions."

P. 238.

hard to look as if he had not been on the watch for his son.

"Papa," said the boy, "I am very much obliged to you for letting me go. It has done me lots of good. I shall be well to-morrow."

#### CHAPTER VII.

But Philip was not well the next day, nor the next. And the weeks went by, and the baronet looked ill and haggard. The wrinkles on his forehead grew deeper, and he took to a new habit of sitting in his library, where gentlemen visited him

on business, and left him when they went away with the frown deeper than before.

And in these days he would go, after a morning over his papers, and pass up the portrait gallery towards the octagon room, where poor Philip was almost always to be found. At the door he would stop, as if going to enter, and then he would turn away, saying to himself softly, "To-night, I will see him to-night. He always looks better at night. And he is very happy with Hester; he doesn't want me."

(To be continued.)

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# Chatterbox.





## LEARNING TO WALK.

By George Cooper.

ONLY beginning the journey,

Many a mile to go ;  
Little feet, how they patter,  
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,  
Laughing in baby glee :  
Hiding its face in mother's lap,  
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language  
Ever before was heard ;  
But mother (you'd hardly think so)  
Understands every word.

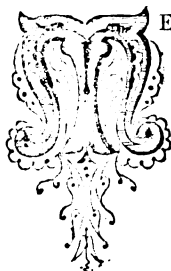
Tottering now and falling,  
Eyes that are going to cry ;  
Kisses and plenty of love-words,  
Willing again to try.

Father of all, Oh ! guide them,  
The pattering little feet,  
While they are treading the uphill road,  
Braving the dust and heat !

Aid them when they grow weary,  
Keep them in pathways blest  
And when the journey's ended,  
Saviour, Oh ! give them rest.

## RANDAL DANE, OR REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 240.)



MEANTIME Randal worked on in Mr. Kellet's office steadily, taking few holidays ; but when he did take one, enjoying it to the full—a great deal more, perhaps, than the luckless Tom, who took many, had many hairbreadth escapes, and hid himself now and then in very shame from his father's presence. It was at one of these times that Mr. Kellet, coming into the little inner office, and missing his son, broke out impatiently, "As usual ! It will never be 'Kellet and Son,' Randal. I give that up. But it might come to be Kellet and Dane," he added : "I'll give Master Tom a hint. When does the Redwood match come off ?" asked Mr. Kellet, turning at the door.

"To-morrow."

"Then you'll be away. I've a great mind to keep Tom to work ; I have, indeed."

But Randal knew that he wouldn't do it. He went home with his thoughts divided between to-morrow's cricket and Mr. Kellet's speech. He couldn't help saying over to himself, "Kellet and Dane !" once or twice, with an odd sort of consciousness that it sounded as if he were "getting on ;" and a little impatience of the years that had

yet to pass before it could be realised. After a while, however, his ideas began to change a little, and to point to certain doubts and drawbacks which had already chafed him in Mr. Kellet's inner office.

"It isn't as if he were a younger man," he said to his mother the next morning, "or I a bit older. Mr. Kellet has been very good—very ; but, somehow, that notion of partnership is cramping to a fellow, rather. I'd as soon stand alone. There are lots of things that I should like to do now, but I can't even mention them. Mr. Kellet works in a circle, and sees very little beyond it."

"Works in a circle !" repeated the widow, amazed. "But then, Mr. Kellet—"

"Is a clever man. I know that. It's hard," added Randal, "to make you understand what I mean. I can only say I'd rather be alone, and not cramped. And there's another thing ; I should feel like stepping into the place that Tom has a right to expect."

"I don't see that, if he isn't steady."

"He will be better by-and-bye. He would be better now if more depended upon him. And I believe that his father wants to wake him up to see what he may lose, in this hint to me."

"Then that's not fair to you," said Mrs. Dane quickly.

"Never mind, as it doesn't raise my hopes, mother. When the time comes I'll have an office of my own, you'll see. There's a place in Rolver Street that would just do. What a street I could make of that if I had my way ! Here comes the very man himself. Now I wonder what he wants. It's time for me to be off."

Mr. Kellet came up to the open window, and made a remark about the geraniums.

"As if he would take the trouble to come here on purpose to talk about them !" thought Randal, impatiently.

Mr. Kellet might have read his thought, for he nodded to him, and held out a marked newspaper, saying, "I dare say you're in a hurry. But look at this. It's just like Lord Carisford ; a hobby of his. I've shown it to Tom, and I hope he'll try. You will, I know. Now, I won't keep you any longer. Good luck to the Redwood eleven !"

Randal took the paper, and saw that the marked paragraph was concerning a prize of one hundred guineas, which Lord Carisford offered to young architects for the best design for a model farmhouse, with buildings complete ; and cottages in blocks : all plans to be forwarded to certain judges, of whom the Earl was one ; the names of the competitors to be enclosed in sealed envelopes, after the usual fashion.

Nothing more after Randal's own heart could have been offered to him. . . If only he might be the successful competitor ! He saw in it not only work for the present, but an opening into a wide avenue, far down which glittered in the future grand buildings, of which he had as yet only seen dim plans in his day-dreams.

As for his mother, there was a little anxiety in her face as she laid her hand on the sleeve of his flannel jacket.

"You'll be working harder than ever now, Ran. Don't overdo it."

He laughed, and flung his cap into the air.

Shouldering his bat, said, "No fear of that, mother! I'm not going to think about such slow things as farm-buildings to-day, I promise you. I wish you'd come up to the Green and look on. Hester and Philip are almost sure to get the little room with the bow-window."

"Which is one reason why I should not go, Randal. I am not proud, but I do not push myself where it is so plain that I am not wanted; and I have nothing at all to do with Redwood Firs."

The speech made Randal grave for a minute or two. He could not understand why his mother refused to see that Hester and Philip would have bridged over the distance if they could. It was not in him to understand the bit of womanly pride which Mrs. Dane always showed when Hester was named. He consoled himself with the thought that the two had scarcely seen each other, except at church; and that therefore his mother could not know how she misjudged her niece.

"From Sir Roger I have received nothing but slights," said Mrs. Dane. "Hester is sixteen; if I am any judge of faces, she has resolution enough to get her own way if she chooses. She might seek me out if she wished it. And now, Ran, be off, and don't wear that gloomy face. After all, the Danes of the Firs are not all the world to you."

Perhaps there was the least spark of jealousy in this conclusion, but if so, Randal did not know it. He shook off the bit of annoyance lightly, as boys will; waved the white and crimson cap to his mother from the gate, and went away at a swinging pace up the road, thinking over the names of the Carisford eleven, against whom Redwood was pitted. He was so pre-occupied that he never saw a figure that was leaning over the school-gate until he had turned the corner sharply, and stumbled up against it.

"Tom!" said Randal, pulling himself up.

"You needn't knock a fellow down," was the gruff reply, "if you are A 1 in the Redwood eleven."

By the tone, Randal knew that Tom Kellet was in what he called "the dolefuls;" so he said good-humouredly, "I didn't mean it; I was in a hurry."

"A chap like you has no need to be in a hurry," growled Tom. "Things come to you without hunting for them. I suppose in a year or two you'll be sticking your name with the governor's?"

Randal considered for a minute and then said, "I shan't have the chance, Tom; but if I had I shouldn't do that."

"You don't mean that you'd refuse?"

"If I had the chance; which I never shall have."

"You wouldn't refuse on—my account?" cried out Tom, almost savagely.

"No. On account of crotchets of my own. But it's rather early days to talk about such matters."

Tom Kellet walked a little way silent. All at once he stopped and said, "You're a good fellow. I've a good mind to try for the prize. Not that I should have the ghost of a chance, of course. But

that wasn't what I wanted with you. Young Dane, there, has never got over hurting his back that day, has he?"

"I'm afraid not."

"I saw them helping him out of the carriage just now. Why, he can't walk without limping! It isn't right, you know; those things end badly sometimes," said Tom, with great gravity. "Well, a fellow that I know—perhaps one of those I had better not know, but that doesn't matter—had a relation just in the same way. And he's as well as you are now. He went abroad, to some wonderful baths. I can't remember the horrid name. There it is," said Tom, putting an envelope into Randal's hand. "Good-bye now, I shall see you on the ground. You'll find Mr. Philip in the bow-window. And there goes Lord Carisford. Oh, I wonder if he knows what my poor head will have to undergo, all through his precious prize. Farms, indeed!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

There was a flag on the little turret of Redwood School; there was a long tent on the Green within sight of the diamond-paned windows, and flags were flying at either end of this. The big carriage which Philip Dane used to revile had driven away, and Philip himself was stationed with his sister in the bow-windowed parlour of the little house overlooking the Green. The Green commanded a splendid view, and Redwood boasted that you could see thirteen counties from it. It wasn't the view, however, or the sight of the thirteen counties, that brought up so rare an animation into Philip Dane's face. He almost forgot, as he watched the game, his own keen disappointment at being obliged to give up all idea of joining in it. His eyes followed Randal everywhere; he couldn't help clapping his hands when the ball went flying along the Green and runs were quickly added to the score. And when the little crowd on the outskirts parted with sundry touchings of hats, and Lord Carisford came through it up to the window, riding-whip in hand, Philip felt something like indignation at his question, "What all the flags were about?"

"Oh, Lord Carisford, you ought to know! Why, it's Carisford against Redwood; and our eleven have the best of it!"

"Indeed! And I suppose I ought to be sorry for that, eh? Is it over?"

"Not quite."

"Whose innings?"

But Philip had turned towards the players again, and did not answer.

"There—they've won!" he cried, adding his voice to the shout that rose up from the victors. "Lord Carisford, I beg your pardon, but I can't help it. I'd back Randal against —"

"All England?" said his lordship, smiling. The generous championship, with no alloy of envy in it, touched him. "I thought I should find your father here, Philip. I met the carriage driving away from the foot of the hill, that was why I came up."

(To be continued.)





### HENRY HUDSON.

THE discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, in 1492, came with the greatest surprise upon Europe. Spain, having the honour of the discovery, was not slow to follow it up

by taking possession of all American lands, "in the name of his Catholic Majesty," as the king of Spain was called.

These Spanish conquests soon made the other

European nations grow jealous, and resolve to send out ships also, on voyages of discovery. England was among the first to rouse herself, and from the enterprises of her navigators, began



the rise of the British power upon the sea, which has ever since continued. Even before the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the Spanish power had to be content with the second place.

The object of Columbus in sailing to America, was not to discover "a new world," but only to find out a western passage to China and India, which he would have done if the continent of America, of which he had no idea, had not stopped the way. If you look at the positions of Europe and America upon a globe, and then, further, across America to where China is marked, you will see this at once. Columbus, even after he had landed, still thought that he had reached India, and that the natives whom he saw were Indians, and this is the reason why we still call the place the *West Indies*, and the native races of both North and South America, *Indians*.

For many years after the time of Columbus, the notion remained fixed in the minds of navigators, that if America was not India, India could not be far beyond it, and so, in all their voyages, the main object was to find the way. The south passage round Cape Horn was discovered in due time; but that to the north, or, as it is called, "the north-west passage," from the difficulties of the ice and the severities of the winters, baffled every one who tried it for three hundred years, until, in our own time, and only a few years ago, the question was set at rest by Commander McClure, who passed through it in open water. Much valuable life has been wasted in the search, and now that the discovery is made, it is useless. India can never be reached by the north-west passage.

We now come to speak of Henry Hudson; but a brief account of American discovery seemed necessary for a right understanding of what we have to say about him.

His name is sometimes spelt Hendrick Hudson, but this is only the Dutch form of his Christian name Henry, for it is certain that he was an Englishman. Where he was born, however, or how his early life was passed, is unknown. He first is mentioned in the year 1607, when he was employed by some London merchants to seek for a passage to India, not by way of America, but by way of the north of Europe and Asia. He was away five months, and returned home without any success, having been stopped by ice in the North Sea. This voyage was made with a crew of only ten men and a boy. In the following year, he sailed again on the same attempt, with a crew of fifteen, but, after reaching Nova Zembla he was obliged to return home as before.

The next voyage he made was one of the most important ever performed by any seaman, as it led to the discovery of the Bay of New York, where now stands the chief port and capital of the United States. He sailed this time, however, in the employ of the Dutch, and still in search of a passage to India. He left Amsterdam in the month of May 1609, in a ship called the *Half Moon*, following at first the shores of Norway and Lapland, until he was stopped, as twice before, by the ice. He then put back his ship, and, sailing from Iceland in a

south-westerly course, came to the American coast, where, on the 4th of September he entered a beautiful bay, the shores of which he found inhabited by Indians. Opening into the bay from the north, he spied a noble river (the Shatemuk), and up it he took his ship, in hopes of finding an outlet towards India, the great object constantly in his mind. It was upon the banks of this river that he held the memorable interview with the natives, which is shown in our picture. Finding that the river was not what he expected, he then returned to the sea, and thence to Europe. His discoveries so pleased his Dutch employers, that they at once resolved to call the River Shatemuk the Hudson, a name it still bears; and soon afterwards they founded a colony and city upon an island in the bay, then called Manhattan, giving to it the name of New Amsterdam. This city was taken by the English in 1664, when its name was changed to New York, a place now heard of at the ends of the earth. Upon the same spot where stands the battery, and the wharves, backed by the buildings of the busy city, there was, at the time of Hudson's visit, only a tribe of Indians, with a thousand miles of hunting-ground behind them. Upon the Hudson, too, where he met the friendly natives, are now large towns and marts; upon its banks is an important line of railroad; and upon its waters, hundreds of steamboats—but the Indians are gone for ever.

The next and last voyage of Hudson is a very sad story. Employed once more by the English to seek for a north-west passage, he sailed in the *Discovery*, from Harwich in April 1610, and followed in the wake of two former explorers, Davis and Frobisher, until he entered new water by turning westward to the North of Labrador, through the channel since called Hudson's Straits. This led into that vast and dreary inland sea, which, after its discoverer, is named Hudson's Bay. In the southern part of this sea, being surrounded with ice in the month of November, the crew wintered, their only food being wild fowl, which they caught in large numbers. When the ice began to waste in the spring, Hudson became anxious to continue his search for the passage. The greater part of his crew, however, were as anxious to return home as he was to go on, and mutinied against their commander. They entered his cabin secretly, fastened his arms behind him, and put him, with his son John and seven others, into an open boat, and sent it adrift to sea.

Poor Hudson was never heard of again, and his days must have been few and weary, and death welcome. Most of the inhuman crew had the boldness to return to England, and reached Plymouth in September 1611, where they were accused of the crime of murder, but were pardoned, as the ring-leaders of the crime had died on the voyage. B.

#### CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A YOUNG man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and cast down. At length, approaching a basket well filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed,—

"If, now, I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy myself food and lodging."

"I will give you just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favour."

"And what is that?" he asked eagerly.

"Only to watch the line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, however, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost his depression in the excitement of pulling them in, and when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said :—

"I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you that, whenever you see others earning what you need, you should waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

### TO-MORROW.

I SHALL work in my field to-morrow," said Jeannot. "I must not lose time, because the season advances; and if I neglect to cultivate my land, I shall have no wheat, and then no bread."

The next day came; Jeannot was up with the dawn, his first thought was of his plough, and he was about to set himself to his task in good earnest, when one of his friends called to invite him to a family dinner. Jeannot hesitated at first, but, after thinking the matter over, he said to himself, "A day sooner or later is of no consequence to my business, and a day of pleasure lost is lost for ever." So he went to his friend's dinner.

The following day he was unfit for work, as he had drunk a little too much, and eaten a little too much, and he had a headache. "To-morrow I will make up for this," said he to himself. The morrow came, it rained, and Jeannot was unable to set out on his day's work. The next day was fine, the sun shone brightly, and Jeannot felt full of courage; unhappily, however, his horse was sick in the stable. The following day was a fête-day in the village, and, of course, one could not think of spending it in work.

A new week begins, and in a week one can do a great deal. He began it by going to a fair in the neighbourhood; he had never missed going there; it was the finest fair for six miles round. He went afterwards to the wedding of one of his relatives; he went also to a funeral. In short, he managed things so foolishly, that when he began to till his field, the season for sowing was past, and when harvest came, he had nothing to reap.

When you have something to do, do it at once, for if you are master of the present, you are not of the future, and he who is constantly putting off his work until to-morrow, runs great risk of not finishing it at all.

### WILL'S SUNDAY:

#### OR, THE EXCURSION TRAIN.

"Keep holy the Sabbath-day."

IT was a lovely summer's morn,  
Though summer's days were nearly over,  
And on the hill-side waved the corn,  
And all around was scent of clover.

And even in the city's haze  
The sun shone down with pleasant light,  
And with its warm and welcome rays  
Made dingy habitations bright.

There, in the widow's little room,  
The linnets sang with merry trill,  
To hail the mignonette's perfume,  
Which stood upon the window-sill.

And, reading by the pleasant light,  
There sat the widow's only son,  
With golden hair and features bright,  
Of many now the only one.

Ah! well the mother loved the boy,  
And as he sat in best attire,  
She watched him with such pride and joy  
Reading beside the kitchen fire.

The church-bells rang out loud and clear—  
It was the Lord's own holy day—  
Then William, starting from his chair,  
Said, "Mother, I must go away.

I'm going with some friends by train  
To breathe a little country air,  
By evening I'll be back again:  
After six days of work, 'tis fair

That I should have a holiday.  
But, mother, do not fret for me;  
I promise that I will not stay,  
But hasten home in time for tea."

And so he seized his round straw hat,  
And kissed his mother's care-worn cheek;  
And he had passed the threshold mat  
Before one sentence she could speak.

Loud rang the bells with pleasant chime,  
As he sped onwards through the street;  
"Come, come to church! 'tis time, 'tis time!"  
So seemed the bells his ears to greet.

The streets were silent but for that,  
Though steps were passing up and down;  
The shops were shut, few stopped to chat,  
And all was quiet in the town.

Will hurried on with quickened pace,  
He wished, yet feared to be in time;  
He saw his mother's saddened face,  
And heard these words in each fresh chime,—

"Come, come to church! once more, once more!"  
And each church-door stood open wide;  
But, though his conscience chid him sore,  
He to the railway station hied.

Ah, how the mother's heart had failed,  
When thus her boy had left the room!  
No longer she the sunshine hailed,—  
All turned to darkness and to gloom.

Her only son, and she alone;  
No father to direct and rule:  
Yet he no poverty had known,  
And she had kept him at his school.

But much she feared her son had made  
 False friends, who tempted him astray,  
 Or he would ne'er have disobeyed  
 God's laws about His holy day.

But he was gone, and she was late,  
 The tolling bells had almost done;  
 She entered with sad heart the gate  
 Of God's own temple all alone.

He always went in former days,—  
 Her joy, her comfort, and her stay,—  
 To join with voice of joy and praise  
 The many that kept holy day.

There, lowly bending to the rod,  
 She heard these words of hopefulness,—  
 "Cast all thy burden on thy God,  
 And He shall help thee in distress."

She heard in thankfulness and fear,  
 And earnestly thus did she pray,—  
 "Let not his heart grow hard and sear,  
 And keep him safe from harm this day.

Oh, bring back thoughts of childhood's days,  
 Of father's words and sister's love,—  
 Of Sundays spent in prayer and praise  
 With those who keep them now above!"

Meanwhile the train was speeding on  
 By hill and grove, by lane and lea;  
 And through the fields, far-off from town,  
 Where cows and sheep browsed peacefully.

The dingy streets had fled by,  
 The city's haze was left behind,  
 And pure from heaven's unclouded sky  
 Fresh blew the flower-scented wind.

The swallow flew with circling wing,  
 The sunbeams flickered in the leaves,  
 And, ready for the gathering,  
 In order stood the golden sheaves.

Now whirled the quick excursion train  
 Where some small village nestling lay,  
 And rusties in the shady lane  
 Paused, wondering, on their churchward way.

And heard above the din and mirth  
 Was holy sound of joy and praise,—  
 "With one consent let all the earth  
 To God its cheerful homage raise."

All seemed so peaceful and so still,  
 Such contrast to the noise and din  
 Of panting train and whistle shrill,  
 The shriek without and laugh within.

For harsh and loud the voices sound,  
 And coarse the laugh and coarse the jest,  
 And comic songs are going round,—  
 No signs are there of Sunday rest.

Yet on Will's ear the echo fell  
 Of words that once he used to hear,—  
 Words long forgotten, till the spell  
 Was broken by a mother's prayer:—

"If thou thy footsteps turn away  
 From pleasure on My holy day,—  
 If thou the 'Sabbath' call 'delight,'  
 And honour God with all thy might,  
 Not speaking thine own words,—on thee  
 The blessing of the Lord shall be."

At last they reached their journey's end,  
 And all dispersed the place to see,  
 And William went out with a friend  
 To saunter by the sparkling sea.

"Come, Will, be merry, why so grave?  
 You're very dull and low to-day;  
 Come, man, cheer up, be bright and brave,  
 We've come on purpose to be gay!"

When we work hard for six long days,  
 What harm to take our pleasure now?  
 So come, cheer up, your spirits raise,  
 And chase that trouble from your brow!"

Will thought it was the wisest plan,—  
 Thus cheating conscience: "Yes," they say,  
 "The Sabbath-day was made for man,  
 And not man for the Sabbath-day."

And so they walked along the shore,  
 And scaled the cliff above the sea,  
 And listened to the breakers' roar.  
 That dashed below so wild and free.

And then they dined with festive mirth,  
 So full of life, so young, so gay;  
 As thoughtless as if joys of earth  
 Could surely never pass away.

The evening shadows came apace,  
 With change of weather, clouds, and rain;  
 And quick the pleasure-seekers race  
 To fill the now returning train.

The carriage doors are shut: "All right!"  
 The guard cries out; and off they dash  
 Through dreary tunnel, where the light  
 Of lamps upon the damp walls flash.

Then out into the chilly air  
 Upon the dim and darkening plain,  
 Where twilight's hour is made more drear  
 By sighing wind and driving rain.

Meanwhile the mother waits alone,—  
 "Tis nine o'clock, but where is he?  
 Twelve hours have passed since he has gone;  
 He promised he'd be back to tea."

Eleven passed, yet came he not;  
 Twelve struck, and still she sits alone;  
 Her heart beats fast, her brow is hot,  
 She gives a sudden, stifled moan.

For Will she knows had had his way,—  
 Too much his way—too much his will;  
 She could not bear to say him Nay,  
 Though he was growing wayward still.

At last she rose with faltering feet,  
 She could not bear it any more,  
 When—hurried footsteps in the street—  
 And Will himself was at the door.

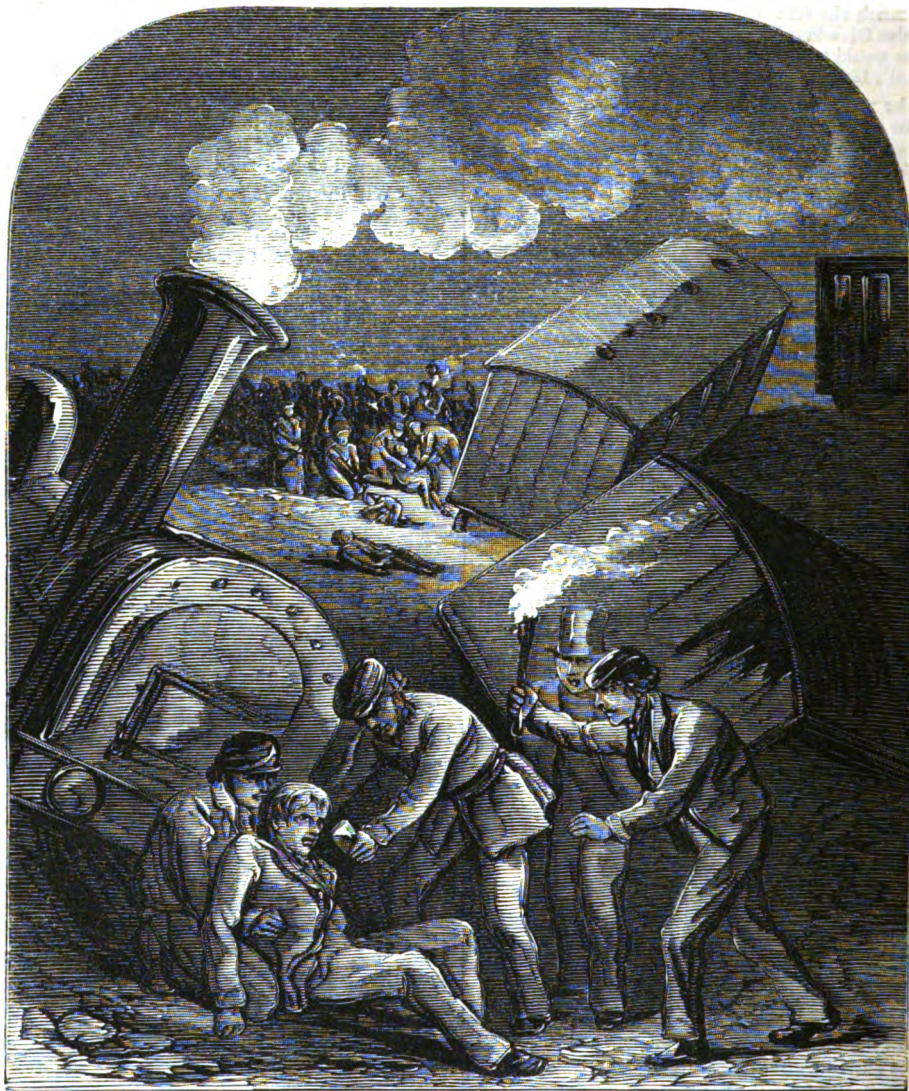
"Oh, mother, I am safe!" he said;  
 "Safe, when so many dying lie,—  
 Safe, when some even now are dead  
 Upon the line beneath that sky!"

I know not how the thing befell;  
 It seemed one moment all was right,  
 The next,—a sound too dread to tell  
 Burst on the silence of the night.

A sudden shock, then screams of fear,  
 And shrieks of agonising pain,  
 Came through the darkness, chill and drear,  
 And roused me up to life again.

Then flashed the torch-light here and there,—  
 And, oh, the sight that seared my brain!  
 Men, women, children, young and fair,  
 Crushed 'neath the iron of the train.





Some jumbled in confusion dread,—  
Some lying calm, and still, and white;  
Wounded and bleeding, mangled, dead,—  
Oh, mother, 'twas a fearful sight!

The flurried guards flew here and there,  
Another train was nearly due;  
Loud, loud the whistle sounded clear,  
And swift the danger-signals flew.

And cries for help were heard again  
From dark recesses of the train,  
Where iron-bound were fellow-men  
Shrieking for help and aid in vain.

The engine had got off the line,  
And down a steep embankment sped;

But none knows yet who still survive,  
And which among that crowd is dead.

I and some others hastened here,  
To send assistance with all speed,—  
To gather doctors far and near,  
And never was there greater need.

Oh, mother, as I walked along,  
And saw the sight that chills me now,  
That I was safe of all that throng  
Called forth to Heaven a solemn vow!—

That, with God's help, I ne'er will break  
His words about His day of rest;  
But solemn resolutions make  
To keep it holy, and be blest."

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price One Halfpenny each.

# Chatterbox.





### THE LOITERERS.

MASTER'S TIME IS MASTER'S MONEY.

**T**HERE are many errand-boys who seem to forget that wasting their master's time is as bad as stealing his money. They would think themselves thieves if they took a penny out of the till, but they do not think they are doing any harm when they loiter over their messages, or when they stop at the street corner, out of sight of their master's shop, to chatter with the acquaintances whom they happen to meet there—as the boys in the picture are doing.

If we were to judge by butchers' carts, we should say that the cooks were all in a hurry for their joints of meat, for the horses are always made to trot along at a great pace; but butchers' boys with their trays generally seem to have plenty of time and to be ready for a slide on the ice, or a game at marbles, or to gossip with an acquaintance, or to stare at the *Chatterbox* pictures in the shop-windows!

Now we do not think that even the last of those street pleasures, though we try to make it as tempting as we can, is a good excuse for wasting time that belongs to another person and is paid for. Often errand-boys are *obliged* to wait, kicking their heels for five or ten minutes, till they are required for another message; and then we should be greatly pleased to see even a greasy and crumpled *Chatterbox* pop out of their pocket: but when he has an errand on hand, then an honest boy will go and come without loitering, and will not even chatter away five minutes, but will remember that master's time is master's money.

Such lads are sure to be trusted—sure to be valued—sure to get on—and will have shops and errand-boys of their own, while the loiterers and dawdlers are still working for others.

### RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 243.)



**E**won't be long. He said he didn't care for the match—that's a thing I can't understand; but people are different—and he will be here to go back with us. I wish Randal would come here."

Lord Carisford strolled away towards the flannel jackets, and presently had shaken hands with Randal—an honour which that young gentleman certainly did not expect.

"Well, Dane," said the Earl, "so you've won! I'm sorry for Carisford's defeat, but not for your victory. But your colour is a mistake; you should have been true blue."

"No, my lord; blood-red," replied Randal, "according to the school tradition."

Lord Carisford did not ask what the school tradition was. Perhaps he knew; at any rate it was evident that his thoughts had wandered away from the cricket-ground.

"So you are an architect, eh? You stick to it?"

"Yes. I intend to stick to it."

"Right, my lad," said Lord Carisford. "There may be people who would think your choice a step down in the world for a Dane. I do not. I hold that any study by which a man may better the condition of his fellow-men is noble. But there, your cousin wants you, and I am getting on a hobby. I wonder, by the way——"

Randal, looking up, guessed what the earl was thinking of, and why he paused.

"I am going to try for the prize, my lord," he said, readily.

"That's right again. It's for such fellows as you I meant it. Good-bye; I shall not forget you."

Randal passed on in obedience to Philip's impatient signals, and mounted the stairs, two steps at a time, to the little parlour.

"I forgot," he said, drawing back. "I ought not to come. Sir Roger——"

"Is not here; and if he were, I take it upon myself. Don't talk nonsense, Ran, or I'll say Lord Carisford has made you too grand for us. What's it all about?"

"A prize," said Randal; and he entered into the details, unconscious that Sir Roger himself was holding the door half open with an undecided movement that only Philip could see.

"If it was but a church," Hester was saying just then, "one could understand your carving towers, and spires, and arches, and stained windows, and all that; but a stupid, respectable model farm!"

"It is just because it's stupid and respectable that I think I can do it, Hester," said Randal, stoutly. "I'm not clever. I used to wish I was when I found it out first; but I don't now. A fellow can drudge better, perhaps, when he knows that he's got only his drudgery to depend upon. I'd like to make Uncle Roger's estate stupid and respectable too, as you call it, if I had the chance. The farm-houses are miserable, and the cottages——But you see I never shall have the chance. He wouldn't give me an unlimited order for plans, I expect," added Randal, laughing.

Philip gave a little start as his father drew back, and went downstairs. Was it only a shadow from the door itself, or what was it that had given so strange an expression to Sir Roger's face when Randal spoke? It was like nothing that he could think of, so much as sudden, blank fear—a fear he tried to forget, or believe to be his own fancy, but could not. He turned to the window and saw his father talking to Lord Carisford down below, but the look was gone then; and when Randal plunged into the subject of Tom Kellet's story of the wonderful German baths, Philip roused up into interest at once.

"It would be very jolly," he said. "Not that I'm ill; I don't mean that. There's very little amiss with me, only they make me seem such an old woman. Still, I'm not exactly like other fellows, I know, and I *might* get worse. What's the name of the place, Ran?"

He put out his hand for Tom's envelope, and then began thinking over the travels he had read; growing eloquent over the new scenes they would have



to pass through, till Randal half regretted having brought the subject forward, for no one could tell how Sir Roger might take it.

"Not that I think it's necessary," persisted Philip. "And, perhaps, Sir Roger wouldn't like the expense; though for that matter, they say, it's cheaper to live abroad than at home. And wouldn't Hester like to see the Alps, eh? And we might get on to Naples, and Pompeii. What's the matter, old fellow?"

"I was only thinking there would be no one at the Firs," said Randal; "that's all."

Philip broke into a laugh; an unusual sound from his lips.

"Why, come and see Aunt Jean; nothing would induce her to cross the Channel. But I forgot, Aunt Jean's going to leave us; she thinks Hester old enough now to take care of herself; and she talks of going to some place on the Suffolk coast. I tell you what, Ran, overcome your proper pride and be at the Firs to welcome me when I step, a strong fellow, into the halls of my ancestors. There! isn't that a speech that would please my father?"

A little while longer they talked in the still summer day which had suddenly grown full of hope, until Philip, started up suddenly as the door opened, and met his father's glance with a half laugh of confusion.

"We're talking treason, papa," he said; "Randal has got a plan to make me a cricketer like the rest of them—a stalwart Dane like my forefathers. I feel stronger already."

Sir Roger did not know what it all meant; but he did know that Philip looked unusually well and animated, and some spark of compunction made him step forward towards his nephew and hold out his hand graciously.

"You have been very good to Philip," said the baronet—"very attentive. I thank you. I hope you may be prosperous!"

#### CHAPTER IX.

I am afraid that Randal Dane is a very commonplace hero. And by commonplace I mean that he was just like hundreds of other boys; healthy, strong-limbed, and active, with a fair amount of ability which certainly turned in one special direction. But he was no genius; nothing at all out of the common way, and he knew it. Perhaps it was because he knew this that the lad called in to his help a solid strength of will, and firmness of purpose, which stood him in good stead all through his life, and kept him from the wavering and uncertainty which too often hamper the more uncommon gifts of genius. He had been slow, perhaps, to confess that it was not in him to go at the big books, as Archie Wray did, for pure love of them; to understand and lay them by one by one in his brain, mastered. He thought, and probably thought rightly, that in time, by sheer dogged perseverance, he might have succeeded, as Archie had done; but in the meantime there was always the chance of failure, and he must have been for years a burden upon his mother's funds, already slender enough.

"After all," he said to himself, "I believe I am in my right place. At any rate, it is my place now, and I'll do my best."

He said this half-aloud one day, unconscious that Mr. Kellet had come in, and was standing behind him. If the latter had heard Randal's speech, however, he took no notice of it.

"Dane," said Mr. Kellet, "you don't go much to the Firs now, I think?"

"No, sir. In fact, I never go."

"No time, eh? It's rather a pity. The boy seems a nice boy enough."

"Everybody likes Philip," said Randal.

"Yes. You know that I have been mixed up in a sort of way with Sir Roger's affairs. That's not the way to put it, though," added Mr. Kellet. "He begged of me some time ago to take the agency, and I did so. Perhaps you knew this?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, he has chosen to take it from my hands."

Randal could only stammer out, "Has he? I'm very sorry." And then he saw that Mr. Kellet was not noticing him, but staring over his spectacles in a sort of perplexed, absent way, which Randal knew well by this time.

"Sorry, are you?" repeated Mr. Kellet. "Well, I don't know that I am, personally. I ventured to differ from him, and to advise an infatuated man. Never you do that, Dane; it's a thankless work. No, I don't think I'm sorry to have done with the Firs, only from my long connexion with Sir Roger I should be sorry if he got into the hands of —. Well, never mind. I have told you this, simply that you may know it does not in any way concern yourself. Sir Roger Dane must do as he likes, and it can't be helped. By the way, do you know the old shaft they call Wharfdale Pit?"

"Where they worked for copper?" said Randal.

"Yes, I know it very well."

Mr. Kellet leaned his elbows on the rail of the desk, and looked at the lad over his spectacles.

"Yes, they worked it for copper years ago, and found some little, too, I believe. But the thing was a failure altogether."

"I suppose so."

"Sir Roger didn't like your coming to me?" said Mr. Kellet, suddenly.

"No, sir. But that made no difference. It could not matter to him in the least."

"That remains to be proved," was the somewhat vague answer. "If Tom comes in before you leave the office, send him to me, will you? He knows a good many Wharfdale people."

Mr. Kellet stayed a little longer thinking, and then he added, half to himself, "I don't know much about copper, after all; and it's nothing to me."

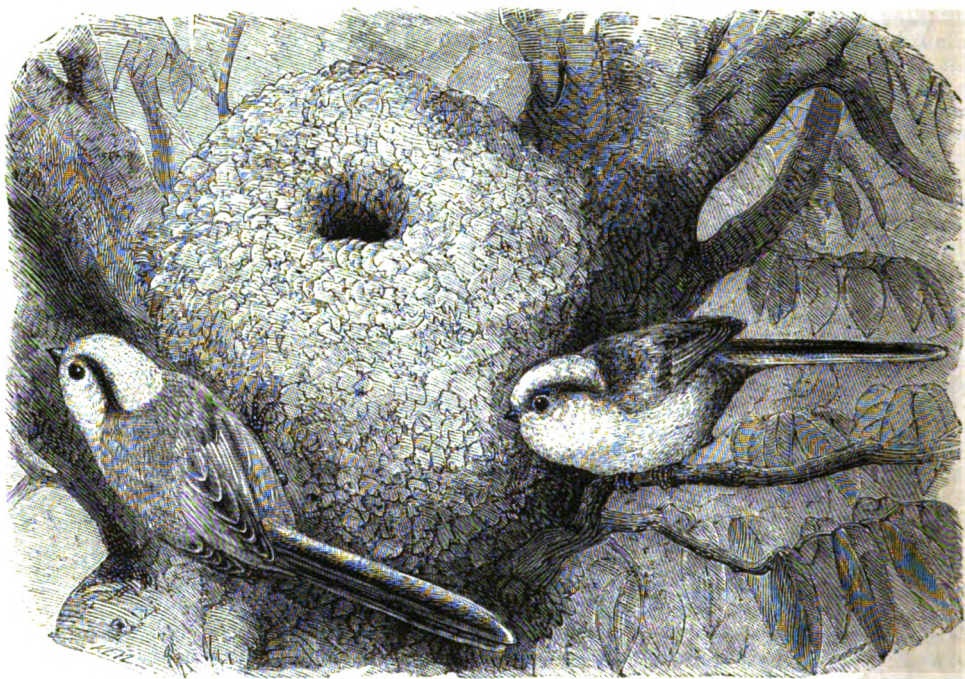
When Tom Kellet sauntered into the office ten minutes after, Randal said to him,—

"Your father wants you, Tom."

Tom pulled a face.

"He always does. But I can't go now. I'm in a scrape. Oh, you needn't look like that; it's nothing very terrible. I've lost one of Carey's ferrets, that's all."

(To be continued.)



### THE LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE AND NEST.

IN books of travels I have heard  
 About the clever tailor-bird ;  
 A bird of wondrous skill, that sews,  
 Upon the bough whereon it grows,  
 A leaf into a nest so fair,  
 That with it nothing can compare—  
 A light and lovely, airy thing,  
 That vibrates with the breeze's wing.  
 Ah, well ! it is with cunning power  
 That little artist makes her bower.  
 But come into an English wood,  
 And I'll show you a work as good.

There, where those boughs of black-thorn cross,  
 Behold that oval ball of moss ;  
 Look all the forest round and round,  
 No fairer nest can e'er be found.  
 Observe it near, all knit together,  
 Moss, willow-down, and many a feather,  
 And filled within, as you may see,  
 As full of feathers as can be ;  
 Whence it is called by country folk—  
 A fitting name—"the Feather-poke."  
 But learned people, I have heard,  
*Parus caudatus* call the bird ;  
 And others—not the learned clan—  
 Call it Wood-pot, and Jug, and Can.

Ay, here's a nest ! a nest, indeed,  
 That doth all other nests exceed,

Propped with the black-thorn twigs beneath,  
 And festooned with a woodbine wreath !  
 Look at it near, all knit together,  
 Moss, willow-down, and many a feather ;  
 So soft, so light, so wrought with grace,  
 So suited to this greenwood place ;  
 And spangled o'er, as with intent  
 Of giving fitting ornament,  
 With silvery flakes of lichen bright,  
 That shine like opals, dazzling white.

Think only of the creature small,  
 That wrought this soft and silvery ball,  
 Without a tool to aid her skill—  
 Nought but her little feet and bill ;  
 Without a pattern whence to trace  
 This tiny roofed-in dwelling-place ;  
 And does not in your bosoms spring  
 Love for this skillful little thing ?

See ! there's a window in the wall :  
 Peep in ; the house is not so small.  
 But, snug and cosey, you shall see  
 A very numerous family !  
 Now count them—one, two, three, four, five—  
 Nay, sixteen merry things alive !  
 Sixteen young chirping things, all set  
 Where your your small hand could not get !  
 I'm glad you've seen it, for you never  
 Saw aught before so soft and clever !

MARY HOWITT.





### GRACE ILTON'S SICK- NESS.

OW little do we think of the sick and suffering as we pass along the journey of life! We are all too selfish and thoughtless. Boys and girls little know what comfort they might bring to their sick companions if only they would visit them, and try and cheer them up in their affliction.

Grace Ilton was once one of the liveliest of all the girls at the little village of Drydale. No game of hide-and-seek was half so pleasant if Grace was not there. In hay-time, when Grace was in the field, more than one of the farmers used to say, "We shall have sunshine now the bright little lassie is here."

But now there are the merry shouts of children

playing at hide-and-seek, and the sun shines at hay-time, but Grace is not there. She is well-nigh forgotten. Last harvest-time this little girl was taken ill with a pain in her back, and now lies at home in her father's cottage with a complaint of the spine, from which she will never recover. During the winter, when there was nothing much to do out of doors, some of her friends would come and sit with her. On wet days in spring she would receive a visit or two, but now the weather is warm and the sun shines upon the newly-made hay no one calls to see our little invalid.

No one would call Grace an impatient child or fretful, but there are times when those who are generally most cheerful feel dull and lonely. Grace had been reading until she was tired, and then had dozed off to sleep, and the book had fallen from her hand. She had not slept long before she was startled by a knock at the door. She was dreaming that she was quite well again. Mrs. Brighty, the



Rector's wife, entered before Grace was thoroughly awake. She sat down by her side and said, "Well, my child, how are you?"

"About the same as when you went away, thank you, ma'am," replied Grace.

Mrs. Brighty had been away with her husband for a week or two, and had only just returned.

"Have you had plenty of company since I went away, Grace?"

"No, ma'am, no one has been to see me; but your books have amused me, and I have not been very dull."

Mrs. Brighty did not stay long that day, but she promised to come and see Grace again soon.

Sunday came, and Mrs. Brighty went to her usual place in the Sunday-school. The girls were all glad to see her again, and in the afternoon she promised to tell them a short story, which she called the story of "The Unkind Lambs."

"In an Eastern country some time ago, where the shepherds feed their flocks upon the mountains, there was a certain flock of sheep and lambs carefully watched by day and folded by night. The sheep quietly ate the grass, but the lambs were constantly skipping and gambolling together in the sunshine. The little lambs seemed very fond of each other, and they loved especially one little lamb that was always the foremost in their gambols. This was a sweet little creature with a very white fleece, and so kind and good-natured that it was a general favourite.

"One day, however, whilst they were skipping about, this little lamb fell over a rock, and hurt its back so much that it could not get up again. You would have thought that all its companions would of course have been very sorry, and have gone to see what they could do to help it. But these careless and playful little creatures looked over the rock at their companion for a very short time, and then ran away to their play as before,—forgot their playfellow, and left it to die."

"What do you think of those lambs?"

"That they were very cruel little creatures," said the girls.

"But just one more word. You all know that in Eastern countries they call the sheep by their names; should you like to know the name of this lamb?"

And when all the girls replied they should very much like to know its name, Mrs. Brighty answered, "The name of the lamb was Grace!"

I need not tell you that poor little Grace Ilton was not lonely and dull that week; in fact, so many of her schoolfellows came to visit her, that the doctor was obliged to say she must be kept more quiet.

I wonder now, if any of the boys and girls who read this little story know of any little suffering friend to whom they may minister kindness in a gentle way? Some poor little boy or girl, who has had a long and weary sickness, and who would like to be read to and talked to by a gentle and loving companion? Be sure, that all those who give up some of their own enjoyment or pleasure to visit and comfort a sick companion will not lose their reward.

W. M.

## THE AUSTRIAN BOMBARDIER.

(A free Translation from the German.)



IN a hamlet near the city of Trieste there stood a cottage, in which lived a peasant woman and her son. The mother was aged and infirm, her son loved her tenderly, and was her nurse, friend and supporter. But now he must leave her, being drafted as a recruit, for war had broken out. After a sad parting, the lad Joseph sat down upon the hill above the village; there he lay and gazed once more upon the dwelling, of which his poor mother was now the solitary inmate. As he thought of her tears and blessings, he wept bitterly.

In a few weeks, Joseph was in the field. He was a bombardier, and behaved so well, that the emperor rewarded him with a medal. He looked quite martial in his gay uniform. The sun, too, had bronzed his complexion, and he wore a fierce moustache. Better than these were the treasures, known only to God, which he carried under his soldier's coat—his piety and his mother's blessing. These he had brought with him from home, and, with God's help, he held them fast amidst the din and smoke of battle. For many months Joseph had to march and countermarch; first into the Tyrol, then to Hungary, then to Vienna, and at last, far away into Holstein, which lies near the city of Hamburg.

Hamburg was in a state of great excitement on the approach of the Austrians. Nearer and nearer came the military bands. Ledgers and workshops were deserted. The streets swarmed with men, women and children, to gaze at the smart regiments. The battery to which our friend Joseph belonged was quartered in a village of Holstein. There, after the fatigues of the march, he found rest; and he did not dislike the society of the honest Holsteiners. Still he thought of the far-off village, where the little water-mill went day and night, and he sighed to be in the humble dwelling in which his aged mother was thinking of him amidst her pain.

It happened one day that Joseph heard the peasant, on whom he was billeted, relate how that in a neighbouring village an old woman lived who had for years been bedridden, and for whom no one cared. Her son, who formerly provided for her, had been shot, and now there was nobody to look after the poor creature.

This conversation made an impression on Joseph's mind. The next Sunday, after obtaining leave of absence from his captain, he went to the village, in order that he might visit the old woman. He soon reached her cottage. She was very much astonished to see a strange soldier in her room, and looked at him with surprise. He said to her, "My mother is also ill, far, far away from here; and she, like you, for the present has no son to comfort her, so I came to visit you. Have you been ill long?" he inquired.

"Fifteen years and three months," was her reply.

"How old are you?"

"Seventy-three."

"Then God has given you some blessings."

"Blessings!" exclaimed the old woman,—"want, misery, my son dead!" and with that she burst into tears, and could not raise her lame hand to remove them from her wrinkled cheeks. Joseph tenderly wiped them away. "Do not weep," said he, kindly taking her withered hand in his; "God helps, and when the soul leaves this earth, is there not perfect peace and happiness for those who have sought it through the one Saviour, Jesus Christ? Pray earnestly, for God hears prayer and answers it."

"Yes! yes!" she exclaimed impatiently, "I do pray. When I do not know what to do with my thoughts, then I pray. It is pleasant though that you have come," and a feeble smile passed over her wrinkled face.

The bombardier rose, saying, "To-day is a holiday, we must enjoy ourselves. You must have fresh air in the room, neither sun nor moon can make their way into it." He opened the casement, letting the breeze come into the close chamber. He took a pitcher from the table and brought some spring water. From his pocket he drew a parcel of tea and sugar. He gathered some wood, and a fire soon blazed in the stove, and he himself made a cup of tea; for a soldier in war must be his own cook. When the old woman had refreshed herself he took down the prayer-book, which lay upon the drawers, and reverently read to her some of its soothing words.

The dame thanked him warmly when he was obliged to go. "Do not thank me, it is as great a pleasure to myself as to you," said he, promising to come again as soon as he could.

This promise he fulfilled whenever his military duties gave him opportunity. His comrades began to be curious about his frequent visits to the village, and they tracked him to the cottage, where to their great surprise, they found him in attendance on the old peasant. There he stood before the fire, cooking her simple meal. What in most homes only a son or daughter would do, that he did for the stranger. The neighbours looked on and were glad that Austria produced such soldiers.

Very great was Joseph's joy when his corps, some weeks after, was stationed in the village. He could now visit the object of his care daily; and when there was no drill, and he had not his cannon to clean, he sat for hours with her. Often she was in such pain that she could not sleep: then Joseph would watch by her, turning her in bed with the tenderness of a woman, and cooling her parched lips with refreshing drinks. If she was better and the day warm, then he carried her outside the door, that her poor limbs might enjoy the cheering warmth, and her eyes be gladdened with a sight of the beautiful sun.

And while caring for her, body he did not forget her soul; and he tried to lead her to the knowledge of that Friend, who would remain with her when he himself was far away. Gladly now she listened to

him, when he read to her of the love of God's dear Son, who died for her on the Cross. At other times he would choose some plain and simple promises of God's blessed word and repeat them to her again and again, that she might treasure them in her memory. He also went to the clergyman of the parish, and begged that his aged friend might be visited.

It was well that he had done so. An order came for the detachment to which he belonged to move off to quarters at a distance. The parting was sad. In Joseph's memory it brought back the day, in all its fresh grief, when he parted from his own dear mother. The clergyman met him as he was departing, and shaking his hand said, "It is a good work that you have done for the poor woman." "No, no," Joseph replied. "Do not praise me for that which was my duty, and the performance of which has given me so much pleasure."

Time passed, and the poor woman often thought of her distant friend. Joseph made frequent inquiries about her, but could hear nothing, and knew not whether she was living or dead. But the clergyman was anxious, before the Austrian army was withdrawn, that the two should meet again. He wrote to the Austrian general, and begged that leave of absence might be given to Joseph, in order that he might once more visit his old friend. Pleased with the report which he had received, the general commanded that Joseph should at once present himself at Altona, the head-quarters. The captain to whom the order was sent, asked Joseph what fault he had committed? He answered that he was not conscious of any breach of duty, and forthwith he proceeded to Altona. On presenting himself, the general, laying his hand on his shoulder, told him that he was at liberty to visit the aged dame to whom he had been so kind. With many thanks he left his officer's presence. The fear came across him that she might be dying. It was nine o'clock at night, but he started at once for the distant village, which he reached at break of day. Every thing was silent and still, so he was obliged to wait till the people were abroad. At last he saw a boy, who was driving a cow to its pasture. "Is the good old dame dead?" asked the Austrian.

"No, she is alive."

He was soon with the invalid. "Joseph, Joseph!" she exclaimed in great joy, stretching out her hands towards him. Before his departure, for the last time he read to her—for the last time he knelt in prayer by her bedside—and then they parted, surely hoping to meet again in heaven.

It is now long since Joseph returned to his cottage home, where he found his aged mother still living. Great as had been the sorrow at parting, still greater was now the joy of meeting. The God who protects the widow and fatherless had watched over the old woman, and had raised up friends for her support and comfort in her hour of need. Thus, in his own mother's happiness, Joseph was rewarded for his self-denying kindness to the poor Holsteiner.



"He carried her outside the door, that her poor limbs might enjoy the cheering warmth."

Page 255.

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# Chatterbox.



The Two Wounded Soldiers.

## THE TWO WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

**D**URING the cruel and unequal war which took place in 1864, between the Danes and the Germans, there lay in the military hospital of a town in Slesvig, side by side, an Austrian, Karl Stempf, and a Danish prisoner. Both were severely wounded; both felt that their end was near, and longed, therefore, to see their relatives once more. The Dane's wife had died just before he had joined the army, but he had left two children, a girl and a boy, at home behind him, and the uncertain fate of his children pained him more than his wounds did.

Karl Stempf, once the merry lad on the Styrian Alps, was longing too, for his mother, for he felt that he should never climb his beloved mountains again,—never more hunt the chamois; so he wished at least to see and speak to his good mother once more. He had asked a comrade to write and tell her about his wound and his sad state, and to beg her to come to Slesvig as quickly as possible.

One day, while the Dane, in his broken German, was lamenting to Karl Stempf over his sorrows, and while tears came into his eyes as he told him about his children, the door of the room opened, and the attendant entered with two pretty children, who gazed anxiously round. The eyes of the boy soon discovered his father, and with a cry of joy he sprang to the bed-side of the Dane. His sister, who was younger, followed the boy. The father pressed the children in his arms, and in this happy moment forgot his terrible pains.

Karl Stempf almost envied his neighbour's happiness; the thought of his own mother came into his mind, when he suddenly heard her voice, and she pressed him to her heart, exclaiming, "Karl! Karl!" But a very short time ago, he, her only son, had left her strong and hearty; now she found him lying in this hospital, pale, and with no hope. She could not restrain her tears. She looked at the children by the other bed-side, she saw the joy and the sorrow of the unhappy father. In her own anguish of heart, after a long silence, she whispered the prayer, "Oh, Lord Jesus! have pity upon my poor dear son; joyfully will I adopt the children of this poor man for my own, if thou wilt only grant that my Karl shall not die!"

Unwittingly she had spoken her prayer aloud, and her son had heard her words. He raised himself half up, notwithstanding his pain, gently took the hand of his mother, and said in a weak voice,— "Cheer up, mother, don't fret; nothing can help me now—I feel that the good God has thus willed it. And, mother, whether earlier or later, that makes very little difference if we are ready. I know I must die, and my poor neighbour with me too. Mother, if you will do me a pleasure, take his children, they will make up to you for Karl. Perhaps, indeed, you will have more joy with them than with your own son."

The brave soldier sank back exhausted on his pillow, his unhappy mother made a strong effort to suppress her sobs, answered her son by pressing his

hand, and then went to the Dane's bedside. "My good man," she said to him, "do not be anxious about your children—from this hour they are mine!"

The dying father had not the strength to answer a word; his reply was a most grateful look. Then a bright smile passed over his pale lips—one long, last, deep gasp, and the soldier had passed away.

A few days after, the Austrian mother again sat by her son's bed of suffering, her two little adopted children rested their weeping heads upon the breast of their new mother. Then, Karl Stempf with a strong effort, lifted himself up and exclaimed,— "Mother! dear mother! take me home with you. I wish not to lie in the grave here." These were his last words.

Two days after, the good mother returned to Styria. At her side were the Dane's two children, who had soon got accustomed to their new mother. The same train bore away her dead son in a plain coffin to his beloved mountain-home.

May God's blessing rest with the good woman!

J. F. C.

## A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



**SUSIE DALE** and Bessie Wood were great friends, though they were very unlike in disposition and habits. Susie's father lived in a large house, and was quite rich, but Bessie's home was an humble one, though her parents were not very poor. Susie was often proud of her fine clothes and beautiful home, and thought that the most of the little girls who went to school with her were not her equals, and she did not notice them at all. This was very wrong in Susie, but she was a little girl, and did not know how wrong it was. But there was something in the sweet face of Bessie Wood that made Susie like her the very best of all her companions.

One bright morning in June, Susie and Bessie—as they had plenty of time—had stopped on their way to school to gather wild-flowers in the woods, and to weave them into garlands as they sat in the summer sunshine under the river bank. Just beyond where they seated themselves to arrange their flowers the bank curved outward, so that they could not see the river beyond, and while they were enjoying themselves here with busy tongues and fingers, a large dog ran up to them whining and barking, and running backward and forward toward the bank. He seemed to wish to say something to them; and finding they did not understand him, he sprang towards Susie, and putting his fore feet on her dress, looked into her face with an earnest look, then darted back again to the river. Bessie remembered that she had heard her mother say that dogs sometimes saved the lives of people by signs, and she turned to Susie and said, "I think there must be something down this bank he wishes us to see;

perhaps some one has fallen into the river. Let's go and see."

She started to run after the dog, and as soon as he found he was understood, he seemed greatly delighted. The girls soon reached the spot, and there, sure enough, lay a poor, wretched-looking man. It was evident that the dog had drawn him from the water, as his clothes were all wet and sandy.

"Poor old man!" said Bessie tenderly, "you are almost drowned; what can I do for you?"

"Why, Bessie Wood!" cried Susie, "you are not going to stay here with that horrible man, are you? He's been drinking, and I dare say his family would have been better off if he had been drowned."

"Why, Susie," answered Bessie, "it is old Mr. Slade! If he has been drinking, we must not leave him here, so wet and cold—he might die."

"I can't help that; I shall go to school: you can stay if you like."

Bessie's eyes filled with tears, but she said timidly, "If it was *your* father, Susie, you would wish some one to be kind to him."

Susie stepped back to Bessie's side, and in a subdued voice replied,—"I know it, Bessie, you are always right; I will stay, and if you will tell me what to do, I will help you all I can."

"I think if we could find something to cover him over, to keep him warm, that we might soon get help to carry him home."

"Here's my shawl. I shall not need it," said Susie; and going up to the poor old man, she put it over him.

"Now, Susie, run to Mr. Hale's for help," said Bessie, "and I will stay and watch."

Susie ran off quickly, and soon came back with Mr. Hale and another neighbour, who placed the man in their waggon and carried him to his miserable home.

"I should like to go too," said Susie. "Do you think he will die?"

"No; I think he will live, and we will run home to my father and tell him about it."

As it was too late to go into school for the morning lessons, they went to Bessie's home. Mr. Wood was just entering the house from the garden, and exclaimed, "How is this, Bessie, that you are not at school?"

She frankly told him all, and asked him if he would help them to get Mr. Slade to promise to give up drinking.

"I am glad you were such thoughtful little girls," said Mr. Wood, "for Mr. Slade was once a respectable man; but he is now very poor, and his wife and children almost suffer for food and clothes. We will go to-morrow morning, and see what we can do for them."

"Can I go too, sir?" said Susie, who began to feel quite an interest in the poor old man, whom a short time before she was not willing to help.

"Certainly, my dear, we shall be very glad to have you," replied Mr. Wood; "but I must now go back to my work."

Susie went home to dinner, and remembering what Mr. Wood had said about Mr. Slade's poverty, she urged her mother to allow her to give some of

her cast-off clothing to the children; and Mrs. Dale was very glad to please her little daughter, and filled a basket with bread, meats, and cordials for the invalid mother and her little ones. Susie was at Mr. Wood's at an early hour, and the three started off with happy hearts. They found the house without difficulty, and they were all glad to find Mr. Slade not much the worse for his narrow escape. Mr. Wood had long known the unfortunate man, and he kindly took his hand as he said, "I have brought two little girls to see you, who want you to grant them a favour."

"What, *me*? Who cares for me? I had friends once, but have none now."

"Do not say that; these little girls will be greatly pleased if you will grant their request."

"What is it, little ones?" said Mr. Slade, turning to Bessie.

"We wish you to sign the Temperance pledge," she timidly replied.

Mr. Slade started at the sound of her voice, and exclaimed, "Are you my preservers of yesterday? I should have died, perhaps, if you had not done so much for me. Yes, I will sign your pledge, to please you, though I have always declared I never would."

It was a joyful hour to the little circle when, with a trembling hand, Mr. Slade signed his name. After presenting Susie's gifts, which were received with thanks and tears, Mr. Wood turned to Mr. Slade and said, "Your wife and children are even now rejoicing that you are henceforth to live a better life, and as soon as you get well come to my shop, and I will give you work. Mr. Wood kept his word, and the wretched home of Mr. Slade, before another year, was filled with many comforts, as well as with glad hearts and hopes, to the great joy of Susie and Bessie.

### DOLLS' EYES.

THE following is from the evidence of Mr. Osler, the Birmingham manufacturer, given before a committee of the House of Commons:—"Eighteen years ago," said he, "on my first going to London, a respectable-looking man in the city asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes; and I was foolish enough to feel half-offended; I thought it beneath my dignity as a manufacturer to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide, and perhaps twice the length of this, and we had just room to walk between the stacks, from the door to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'These are only the legs and arms; the trunks are below.' But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to my hotel I found that the order amounted to upwards of 500*l*. . . . Calculating on every child in this country not using a doll till two years old, and throwing it aside at seven, and having a new one every year, I satisfied myself that the eyes alone would produce a circulation of a great many thousand pounds. I mention this merely to show the importance of trifles."





### A PALAVER.

**P**ALAVER is a word well understood throughout the whole of Western Africa, whatever may be the language spoken. In its first sense, the word signifies a council or a conference, but

it is applied in common use to anything which requires talking. So a visit is a palaver; a missionary's sermon is a "God-palaver;" a proclamation is a "government-palaver."

A Palaver is, therefore, an important thing in Africa, since without one nothing can be said or done. A chief, thinking he has got something to say, sends round to his neighbours to come

and "hold palaver." As the house is hot and close, the meeting generally takes place in the open air, and when all are seated the talk begins. If the guests are of high rank, mats are laid down, and sometimes umbrellas are used; not so much, however, to keep off the sun as to make a grand show. The talking at a palaver commonly ends in nothing. In our picture the palaver seems to consist entirely of chiefs. From their countenances an animated discussion appears to be going on, but it will all end in smoke.

When an African chief expects a visit from a stranger—an European—great preparation is made to receive him. First of all, however, there must come the customary present to the chief, or the visitor will get no interview. Almost anything of European make is gladly accepted—if it is very gaudy so much the better. A piece of printed cotton, a silk cap, or a glass necklace, will do wonders; no chief can resist them. The interview when it is granted (for sometimes the chief thinks nothing of keeping his guest two or three days, to show off his own importance) is a grand thing—a palaver of palavers. The chief puts on all his finery; his wives (for he has several) are permitted to sit before him; while around him stand his courtiers, with their open umbrellas, and all the other displays of state they can collect. The talking is made through an interpreter. The chief is very polite: he promises almost everything asked, which promises he does not in the least intend to keep; and the strangers are dismissed with return gifts in the shape of a live goat or two, or a bag of shell money.

A head chief in Africa is always a king, and there are as many of these kings as there are large towns; but except the title, there is nothing kingly about them. The palace is built of mud, without windows, and has generally no more than two rooms. In one corner you will see the royal umbrella, the household idols, a pair of state slippers, and the cooking utensils, pots, pans, and kettles, all in a heap together. As a centre-piece, perhaps, there will be a dirty sofa, on which his majesty will be reclining, unwashed, and only half-dressed. His wives reside in adjacent palaces—mud ones, too, and of course inferior in splendour to the king's. The courtyard contains the poultry, which his majesty rears both for food and also to sacrifice to his idols.

The African chief is always extremely vain. Even when he is decorated with pure native regalia—bones, feathers, cowries, and heavy metal bangles,\*

\* Bangles are ornaments worn round the ankles and upper part of the arms. We had the curiosity to put a set of them, which recently came from the Niger, into a pair of scales, and found them to weigh exactly five pounds!



he is vain; but give him any gay-looking European clothes—a soldier's old red jacket, a cap with a round button at the top, or a cast-off dressing-gown, and he will strut about like a very peacock. (See picture.) If, moreover, he should happen to come within reach of a looking-glass there is no telling how long he will stand before it, turning himself right and left, as if he could not tear himself away from his own image. But we must not be too hard on the poor savages for this, as there are many in Christian lands who despise them who waste sadly too much time before their mirrors.

B. W.

### THE PRISONER AND HIS MICE.

A POOR prisoner in the Eastile begged to have his lute given to him, that he might while away the weary hours. His request was granted, and on playing one day, what was his surprise to see a number of mice creep out of their holes, and seem to listen with great delight. Some spiders, too, crept down from the wall, and came quite near to him, seemingly well pleased with the most unusual sound in that dreary prison cell. As soon as the music ceased the little listeners crept back, but whenever he began to play they all again appeared, bringing others with them. At length it became quite the fashion for all the prison mice to attend these concerts: and at last his audience, counting spiders and all, numbered nearly a hundred.

Here was food for amusement and an interesting study, which the officer had an abundance of time to improve. It was a great kindness of his Heavenly Father to provide such a diversion from his sad condition, as many a strong intellect has sunk under the horrors of such imprisonment. It is said that most of those who are sentenced to solitary confinement for life become insane.



# RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from p. 251.)



H, Tom, Tom, you'd be a better fellow if you would only let the Careys alone."

Tom turned his back to the window and began whistling discontentedly. All at once he said, "I say, though, what do you think? I didn't tell you where I lost him; it was in a burrow on Wharfedale hill. Never mind how I came to be so far away. I go lots of journeys that you know nothing about,"

said Tom, with a grin. "Well, though I didn't find the ferret I found out something else. They're going to open the old pit again. There was a lot of swells there; and a man with spectacles, and measuring lines, and all sorts of queer tools. And in the thick of them I caught a sight of Sir Roger, and so I made off sharp. They say he rides there mostly every day lately."

Randal raised his head quickly. "Sir Roger! Why? What has he to do with it?"

"Oh, well, it's on his property, you know; and perhaps he means to take shares in the Copper-mine Company that people talk about."

"I should think he doesn't."

"Well, I don't know, and I don't care. I dare say they'll have some fun, boring down that old shaft. And of course there'll be the Company's managing director, and the Company's solicitors, and the Company's grand dinners at the Redwood Arms, and all the usual humbug," finished Tom.

But Randal hardly heard him. He had taken his hat and walked away now out of the office, leaving Tom with another reminder that Mr. Kellet wanted him.

He didn't quite know why, but some dim idea fastened itself upon him of trouble connected with the abandoned pit. But when he got home Tom's news went out of his mind at once. His mother was out in the summer evening amongst the flowers, which she loved and tended for her dead husband's sake as well as for their own; but when she saw him, she went forward quickly to the gate and opened it.

"Your uncle Roger has been here, Randal."

To which Randal answered sharply enough,—

"Again? What has he got to find fault with now?"

"Nothing. You are wanted up at the Firs, and he came himself to fetch you. I think if he expected you to go, it was his wisest plan."

## CHAPTER X.

In these days, when the summer air blew softly amongst the Redwood beeches, Sir Roger used to leave his library and papers to wander by the banks of the Rede, where it wound through his property. But any one looking at his face would have known that the walk was no walk for pleasure. He carried

a staff with a sharp-edged bit of iron at the end of it; and he would stop here and there to cut into the earth with this, to turn over the soil and examine it anxiously. He even at times hung over the river where it ran clearest, as though he would have fished out secrets that lay hidden in its quiet bed. And then he would sigh, and look round the pleasant park that belonged to him; but even this did not seem to be a pleasant prospect in his eyes. There were trees being felled in many places where men said they were none too thick; indeed, scarcely thick enough. The fellers were at work in the copices where the hyacinths grew, and the mock pheasants toppled down from their perches as though ashamed of being found out in their mimicry. But the baronet had grown careless about his game. A far greater anxiety troubled him now. He was like a man standing over a gaming-table; seeing the heap of his money grow smaller and smaller, yet staking on; filling himself with the hope that this one risk shall win back all.

He walked about amongst the fine trees he was once so proud of, and doomed them. And when the man who marked them for felling dared to hint that it was a pity, Sir Roger turned upon him sharply to ask if it was any concern of his.

And then at night he would go up to the room where Philip was bearing his captivity, and bend over the lad to ask if he was better. Something at times would rise up in the baronet's throat, and make his voice husky as he asked his question. And yet there was no sign of improvement. Now and then, too, he felt as if in these busy days he did not, perhaps, think so much as he ought about the son who was all the world to him.

"But it's for his sake," said Sir Roger, in his heart. "All for his sake. What use have I for money? Only to see his prospects fair before him. Once to see this, and then —"

"You have been out to-day, Philip?" he would ask. "Hester sees to that, I hope. You are getting stronger?"

And Philip's half sad, half humorous, "Oh, yes, ever so much stronger!" satisfied him for the time.

"I shall go to church to-morrow, papa," said the boy one night. "I am so tired of Sunday at home. I'm quite well enough."

And if Sir Roger had a secret misgiving about this step, he could not hold out against his son's arguments; so Philip went to church, and when he came back again would not confess that he was tired, but sat up by the open window in the twilight while Hester read aloud beside a lamp in the dimmest corner of the room.

"Don't read any more, Hester," said the boy, suddenly, "but come here. How sweet the flowers smell! That's because it's late, I suppose. Hester, it must be very bad to be deformed."

Hester gave a little start at this, but her brother was not noticing.

"You know, it is young Brand I am thinking of. But he doesn't look unhappy. And yet, I think, it can't be worth while to live such a life as his. But that's wrong, isn't it?"

Hester put her hand upon his mouth gently.



"Talk about something else, Phil."

He looked at her and laughed. "Why, Hester, you are shivering, and I am so warm! It is beautiful out there, isn't it? Look at all that red and gold light, as if some great festival were being held up above."

And then he went wandering on to the stained window in the chancel, and the figure of St. Peter standing out against just such a background as that.

"He used to frighten me years ago," said Philip. "If I had been at any bad tricks he always had a frown on his face; and I couldn't bear to look at the keys. It was like being locked up; and I think I should die or go mad if I were locked up. I used to put my hands over my eyes, but it wouldn't do. I could always see the keys, and feel——"

It had struck Hester that Philip's voice was strangely weak and faint as he said all this, until at last she could scarcely hear it at all; and then all at once there was a bustle in the room, and the window was thrown wider. Hester herself was sprinkling water over a pale face, and somehow the baronet had got into the room, and Miss Dane; and Sir Roger walked up and down wringing his hands in dumb distress, while his son woke up feebly from what seemed to him to have been a painful sleep.

"Did I faint?" said Philip. "What was it? It was like being a lump of something in the heart of a big stone; locked up. Don't fret, papa, I'm all right now, and I won't go to church again until I'm stronger."

But the shadow would not go away from Redwood Firs. There were shakings of wise heads in the servants' hall, whisperings in the stables, and mingled pity and speculation among the fellers at work in the park. And by-and-bye London doctors came down to the Firs and met the Redwood doctors; and it was on the evening of the day which had brought these, that Sir Roger walked down to the black-and-white house to fetch his nephew.

When Randal went in, Philip, turning his face to the wall for a moment and covering his eyes said, "I shall never row down the Rede, old fellow. They say that I mustn't stir. They have been consulting over me; taking me to bits, as if I were a piece of furniture; and I know what they think, though they wouldn't tell me. I may live I suppose, but never to be a man, like other men; never straight and upright; never—— come closer, Randal; you and Hester. Come and help me to bear it."

END OF PART I.

### THE REAPER'S CHILD.

I SAW upon the harvest field  
A mother and her child;  
The mother look'd disconsolate—  
The bairnie never smiled.

It did not laugh as it was wont,  
It neither stirr'd nor play'd;  
But, by the stock's warm sunny side,  
Lay still where it was laid.

The mother kiss'd it tenderly,  
And wrapp'd it in her plaid,  
And clappit it, and dautit\* it,  
And stroked its curly head.

Then look'd upon it mournfully,  
And tears fell on its face,  
As she fondled it, and folded it  
In a farewell embrace.

And when she went, its faint complaint  
Her ear with anguish struck;  
And back she turn'd, and came again,  
To take another look.

And closer yet she laid the sheaves  
To shield it from the breeze;  
And kneel'd once more to comfort it,  
Upon her trembling knees.

And gladly she had watch'd it there,  
But the hour of rest expired;  
And she was call'd again to toil,  
And slowly she retired.

Her children's bread depended on  
The labours of her arm;  
And there she left that child alone,  
And hoped it safe from harm.

But every handful which she laid  
Behind her in the sheaf,  
She cast on her sick infant's couch  
A stealthy look of grief.

And when the long and weary rig  
To the uttermost was shorn,  
She hurried back before the rest,  
To soothe her latest born.

But when she came where it was laid  
She started back in fear,  
To see its alter'd countenance,  
And then again came near.

Its large black eyes were firmly closed,  
Its wee white hand was chill,  
And deep solemnity reposed  
On its face so pale and still.

It neither answer'd to her voice,  
Nor raised its drooping head,  
Nor breath'd, nor smil'd, nor sobb'd, nor  
sigh'd—  
Alas! the child was dead!

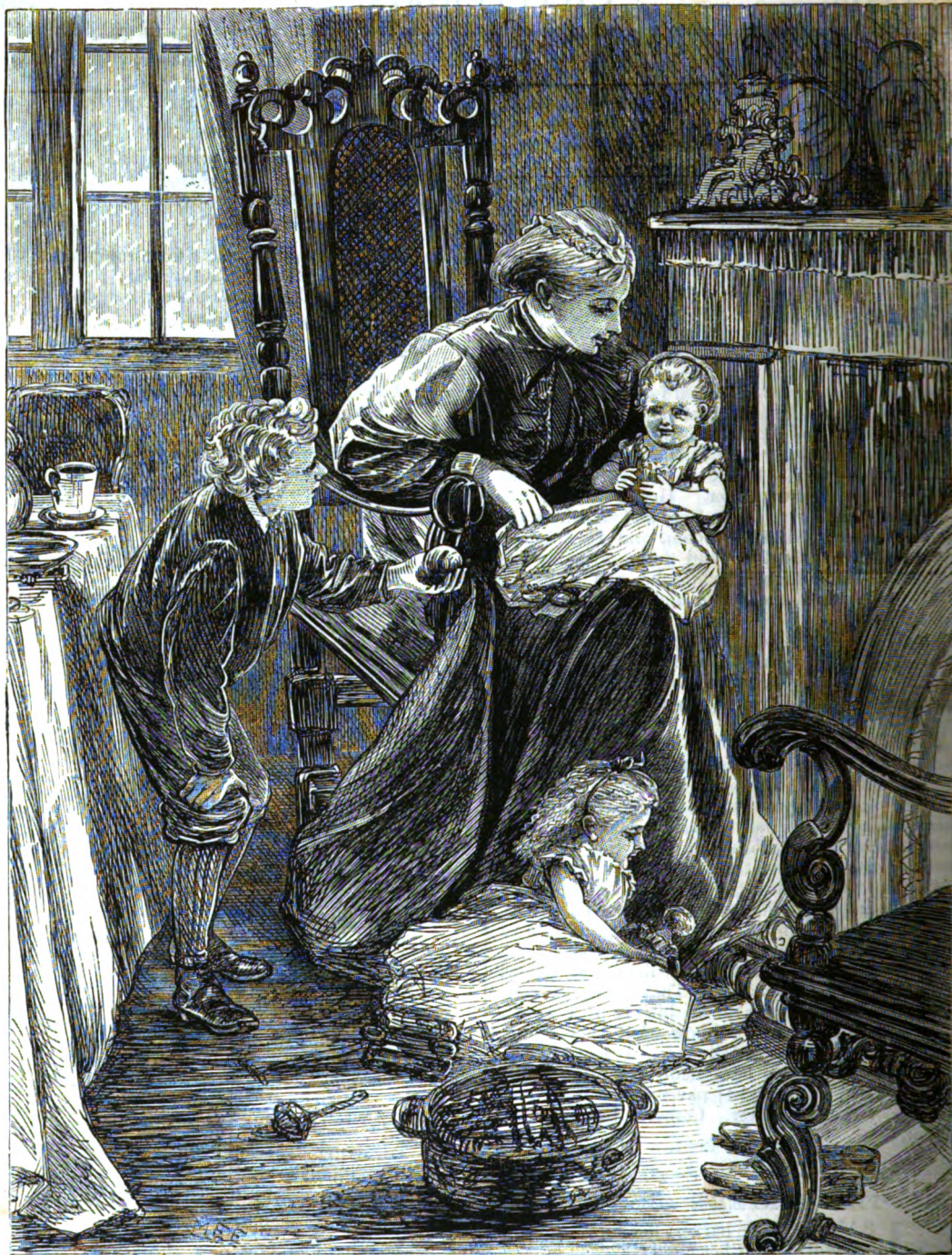
The dying struggle was unseen,  
Its infant soul had fled,  
While its poor mother struggled hard  
To earn her daily bread.

And those fond mothers who have seen  
The greenest, loveliest leaf  
Of their life's summer withering,  
Will know that mother's grief.

J. BETHUNE.

\* A Scotch term for *fondled*.





## MY LITTLE SISTER.

I HAVE a little sister,  
She is only two years old,  
But to us at home, who love her,  
She is worth her weight in gold.

We often play together,  
And I begin to find  
That, to make my sister happy,  
I must be very kind ;

And always very gentle  
When we run about & play,  
Nor ever take her playthings  
Or little toys away.

I must not vex or tease her,  
Nor ever angry be  
With the darling sister  
That God has given me.



No. 34. July 20, 1867.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

# Chatterbox.



The Fox, from Life, by F. W. KEVL.

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## THE FOX.



THE Fox is *one* of the most cunning of all animals, and if it were not for the strong scent that it leaves on its track it would be seldom caught. It is by this scent that dogs follow it. It is said that the fox knows that the hounds are guided by the scent, and tries various clever tricks to break the line of scent. It is said that a fox when hunted will run for some distance in a straight line, suddenly return on its track, and then spring as far as it can on one side, so that the hounds may be thrown off the scent, and have to "hark back" before they can find it again. In the following rhyme the habits of the fox are well described by Mary Howitt:—

"In the rugged copse, in the ferny brake,  
The cunning red fox his den doth make.  
In the ancient turf of the baron's land,  
Where the gnarled oaks of the forest stand;  
In the widow's garden lone and bare;  
On the hills which the poor man tills with care;  
There ages ago he made his den,  
And there he abideth in spite of men.  
'Tis a dismal place, for all the floor  
With the bones of his prey is covered o'er.  
'Tis darksome and lone, you can hardly trace  
The farthest nook of the dreary place;  
And there he skulks like a creature of ill,  
And comes out when midnight is dark and still.  
When the dismal owl with his staring eye  
Sends forth from the ruin his screeching cry,  
And the bat on his black leathern wings goes by,  
Then out comes the fox with his thievish mind,  
Looking this way and that way, before and behind;  
'Then running along, thinking but of the theft  
Of the one little hen the poor widow has left.  
And he boldly and carelessly passes her shed,  
For he knows very well she is sleeping in bed,  
And that she has no dog to give notice of foes:  
So he seizes his prey and home leisurely goes.

At times he steals down to the depth of the wood.  
And seizes the partridge in midst of her brood—  
And the little grey rabbit, and young timid hare,  
And the tall stately pheasant, so gentle and fair.  
And he buries them deep in some secret spot,  
Where he knows man or hound can discover them not.  
But vengeance comes down on the thief at length,  
For they hunt him out of his place of strength.  
And man and the fox are at desperate strife,  
And the creature runs and runs for his life.  
And following close is the snuffing hound,  
And hills and hollows they compass round;  
'Till at length he is seized, a catiff stout.  
And the wild dogs bark, and the hunters shout!  
Then they cut off his tail and wave it on high,  
Saying, 'Here fell the fox so thievish and sly!  
'Thus may all oppressors of poor men die!'  
Then again mounts each hunter, and all ride away,  
And have a good dinner to end the day."

When children, we used often to walk through a delightful beech-wood, to what was called the Forest House, where the head-forester lived. The

attractions there were many; not only was the forester a kind man, but he was also a man of education, and very fond of natural history, and always willing to answer our questions about a splendid collection of stuffed birds and animals which he had in the house. The house itself was surrounded by a moat: gardens, farm-buildings, and the kennel and poultry-yard, were full of amusement for us: but one of the chief pleasures of all was, looking at a little walled-in court, the inhabitants of which were a white-tailed sea-eagle and a fox—two great robbers doing penance. The eagle was free; he had escaped from some other place of confinement, and was shot in the wing on his travels to his old haunts, and now his flying days were over. The fox was chained up. Both seemed never quite to forget their natural fear of man. The eagle would make a clicking noise when we approached him, and our boldest intentions of companionship were checked by the awe in which his fiery eye, and ruffled, out-stretched neck, kept us; while Foxy repaid many a pat on the head by a sudden snap at our fingers as he retired into his kennel.

Yet foxes do get tame if people are patient with them. I have seen a tame fox at large in the stables of a country house. I have no doubt he killed many a mouse and rat, and he would run along the rafters and hay-racks like a cat. His quarters were chiefly an empty wing of the stable-yard, and a good lock prevented him from getting at the chickens at night. He was too well taught to attempt hurting them in the daytime. There was a cabman last year who had a very pretty tame fox on the top of his Hansom cab. The little animal seemed to have full confidence in his master, but showed every sign of discomfort if put to the ground, or at the approach of a stranger.

## A LUCKY SIXPENCE.



Y mistake she must have given it me between the twopence," said a little ragged boy, twirling a silver sixpence round and round in his fingers.

"It's a lucky sixpence, too, with a hole in it!" said a bigger boy standing by. "I say, Sam, I dare say you'll make your fortune by it, and end in being Lord

Mayor of London, like the story-books tell of. I wish I had it, I know."

"I wish I was sure that she meant it for me!" said Sam.

"Why, what a particular chap you are, Sam, to think twice about it! She gave it you; you didn't steal it, and what more do you want: you country lads have such queer notions!"

Sam's queer notions prevented him sleeping comfortably that night, though to be sure his bed was nothing to boast of, just a few rags thrown in the corner of a bare room, where scattered about lay some dozen other lads, homeless like himself, and dependent on chance lodging-houses for shelter.

Sam had not been long without a home ; his father, a decent bricklayer come to London in search of work, had only lately died, together with a little brother of Sam's ; and now Sam, urged by honest pride, was trying to keep himself from the work-house by selling matches, running errands, sweeping crossings, and such-like odd jobs. That morning he had carried a basket of fruit from Covent Garden for a stout elderly lady, and on arriving at her destination, in Mornington Grove, she had given him twopence, as she said. Just as he took it, the wind blew off his ragged straw hat, and clutching his money, he had to race after it down the dusty street, and hold it safe on his head when he caught it. So it happened that he slipped the money into his pocket without looking at it, and it was only in the evening that he discovered the silver sixpence with the stout lady's twopence.

Despite his companion's remarks, Sam felt uncomfortable to keep money gained in this way ; yet sixpence was a large sum to him ; and the lady had a silk dress, and a purse full of money, and would never miss it. All night long he woke, and tossed about wondering what it would be best to do, and dreaming at times of making a fortune with the lucky sixpence, and riding in a gold coach as Lord Mayor of London.

But with morning came more sober thoughts—of what father would have had him do—father, lying so still and quiet in the great London burying-ground ; and then Sam's mind was made up, and he crept out of the hot, stuffy room, into the sweet morning air, with a glad heart. He would find the lady and ask her himself, did she mean the sixpence for him ?

But Sam had difficulties in his way still. He easily found the house in Mornington Grove, but a smart footman opened the door who thought he had come begging, and would not listen to him ; and when later in the day Sam begged another servant who came out dusting mats to let him see the lady of the house, she said there was no lady at all, only a sick gentleman and his little girl. Sam resolved to come back in the evening and try again to see if he could find his stout lady ; and then he was hardly more fortunate, for a policeman seeing the boy was really in earnest about returning a sixpence, told him that he must mean the house-keeper, and that two hours ago she had gone with her sick master and his little girl to Richmond for some time. Sam walked away very sorry, for the silver sixpence worried him now ; he felt he must return it. All at once it struck him he would walk to Richmond ; it could not be very far, for omnibuses he often saw with the name in big letters upon them. Next day he put two or three little books that had been his father's into the hands of the lodging-house keeper where he mostly slept, and told her he was going into the country for a bit, and then he set out, with a few pence of his own and the silver sixpence, on his way to Richmond. It was a long walk in the hot summer day, and he had to ask his way many times, but after a while some one told him that the pretty white houses, and the large trees, and the shining

river he saw, were Richmond. How Sam was to find his stout lady he did not know, but the proverb says, "Fortune favours the brave," and I think it must favour the honest too, for the first sight which met Sam's eyes on entering Richmond was a Bath-chair being slowly dragged along, and walking by it his stout lady, holding a little girl by the hand. Sam lost no time, and taking off his dusty cap he approached the housekeeper.

"Ma'am," said he, respectfully, "I've brought you back your sixpence ;" and he took the bit of silver out of his pocket.

The stout lady gave a cry of real joy : "My lucky sixpence that my poor lad, Will, gave me when he went to sea, and that I thought never to see again ! You honest lad, where did you get it ?"

"Please, ma'am, day before yesterday you gave it me by mistake, I think, between twopence for carrying fruit for you, and I had heard you had gone to Richmond, so I walked here."

"All the way from London ?" said the sick gentleman, who seemed interested by the story. "Mrs. Monk, we must inquire into this ; the boy seems an honest boy, and poor : it is your sixpence, I suppose ?"

"My lucky sixpence, with the hole in it, and no mistake, sir," said Mrs. Monk ; "and I'd have given a crown-piece any day to get it back."

"Then let us make it this poor lad's lucky sixpence, too," said the gentleman, smiling. "What would you like best, my lad ?"

"I'd like reg'lar work, please," said poor Sam ; "I'm tired of matches, and crossings, and such-like."

I think this answer surprised the gentleman ; perhaps he thought Sam would have asked for money or food ; but anyhow he made Sam tell his whole story, gave him money to pay for a tidy lodging in Richmond, and finding him quite friendless, got him work as a gardener's boy. Sam did not become Lord Mayor, but his lucky sixpence, and his honesty about it, was the cause of his getting a respectable situation, and turning out in the end a well-to-do, happy man.

H. A. F.

## TRUTH AND FLATTERY.

EVERY one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy like the wind,  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend,  
But if store of crowns be scant  
No man will supply thy want.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will keep thee in thy need ;  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee will bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.





"Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be."



## WE ARE SEVEN ;

OR, A CHILD'S NOTION OF DEATH.

A SIMPLE child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl,  
She was eight years old, she said :  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad :  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,  
— Her beauty made me glad.

" Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be ?"  
" How many ? Seven in all," she said,  
And, wondering, looked at me.

" And where are they ? I pray you tell."  
She answered, " Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

" Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

" You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea ;  
Yet you are seven !— I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,—  
" Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

" You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then you are only five."

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little maid replied ;

" Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was little Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain,  
And then she went away.

" So in the churchyard she was laid ;  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

" And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

" How many are you then," said I,  
" If they two are in heaven ?"  
The little maiden did reply,  
" O master ! we are seven."

" But they are dead ; those two are dead ;  
Their spirits are in heaven !"  
" 'Twas throwing words away ; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, " Nay, we are seven."

WORDSWORTH.

## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 263.)

## PART II.—CHAPTER XI.



MORE than five years since the London doctors held consultation over Philip Dane, and in a manner passed sentence upon him ; not much less than five years since, Randal, walking into his mother's parlour one night, said, quietly, " I have won the prize !"

He had said little more about it then ; but now, as he looked back, he could recall the very tone of his mother's exclamation, and the look on her face. It seemed a long time ago, he thought. He was a boy then, just touching the first round of the ladder doubtfully ; he was a man now, and rather an important one in his own neighbourhood. He had an office in the town, and as much business as he could manage. He had been a great deal at Carisford, to superintend the carrying out of his own plans.

The beeches which Sir Roger had spared were very nearly bare in Redwood Park. Their few remaining leaves were red and russet-brown ; but as he looked out upon them it was not this change which gave to Randal's face its unusual anxiety.

There was a little stir and bustle at the Firs ; a man was going from one to another of the scattered lamps with a ladder on his shoulder, and a lantern in his hand. In the house, Aunt Jean was seated in the drawing-room trying to fix her attention upon a newspaper, but getting up from time to time restlessly and going into the hall, where Randal stood at the door looking out. Presently Randal left his post and went into the drawing-room. It was comfortable enough, but yet as he looked round something did not quite please him. The great chandelier hardly lighted up the dim corners of that big state-room which Philip had never liked. The couches had, indeed, no gloss of newness upon

them, but somehow they seemed to have caught the general air of stateliness which forbade comfort or lounging, or anything but the most upright propriety.

"I did it for the best," said Miss Dane, catching his look. "I thought, you know, that poor Philip, coming back as I fear, no better, might find it a trial to go into the old drawing-room, it seemed better to have this for to-night. What do you say?"

Randal would have said that he thought it a mistake, but then he reflected that a woman must know better than a man in such matters.

"I dare say you are right, Aunt Jean," he said. "It will be sad enough for him, anyhow. You are sure that he is no better after all?"

Miss Dane shook her head.

"I never can judge from Sir Roger's letters, they are so vague; but from Hester's, I should say, none. One comfort is, that there has been no expense. People can live so cheaply on the Continent, and I know—no, I do not," added Miss Dane, getting up and walking about the room; "I wish I did. Randal, if you would, you could tell me what is going on."

Randal hesitated a moment before he answered.

"I could only tell you a good deal of Redwood gossip, Aunt Jean, which is probably all false. If I were you I wouldn't worry about it. My uncle must know his own affairs better than these people, who are good enough to decide upon them for him. All the town would have been astir to-night," he added, changing the subject, "if I had not stopped it. It's wonderful to see what a favourite poor Phil is. But I think it would have been almost cruel to let them make a fuss now. When he comes of age, of course, it will be different."

He went back to his watch at the door, and saw that the dusk had faded into night. The lamps glimmered through the trees; in the court-yard a dog began to bark, and a stable-boy with a lantern came out into the drive, and stared out into the darkness, saying something about hearing wheels.

But Randal did not speak. He was thinking of that night when he had come up through the same lamps to ask after Philip, and Sir Roger had met him in the hall, full of dignified reproach. How long ago it seemed! He thought too, of his cousin's words, "Be there to meet me when I step, a strong man, into the halls of my ancestors."

But he had not much time for thinking now. The wheels came nearer; he could see carriage-lamps moving quickly up the avenue. Miss Dane came into the hall; and there was a body of servants, smaller than it used to be, behind her. And in a few moments the wheels stopped, and the next moment he was helping Philip and his crutches out of the carriage; then they passed on into the drawing-room together, where the crippled heir—for he was that now—after lovingly greeting the old lady, seated himself on one of the stiff couches. A few moments after he saw his aunt's look of anxiety, and understood it.

"It's quite right, Aunt Jean, thank you," he said, with the quick impulse of gratitude for any thought about himself, which had grown upon him more and

more lately. "I like this. It's a change. And, besides, there's company. Don't you fidget, though Sir Roger has picked up a foreign count, his wife, and little boy—that's all. They'll make no difference, and they won't be here quite yet, for they've got the heavy old post-chaise from the hotel. Sir Roger would have Hester and me come on first. Well, old fellow, I'm glad to be at home."

Randal, answering as cheerily as he could, still studied the face over which it seemed, to him, so great a change had passed. The *old* look which used to be there fitfully years ago, was there now, but the fretfulness was gone. Most of all, he saw and wondered at the sudden softening of all the weary lines of pain as Philip turned his head towards the door and said, "Here's Randal, Hester, grown into a bearded desperado. Come and see if you approve of the change. Oh, but I'm tired!"

She was beside him in a moment, arranging his cushions; but she was no more the girl who had gone away than Philip was the boy.

"It seems to me," Randal said, "that you are both changelings. The same, to a certain extent, I suppose, but almost like strangers to me."

"We are older, that's all," replied Hester. "As for you, Randal, you don't flatter yourself that you are altogether the same as when we left home? It was good of you to come. Phil looks pretty well, doesn't he? considering the long journey."

The sound of wheels reminded Randal of the foreign visitors and he took his leave, meeting Sir Roger in the hall, and exchanging a solemn greeting and good-night with him, as though they had parted only yesterday. As he opened the door he felt a hand on his sleeve, and turned round to find the face of Aunt Jean, pinched up with anxiety, at his elbow.

"Randal, I must go now, it is arranged. I have only waited until they came back; and my poor sister wants me worse than they do. But what does it mean—these foreign visitors? I don't like it."

"Why not?"

"It's not like Sir Roger; not like him at all. And I can't help being uneasy. You will be good to them. Never mind my brother's ways to you. Be good to them. I can trust you."

In spite of himself, and his real humility, Randal could not keep down a little stirring of exultation at this confidence in him, which a short time ago would have been as unlikely from Miss Dane as from Sir Roger himself. But he said gently, "Indeed, you may trust me, Aunt Jean, to do any thing that is in my power. But it cannot be much, you know. I would offer to write to you, but Hester—"

"Oh, Hester!" interrupted Miss Dane, wringing her hands. "She doesn't know, poor child. How should she, when we none of us do? It's all dark to us."

"Well then, if I see any necessity for it I will write to you. Will that do?"

"Yes. Remember I shall trust to you. Good-bye."

(To be continued.)

## JUPITER AND THE SHEEP.

A FABLE.

OF all the animals, the sheep felt itself the most hardly used. So he went to Jupiter and begged him to lessen his sufferings.

Jupiter appeared willing, and said, "I see I have made you too defenceless. Now choose how I shall best repair this fault. Shall I fill your mouth with great and sharp teeth?"

"Oh, no!" said the sheep; "I will not have anything that will make me like the wild animals."

"Then," continued Jupiter, "shall I put poison in your tongue?"

"Ah!" answered the sheep. "No one loves the poisonous serpent."

"What, then, shall I do? I will plant horns upon your head, and make your neck strong."


"Oh, no, good father! I might then become as quarrelsome as the goat."

"But," said Jupiter, "if you wish to be able to defend yourself, you must be able to injure others."

"Must I?" sighed the sheep. "Oh, then, leave me, father, as I am. For the power to injure others might perhaps arouse the wish; and it is better to suffer wrong than to do it."

Jupiter blessed the gentle-hearted sheep, and from that moment he murmured no more. Y. Z.

## "BUY THESE SHOES."

AN'T I tempt you with anything, to-day?" said a hawker to Jane Roberts. Jane was silent, but felt that she was being tempted very much; yet she would not own it. She was lady's maid in the family in which she lived, and was very much liked by her mistress for her kind and obliging disposition; but she had one great fault—she was vain and fond of dress, and her vanity often got her into trouble and difficulty. Her wages were good, but she spent nearly all on her own clothes. She had a widowed mother, who would have often been glad of a few shillings to procure her some little comforts; and, indeed, Jane would always make her mother a small present when she went to see her. But when she was away she thought too little of her mother's many wants. Now and then a fit of thoughtfulness came over her, and especially after she had a letter from home. She would say, "My mother stands in need of some warm clothing, I think I might afford a little to help her;" but unless she sent the money when the *good fit* was upon her, all her resolutions would vanish. At this time she had just heard from one of the neighbours that her mother was very unwell, and the doctor had ordered more nourishing food.

"How much money have I got?" instantly thought Jane, and she went to her box and found she had just ten shillings left. The *good fit* was on her now, and she determined to get a Post-office order and send all her money to her mother.

As she was sitting up-stairs thinking about her mother, she heard the cook call her.

"Jane, here is John Smooty with such a basketful of things! Come and have a look at them."

"No," replied Jane; "I am busy: and besides, I have no money to spend."

In a few minutes the cook came back and said,—

"Do come, Jane; John Smooty says he cannot go away without seeing you. You have been always such a friend to him, and he has taken nothing all day."

"I really do not want anything," replied Jane; "I cannot come down to-day."

"But he says," persisted the cook, "he does not want you to buy anything if you do not like; but he cannot go away without showing you what he has got, and he wants your opinion on some of the things, because, he says, you have got such good taste."

"Well," said Jane, rather flattered by the message, and really in her heart very anxious to see what the hawker had got, "I suppose I *must* come down."

Jane then went down-stairs.

The man said, "I thought surely, *Miss*, you would not let me go and not give one look at my basket. I have got some splendid articles to-day, and so cheap. I got them at a bargain, and would sell them for almost nothing. Now, here is a shawl—real Paisley, that I would let you have for . . ."

"But," said Jane, stopping him, "I did not come to buy, I only came to look."

"It is all the same to me," said the man, artfully, as he turned over the basket, watching Jane's face all the time.

He saw her look with a longing eye at a very pretty pair of shoes, but he said nothing, and covered them up. After he had covered the basket he still waited, resting on the ground, and said, "Can't I tempt you with anything to-day?"

Jane hesitated. Then the man opened his basket again, and taking out the shoes Jane admired, said, "Now, buy these shoes, they are just the very things you want: they are made for a very pretty little foot, and would just fit yours—just try them. There! let me put them on."

Jane sat down upon the bench, and suffered the man to slip the shoes on her feet—they fitted her exactly.

"Only six shillings," said the man; "and as you have been a good friend to me, I don't mind saying five-and-six!"

Jane could not resist; she ran up-stairs, trod upon the letter which she had dropped in her haste to go down-stairs, took her money out of her box, ran down and paid the money, and took the shoes back to her room.

Her mistress's bell then rang. Jane was glad of it: anything was better than stopping to think about what she had done.

At post-time she thought again of her mother, "but four-and-sixpence," she said, "was too small a sum to send;" and perhaps her mother, after all, might not be so bad. The next day Jane spent the





"Buy these shoes."


four-and-sixpence in ribbons and lace, when she went into the town with her mistress, and tried to forget her mother.

A week after there came a letter to say Mrs. Roberts was much worse, and would like to see her daughter before she died. Jane was now full of misery: she begged permission to go and see her mother, and was obliged to borrow money to pay her railway journey. She found her mother much worse than she had expected.

The doctor was there when she arrived, and he said, "I am sorry to tell you there is no hope. A little good food for the last few weeks might have done wonders for her, but it is too late now."

Jane stayed with her mother a few days, until she died, but I cannot tell you the misery the poor girl suffered when she thought that, if she had not let herself be led away by the tempter's snares, her mother might even now have been alive and well.

W. M.

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# Chatterbox.





## THE SLUGGARD.

GOD did not make the lovely day  
That we might waste its hours away,  
In heedless slumber on our bed  
Till morning's precious hours are fled.  
See how the dreamy sluggard lies  
Upon his bed, and hates to rise;  
He folds his hands upon his breast,  
And begs a little longer rest;  
The sunbeams meet his eyes in vain,  
He turns away and sleeps again.  
I passed beside a field, and found  
Its fence was broken to the ground;  
With weeds and thorns 'twas overgrown—  
The sluggard called that field his own.

## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from p. 270.)

## PART II.—CHAPTER XII.



HEY said that Sir Roger, not a rich man at any time, was now poorer than ever; that he had lost his temper; that the young heir, if ever he came to the property, would only inherit a load of debt, without means to meet it. Perhaps, however, he would not live to inherit it. Indeed, it appeared to some of the wise-heads, who settled matters in their own way so comfortably, that the wisest thing he could do would be to die. And certainly, as they concluded, it must have been an immense outlay to take poor Philip all over the Continent, and keep him there so long; to say nothing of doctors' bills, which always mount up frightfully. If it had been to do the lad good, to be sure that might have made the whole thing different; but when he came back no better than he went, if any thing worse, it did seem a pity. The newsmongers even traced the first mention of the plan to the unlucky Tom Kellet; and Tom had no peace in his life, until Philip, hearing something of it, sent the unhappy scapegoat a letter in his own schoolboy handwriting, telling him how much he had enjoyed the tour, and thanking him for the hint that had led to it. This letter Tom put up amongst certain treasures of a miscellaneous nature. He never said a word about it to any one, but he met his accusers after this with a bold front.

"As if they knew any thing about it," broke out Philip, when some friendly visitor had hinted about this wasted outlay. "My dear old daddy doesn't dislike it. I suppose he thinks it's no business of anybody's, and of course it isn't; but the whole thing has been a saving to him, so far as that goes."

"And has made a man of you," rejoined Randal; "and a woman of Hester."

Philip, however, turning heavily on his cushions, repeated: "A man! No, I am never to be that. But if you mean that I have grown to think more, perhaps it's true. What else is there for me to do? The thing is this: the more I think, the more it comes to me to ask, why am I here at all? Now, I

don't mean in a rebellious way. Other people, as it seems to me, have it pretty clearly marked out for them what their work is. I'm not good for much, I know; but I'd like to do something. I don't want to leave my 'footprints on the sands,'" said Philip; "and I know that an injured spine is a great excuse. But I'm here. If there were any thing I could do besides nurse myself, I should be glad. And so—"

He broke off abruptly, for Hester had come in. She had a lamp in her hand, which she placed exactly as he liked it, where the light would fall upon his book if he chose to read.

"You see," said Philip, "that's about all I'm good for; to be waited upon. We were talking about Italy, Hester, and the journey that old Lady Mason thinks must have been so charming."

Hester laughed.

"Ah, somehow, the real place takes away from one's ideal of sunny Italy. I wonder," added the boy, "if it's always so; if nothing real ever comes up to what we have fancied? It seems almost better to paint pictures in one's own mind and keep to them. It is such a pity when the relentless master turns on his light and says 'daubs.' It's like the Frenchman that Sir Roger has picked up, Mons. le Comte de Rochelles. I may see a bit of fairy land; no matter where, in a book, a picture, a piece of music, or a patch of flowers; M. le Comte puts on his spectacles, and points out a serpent's head amongst the blossoms."

Philip stopped. He knew that M. le Comte was at that moment downstairs in the library with Sir Roger, that all sorts of mysterious calculations were going on between them, which he could not understand. He knew too, in a vague sort of way, that everything was not going on exactly as it used to do.

"I don't think I like the Count," said Philip, following his own thoughts. "I don't know what he wants here. He had the impudence to talk to me the other day about being the heir, and inquiring into Sir Roger's management," continued Philip reddening. "I told him that might be the way they manage things in France, but that English sons had some deference for their fathers. He smiled, and jabbered out, 'no offence—not at all. I did but think—but there, I am silent.'"

"For all that, I am not satisfied. I don't know what is wrong, but something is. Randal, if you knew of anything, I think you would tell me."

Hester, leaning over the back of the sofa, saw Randal's face change, and with a rapid movement she was between him and her brother. Her lips only formed one word, "Don't!" and she had passed on to the fire, and was kneeling beside it, talking once more about Italy.

And then she said to Randal that it was getting late. She didn't wish to turn him out, but Philip would be tired, and not able to enjoy the photographs, which he was to show Randal the next day.

And she held out her hand to him, so like a woman at ease in her own house, yet with such quiet recognition of the confidence between them, that Randal went away full of a sort of wonder and perplexity. He thought of her that night at home, instead of finishing the task he had set himself to



do. His thoughts kept wandering away to her and Philip, the two who seemed so strangely alone, and were so bound together; at intervals through the next day he could not keep from going over the conversation again; from speculations concerning the future, concerning the Count, his uncle, and Redwood gossip, which said that the Count had come over to look after the mines of Wharfedale.

When Randal went home that night he found Tom Kellet there, and heard some news about Wharfedale Pit; also some other news, that Sir Roger was going to give a Christmas party to celebrate his daughter's birthday, and that it was to be on a grander scale than any he had ever given before.

"And," finished Tom Kellet, "the governor says that Sir Roger must be mad—quite."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"Put you know, Tom," said Mrs. Dane, "that this foreign Count may be mistaken—if he is a Count. I don't believe much in foreign Counts myself. If he were ever so learned, he may make a mistake."

Tom Kellet answered, "I hear they've had the water in the mine, and Carey says that the whole lot must be fools to think they were going to find anything there. Very likely he doesn't know much about it. But you see I heard the Count myself tell Sir Roger to be prepared for a failure. And very white and scared the baronet looked, though he soon plucked up again; perhaps it mightn't hurt him much."

Randal said quietly: "Perhaps not." But all the while he was thinking, "Does Hester know? How much does she know? What was she afraid of last night, when she stopped me from speaking to Phil? Very likely it's one-half false. And very likely it's all stuff about the Christmas party, too."

So he decided. But when one morning he got a formal invitation, written in a fine French hand and scented, yet purporting to come from the baronet and his daughter, the young architect tossed it across the table to his mother, with a vehement repetition of Tom Kellet's words,—

"He must be mad, quite mad!" The moment afterwards he regretted his hasty act, remembering that his mother might possibly take the invitation, which was to him only, as another of the many slights which had been passed upon her; and he said quickly, "I shall not go."

"You told me you were busy," said the widow, returning the note.

"So I am. Put it into the fire, mother. I shall write and say that I am too engaged in business to accept the invitation."

And he was busy, very busy. He had, in fact, as much as he could possibly attend to. And he was, as people say, making his fortune. He had at first very little patience with Sir Roger. He could not conceive what possible motive led the baronet to carry matters with such a high hand, when every one, even Mr. Kellet himself, the most cautious of men, did not hesitate to say that he must be in a fair way for ruin. But then Randal saw only the surface, and was a little hasty in his judgment. He could not know how Sir Roger had strung him-

self up to disbelieve all opinions that contradicted his own; and had a firm trust in the project which was at last to make him rich. He had brought the French Count, who was skilled in such matters, over on purpose to examine into the proceedings and prospects of the Wharfedale Company. In so far, Redwood gossip was right. It was true also that M. le Comte's verdict had almost stunned him, dashing his hopes to the ground; but only for a moment. He dared not begin to doubt now, it was too late. He dared not trust himself to think.

They are cowards," he said to himself. "It must succeed. The time cannot be far off when I shall have a rich return for all that I have laid out."

It was now that he resolved to have the grand party. He did not confess, even to himself, that the aim of it was to show people that all the reports about his being in want of money were unfounded, though the Count hinted that it might be useful in that way.

"At any rate," Sir Roger said to him, rather sharply, "Philip must know nothing of these doubts of yours. I, who am strong, can bear them, but they must not reach him!"

And the Count, who had a guilty sense of having let fall certain hints in Philip's presence, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "But certainly not, if Sir Roger wishes it."

For the rest he was a Frenchman, and enjoyed the thought of this grand party. He had done his best to warn Sir Roger; having done this, he agreed to remain for the Christmas festivity, and threw himself into Sir Roger's plans and preparations for it. All Redwood was talking of these, as the baronet had intended that it should talk. Something even reached Randal from time to time, working hard at his office, and gave him an angry feeling, which he scarcely understood.

He knew better what it meant, when one day there came to him a note bearing Sir Roger's crest, but not directed in his hand, nor yet in the fine French one. It was from Hester, and begged him to change his mind about coming.

"I open all the answers," wrote Hester; "and therefore I have not yet spoken of yours. I would give anything to stop this dreadful party; but as that cannot be, you must come, for Philip's sake. I dare not tell him you have refused."

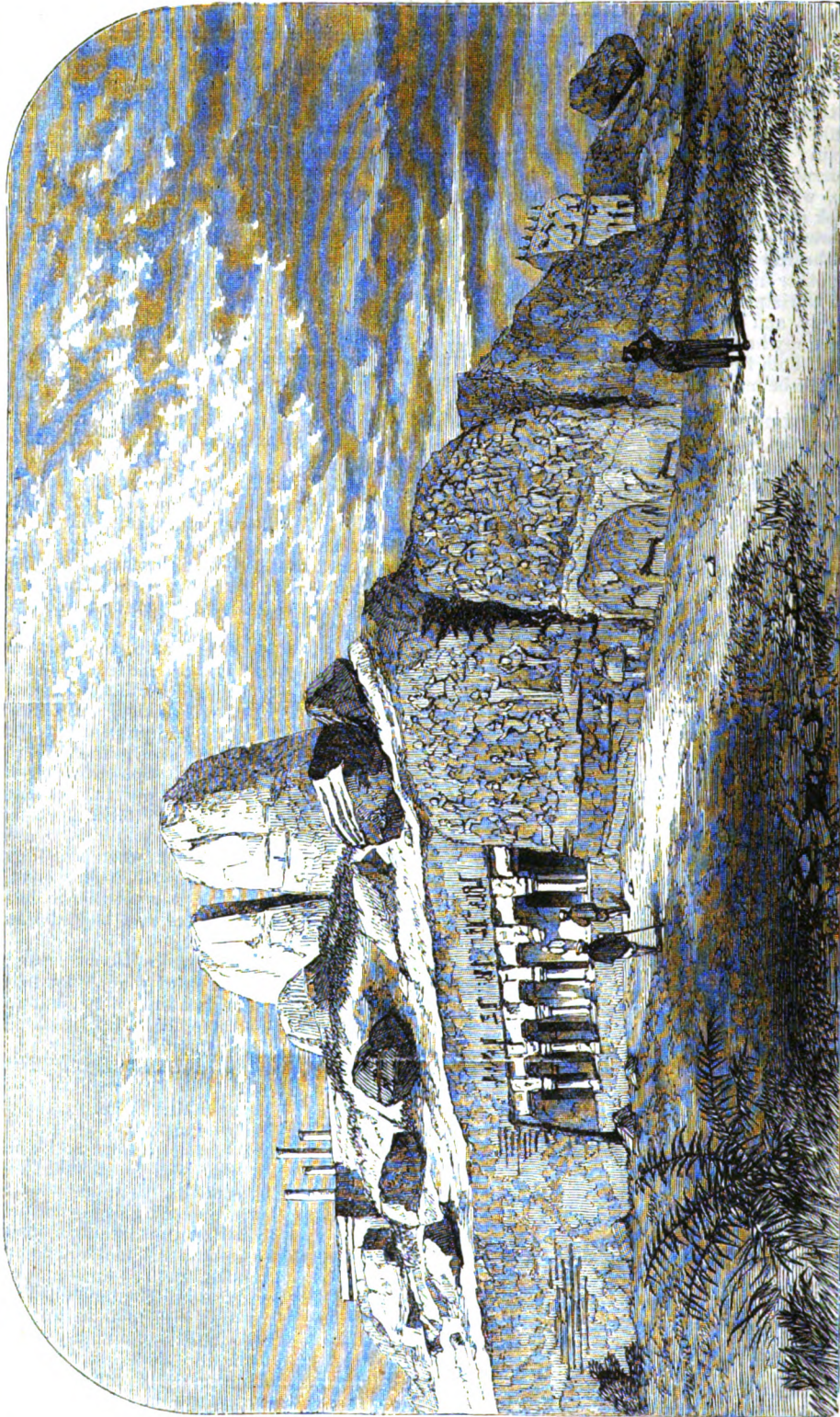
"I'm afraid, mother," he said that night, "that I shall have to go, after all."

"To go—where?" inquired Mrs. Dane.

"To the Firs," was his brief answer.

She never said a word. It had grown to be an accepted fact with her, that she must take her secondary place, and be satisfied. The knowledge had its sting perhaps, but she wasn't going to let him see that. She said to herself, not without some little bitterness, that she was his mother, to be useful to him when disappointment fell upon him, as it might do possibly, even from these grand cousins; she was there, ready to comfort him if he wanted comfort; to be silent if his heart were too heavy for words. He was a good son, and it was, after all, the lesson that all mothers must learn sooner or later.

(To be continued.)



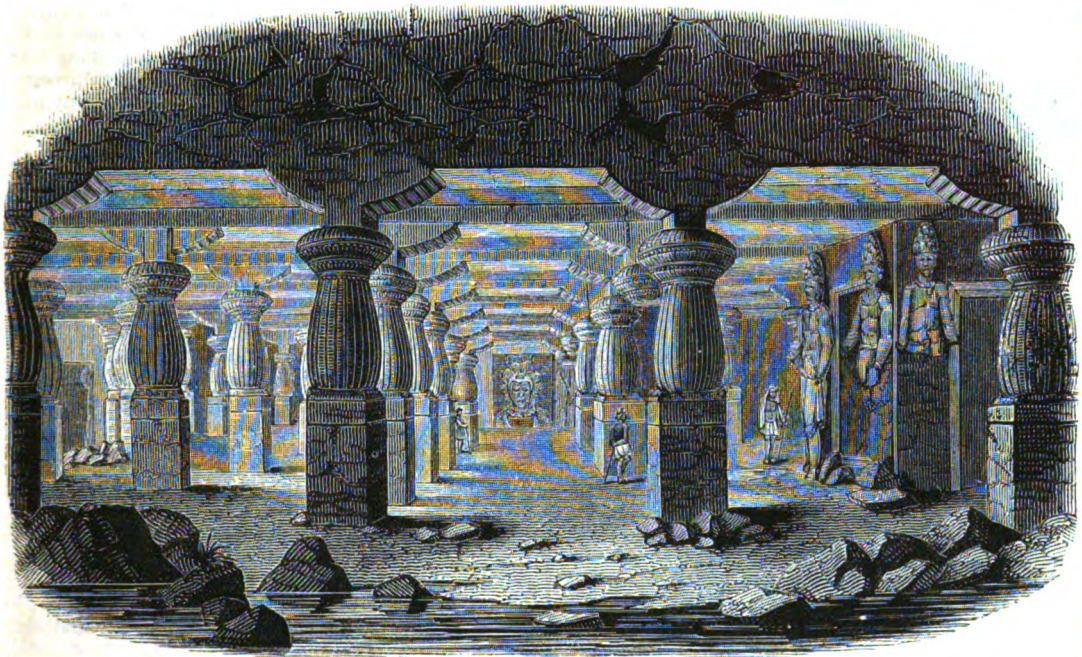
### ROCK TEMPLES OF MAHABALIPURAM.

**T**HE great temples of India are of two kinds, viz. those built by the Hindoos, and those erected by their conquerors, the Mahometans—the one are called Pagodas, the other Mosques.

Both of these races spared nothing in building that could enrich their temples; and the mosques of India, although now hundreds of years old, are still equal in magnificence to anything else-

where in the same style of architecture, while the temples of the Hindoos are also very splendid and richly ornamented. One great difference, however, between the two kinds of temples is,





Temple in the Island of Elephanta.

that while the Mussulmans carefully avoid making anything like an image, exercising all their skill upon beautiful patterns and devices, the Hindoos have carved almost every stone with the horrible fables of their false gods.

The temples of the Hindoos may be divided into two classes—those built of stones in the usual manner, and those underground ones, carved out of the solid rock. There are not very many of these rock temples. But we have something to tell of the latter kind, of one of which is upon the eastern coast of India, and one upon the western.

That upon the eastern coast is about thirty-five miles south of Madras. It is known as the Seven Pagodas, or the Temple of *Mahabalipuram*, this long word meaning the village of the great Bali—an Indian giant. It was formerly a place of much more importance than at present, its decay having been caused by the action of the sea, which has washed away part of the coast. A great number of hewn stones are visible beneath the water, above which rises a solitary pillar, which the sea has not yet destroyed.

The Rock Temple, however, will probably stand for a long time yet, as it is formed of granite, a very hard stone, which resists the water better than any. It consists of two chambers—the entrance to which is shown in our picture. The interior is carved with sculptures, representing the exploits of Vishnu and Krishna, two names of the same god. These are very various—and gods, men and animals, not omitting the elephant, are freely scattered around. Outside the temple are also similar carvings, each figure having some meaning or history which the

Hindoos understand, but which are so shocking that they are best left untold.

Upon the hill above the temple are thickets, the abode of wild cats and porcupines, and in the neighbourhood is a more modern idol temple, and a village inhabited by some Brahmins—who are said to be rogues.

The other Rock Temple we have to speak of is situated in the island of Elephanta, near Bombay, upon the western coast. The island takes its name from the figure of an elephant cut out of the rock near the landing-place. As the visitor goes up from the shore he comes to the entrance of a magnificent temple, the massive columns of which seem to support the entire hill which rises above it. On entering all at first appears dark, but by degrees the pillars and roof of the temple become visible, and the principal court—that seen in the picture—is unfolded to the view. Rows of columns, in straight lines and at equal distances, crossed by other ranges running at right angles, form a noble piece of perspective, and a flat roof, relieved by beams of rock, connects the whole together. In front is a gigantic head, which is either that of Siva or Buddha. The picture gives only a portion of this wonderful temple.

Nothing is known of its history, nor by whom the astonishing work was done. There is no worship performed in it now, nor has there been any within the memory of man. It is not, however, without inhabitants—as snakes, bats, scorpions, and other noxious creatures, occupy the nooks and crevices of its chambers.

B. W.





## THE BOY THAT LOVED HIS MOTHER.

WHEN I have been visiting sick people I have sometimes seen a little girl watching beside her mother's bed, and arranging her pillows, or stealing about on tip-toe to fetch anything she wanted, so fearful lest she should disturb her and make her head ache. But it is more pleasant still to see a little boy doing such kind offices as he can for a dear sick mother. Nursing is a part of a woman's work, and God gives her for the most part, even in childhood, a gentle hand and a quiet step to point out the work He means her to do. But boys are mostly noisy and thoughtless; so that I think it is much harder work for them to control their high spirits and creep about in a sick-room.

But love, you know, makes even hard things easy; and I am going to tell you how a little boy not only watched over his sick mother but was the means of saving her life.

First of all you must know, that in a small town of France, about an hundred years ago, there lived a miser. He was a man who loved money so much that he denied himself the common necessities of life in order to save it. A miserable, unhappy man was Master Lombard; for that was his name. He was by trade a chemist, and he had made a great deal of money; but he lived just like a beggar. He had no wife nor children, nor even friends: he never showed anybody any kindness.

At night, when he shut up his shop, he would sit by the smallest scrap of fire, and eat a dry crust for his supper; then he would bring out his gold pieces and count them over and over to himself. Alas! of what use were they, hoarded up like that? I think, if Master Lombard had ever tried the delight of doing good to others with even one of those gold pieces he would have found counting them up a very poor pleasure in comparison. But he never did try it; he never gave anything away; he never made anybody happier. I do not know whether he ever read the blessed Bible words, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he layeth out will He pay him again." If he did they never reached his heart. He lent money to other people to bring him in a profit; but he never tried the better profit of lending it to the Lord.

One cold winter's night he was sitting as usual in his back parlour, cold and shivering, with nothing in all the world to comfort him but his bags of gold, when he heard a knock at the outer door. He did not trouble himself to get up to answer it at first, for he thought perhaps it was only a foolish boy playing him a trick, and that, if it really were a customer, he would be sure to knock again. Presently the knock did come again, and then Master Lombard slowly rose from his seat, passed through

the shop, unbarred the door, and looked out into the street. The ground was covered with snow, and all was still and silent; so that he was just going to close the door again, angry at having been disturbed for nothing, when a thinly-clad boy stepped out of the shadow of the doorway.

"Please you, good Master Lombard, it is me."

"Me! and who dares disturb me at this time of night? You want a thrashing; and you shall have it," and he seized the trembling child to fulfil his threat.

The boy struggled from his grasp, and again began to tell his tale.

"Please, Master Lombard, I only want some medicine for my mother." Lombard would again have interrupted him, but he continued, "She is ill, sir—she is dying, partly from want of food; but this medicine may save her, if you will only give it me. Look, it is in Latin, but you can read it."

The apothecary took the paper from the boy's hand, and stepping back into the shop put on his spectacles to read it. When he had finished the boy told of his mother's affliction, and asked anxiously whether the remedy were a good one.

"Yes," said Lombard, "the remedy is good, but it is dear; it will cost a good deal of money."

"Oh, what shall I do? for I have only fivepence;" and the boy thought of his sick and dying mother with an agony of distress.

The miser looked on in cold unconcern. Well does the Bible say, "The love of money is the root of all evil." He had gold in plenty, but he never thought of giving it to save a fellow-creature's life. "It is no affair of mine," muttered he.

"Oh, if you will only let me have the medicine!" again sighed the child.

"Bring the money and you shall have it; but not a drop without, I tell you," was the reply.

"Oh, Master Lombard, give me the medicine for my mother, and I will be your servant, your slave; I will work for you night and day; I will do anything, go anywhere—only save my mother!"

The hard and cruel miser began to relent. "I want a boy," he thought to himself; "I know this one to be steady and clever; I can work him hard, feed him little; it would answer my purpose. Yes, I will take the boy—I might have done worse;" and, having come to this conclusion, he made up the medicine, and then returned to his cold, solitary parlour to meditate over his bargain.

The grateful boy meanwhile hastened home to his mother. He gave her the draught, which had cost him so much to earn, and then all through the night he watched beside the sick bed. It was cold and cheerless; but what mattered that? Others were sleeping, he was watching; others had comforts around them, he had none; but he cared not: his whole soul was filled with his one hope for his mother's life: and if that was spared to him all else seemed as nothing. His brave young heart rose even in the prospect of the difficult path to which he had bound himself, if only God would spare his mother.

And God did reward such love as this. When the morning dawned she opened her eyes—she spoke to him—she was better: the medicine had done its

work. When she was well enough to hear his story, how sad and grieved she was to hear of the hard lot before him, and yet how she thanked God for having given her such a son! She was a widow, in sickness and poverty, yet how rich she felt in the possession of this better gift than worldly goods!

In due time she recovered, and the boy entered upon his duties at Lombard's shop. Hard indeed they were, and very difficult his master was to please; the food was bad, the lodging worse, yet he never complained; and, more than this, he prospered. The lad was clever—God had given him talents; better still, he was painstaking and industrious. As the years passed on he grew rapidly in knowledge, and in the good opinion of others; so that at last the poor fatherless boy, the miser's apprentice, became a wealthy and a celebrated man—the chemist Parmentier.

We do not know whether he feared God; but this we do know, God does fulfil His own promise, and, even in this world, rewards and blesses those who honour their parents.

### PITCH IN BOOTS.

I HAVE heard of a company of hunters who caught a number of monkeys in the forests in Brazil, in the following amusing way:—

They had a lot of little boots made, just big enough to be drawn easily over a monkey's foot, and filled the bottom with pitch. With these they set out for the woods, and soon found themselves under the trees, where the lively little fellows were leaping about among the branches, hanging by their tails, swinging themselves from one tree to another, and chattering noisily together, as if making their remarks on the strange visitors that had come into their quarters. The hunters were too wise to try to capture them by climbing the trees; they might as well have expected to catch a flying bird as to lay hands upon one of these nimble fellows.

They had an easier way than climbing, and one much more effectual; they simply sat down under the trees while the little chatterers were rattling on over their heads, never for a moment taking their eyes off from the hunters. Then the hunters placed the little boots where the monkeys could see them, and they began taking off their own boots. Having done this, they let them stand awhile near the little boots. All this the monkeys very carefully noticed. The hunters, now taking up their own boots, having carefully looked over them, drew them slowly, one after the other, upon their feet. Not a motion escaped the observation of the monkeys. Having replaced their boots, the cunning hunters hurried away to a thicket of undergrowth not far off, where they were hidden from the sight of the monkeys, but where they could see everything that happened under the trees. They left the small boots all standing in a row.

They were no sooner out of sight than down from the branches dropped the monkeys. They looked at the boots, took them up, smelt them, and at last

seating themselves as the hunters had done, they drew them on over their feet.

As soon as they were fairly in the boots, out sprang the hunters from their hiding-place, and rushed among them. The monkeys, affrighted, at once started for the trees, but only to find that they had destroyed their power of climbing by putting on the boots. So they fell an easy prey to their cunning enemies. This is the way the monkeys were caught; and how many young persons are caught in the same way! In their desire to do what they see other persons doing, they fall into serious trouble, and often bring upon themselves ruinous habits that follow them to the grave.

### THE BIRD'S QUESTION.

BEHIND us, at our evening meal,  
The grey-bird ate his fill;  
Swung downward by a single claw,  
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,  
And set his head aslant,  
And in his sharp, impatient way,  
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered; "tuck  
Your head beneath your wing,  
And go to sleep!" but o'er and o'er  
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said,  
"How like are men and birds!  
We all are saying what he says,  
In action or in words.

The boy with whip, and top, and drum,  
The girl with hoop and doll,  
And men with lands and houses, ask  
The question of poor Poll.

However full, with something more  
We fain the bag would cram;  
We sigh above our crowded nets,  
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent heaven  
The vague desire can stay;  
Self-love is still a Tartar mill  
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all;  
He knoweth all our wants;  
And what we blindly ask of Him,  
His love withholds or grants."

And so I sometimes think our prayers  
Might well be merged in one;  
And nest, and perch, and hearth, and church,  
Repeat "Thy will be done!"





## DOING NOTHING.

**I**F you ask some boys what they are doing, they almost always reply, "*Nothing.*" Perhaps they are standing against a post, with their hands in their pockets. Or it may be that they are lying upon the grass in the sun, looking at the clouds or kicking up their heels, staring about them with their mouths wide open, looking at they know not what. Whatever be their position, they are *doing nothing.* *They are idle!* Such boys never do any good. We would say to them, Get up and do something, or you will be lost for life. Here is a piece of poetry for you; read it, commit it to memory, and repeat it in your heart till you learn to hate idleness as much as you now love it.

I asked a lad what he was doing;  
 "Nothing, good sir," said he to me;  
 "By nothing well and long pursuing,  
 Nothing," said I, "you'll surely be."

I asked a lad what he was thinking;  
 "Nothing," quoth he, "I do declare :"  
 "Many," said I, "in taverns drinking,  
 By idle minds were carried there."

There's *nothing* great, there's *nothing* wise,  
 Which idle minds and hands supply;  
 Those who all thought and toil despise,  
 Mere *nothings* live and *nothings* die.

A thousand *noughts* are not a feather,  
 When in a sum they all are brought;  
 A thousand idle lads together,  
 Are still but *nothings* joined to *nought*.

And yet of merit they will boast,  
 And sometimes pompous seem, and haughty;  
 But still 'tis ever plain to most,  
 That *nothing* boys are mostly *naughty*.



# Chatterbox.





## FRANÇOIS FLEURY, THE HONEST ORPHAN BOY.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.



FRANÇOIS FLEURY was the son of poor peasants, who lived at a village in the north of France. Both died of an infectious disease when he was only four years old. A relation took the orphan into his house, but he too died half-a-year afterwards. The poor child was therefore thrown upon the parish, which gave him into the charge of a gendarme (or policeman), who for a fixed sum had to feed, clothe, and educate him. But the gendarme was a hard and cruel man; he ill-treated the unhappy child nearly every day, so that poor François often shed bitter tears in silence, and longed to be far away from his unkind protector. One day he had to take a letter to a neighbouring village. On his way back a violent thunderstorm overtook the boy. The rain poured down in torrents, and François was very glad to get a little shelter beneath the thick branches of a tree. The storm lasted several hours, being succeeded by a very dark night. In the darkness the boy lost his way in the thick forest. Almost all night, in great fear, he ran hither and thither, but found no way to lead him out of the wood. Early in the morning, after wandering for several hours more, he found a road which brought him at last to a farm-house. It was noon when the poor boy arrived there. The people of the farm sat under a lime-tree, eating their dinner. François, who was hungry and tired, went up to the farmer, held out his little hand to him, and begged him, "Do, do give me a bit of bread, only a little morsel. When you go up to our Father in heaven He will pay you back again." The farmer, an honest, kind-hearted man, had pity on the hungry boy, let him sit down at the table, and gave him an hearty meal. And when the poor orphan boy, in answer to his inquiries, told him his sad story, his heart was so touched that he took him into his service and received him into his house. For seven years François Fleury remained with the good man and watched over his flocks. He was so happy, he wished for nothing better. He had food and clothes, and was well and kindly treated.

One evening, as he was driving home his sheep a traveller rode along the road. François saw that the man let fall something bright. He ran quickly after him and found a gold watch. A lame old shepherd, who was feeding his flock close by him, hobbled up and wanted at once to share the profits of the plunder with him; but the honest boy would not hear of it, and said that the watch belonged to the strange gentleman. The old man offered him a large piece of money if he would give it up to him; but François remained firm and steadfast in his honesty. "No," said he, "the watch belongs neither to you nor me; the stranger must have it back again." Meanwhile, the

man on horseback had vanished out of sight in the distance. François hurried away from the old shepherd, quickly drove his sheep into their folds, and ran as fast as he could after the stranger to give his lost watch back to him. It was so late when he got to the next town that all had gone to rest, and poor François had to sleep in the street. Next morning he saw a saddled horse standing before an inn. An elderly man came out and was just about to mount the horse and continue his journey. It was Monsieur Perdin, a rich merchant of Dunkirk. The boy at once ran up to him and called to him—

"Sir, you surely lost this watch yesterday."

The stranger, to whom the watch really belonged, at first behaved as if he knew nothing about it. He wished to put the boy to the proof, and said,—

"I am not sure that the watch is mine."

Then François exclaimed, "Then I must go on further till I find the right man."

The rich merchant was delighted with the honesty of the poor boy. He took the watch into his hand, looked at it, and said that he was now sure that it was his, and he thanked the good boy for his trouble.

"Who are you, my lad?" he said, kindly putting his hand under the boy's chin.

"I am a shepherd-boy," replied François Fleury.

"Who is your father?" continued M. Perdin.

"He is in heaven with the good angels, and my mother too," was the reply.

"Have you any relations?" inquired the stranger further.

"Alas! no, sir," replied the boy; with these words he gave the gentleman the watch, and was about to go away. M. Perdin held him fast. "Oh, let me go, good sir!" he pleaded earnestly. "I have left my poor sheep in my haste; they will be hungry. I have never yet allowed them to be hungry."

"You are probably much more hungry yourself, my lad," said the merchant. Upon which he turned round and went into the house to get him something to eat. François profited by this opportunity, and ran away, without waiting for any reward, as quickly as he could. The stranger followed him for some distance, but soon lost sight of him.

Towards noon François got back to his sheep-folds. He was terrified when he found them empty, and ran in the greatest grief to the farm-yard.

"Good master," he exclaimed to the farmer, "punish me. I have been faithless. But it was not my fault. Our teacher has so often told us in school that good children should not keep what they find, but that they must give it back to its owners. I could not help being so long gone, because the strange gentleman rode so very fast."

"No, you could not help it, good boy!" With these words M. Perdin, who had ridden after him, and at last overtaken him, entered the room. He saw that the farmer had a stick in his hand, so he went up to him and said, "Strike me, good man, but do not strike the boy, for I led him away. Then he told him the whole story, and was not satisfied till he had persuaded the farmer to give up the honest François to him altogether. He took him

up on his horse, and brought him with him to his house at Dunkirk. Thus the orphan boy was adopted by the rich and benevolent merchant. He had never been so well off in his life as he now was. M. Perdin had François well clothed and educated, and treated him just as if he was his own child. The boy gave him great pleasure, and well repaid him for all his love and kindness. He was industrious and well-behaved, pious and upright. His knowledge increased, and the brave lad became at last a faithful assistant to his benefactor, who trusted him fully.

One day the good M. Perdin travelled to the great commercial city of Bordeaux, in the south of France. During his absence the servant of a rich man came to his house and begged for a powder which had cured many persons who were in danger of going blind. Perdin possessed the secret of this powder, which, however, he gave to any one who asked for it, without demanding any payment. Fleury gave the powder to the servant, who a few days after returned with a sealed paper, in which his master enclosed as a present, out of gratitude for the medicine which had cured him, 1000 dollars for the merchant, and 250 for François. The youth took care of the money for his benefactor. A lottery-ticket, costing 10 dollars, being offered him, he bought it out of the sum which had been meant for him. The ticket won before his master came back 10,000 dollars. When M. Perdin returned home safely from his journey, François at once gave into his hand the 11,250 dollars which during his absence he had received and won for him. He would not even keep the sum which the rich man had particularly designed for him. The merchant was so touched and delighted at this new proof of the integrity of his adopted son that he tenderly embraced him, and not only made over the whole sum of money to him, but added an equal sum to it as a present. He placed this capital in a bank, where it was quite secure, and produced a good interest; it was entered in the name of his adopted son, who had the full and free disposal of it. Thus the poor orphan boy was now possessor of 22,5000 dollars. Such a sum would have turned the heads of many, and made their hearts proud. But Fleury remained the same good, faithful, modest lad that he had previously proved himself to be. He showed the same industry and integrity, gratitude and fidelity, through which he had formerly caused his benefactor so much joy. Perdin loved the good and noble youth more and more, and his confidence in him increased daily. In this, too, he was not deceived, as the following incident proves.

There lived in Dunkirk a young merchant, who by his dissolute and extravagant manner of life had wasted his whole fortune. He now turned to François, and with smooth and cunning words tried to tempt him to cheat his benefactor, who had placed all his large fortune in his hands, of a certain sum of money and hand it over to him. He promised to reward him in every possible way, and told him that M. Perdin need never know anything about the transaction. François replied with great indignation to this wicked proposal, and did not for one moment

yield in the fidelity which he owed to his God and the noble Perdin. The bad man swore bitter vengeance against him in his heart. One evening the honest youth was quite alone in his room, suddenly this merchant entered, held a pistol to his heart, and required that he should sign a bill of exchange for 20,000 dollars, which he placed before him, in Perdin's name. Fleury did not allow himself to be moved by this threat to turn from the way of godly fear and strict integrity. He gazed firmly and fearlessly into the eyes of the wretched man, and said calmly and decidedly, "Fire if you like; I am not afraid of death when I have to purchase life by dishonour." The look with which he said this, and the solemn words which he spoke, frightened the cowardly criminal. He let the pistol fall to the ground. In doing so it went off, and the ball struck the foot of the honest, brave Fleury. M. Perdin heard the report and rushed hastily into the room. The guilty man, who saw he was discovered and lost, threw himself down and imploringly clung to François' knees. The noble youth did not wish to harm the wretch who had tried to take his life. He did what can in no way be justified, for under any circumstances it is a grievous sin to tell a lie. He told his benefactor that the stranger had come to offer him a brace of pistols for sale, and that one of them which was loaded had gone off unexpectedly. But the wise and experienced merchant read the whole story in his face and that of the culprit. Fleury was at last obliged to tell the whole story openly and honestly; but at the same time he threw himself on his knees before his protector, and pressing and heartily begged him to pardon his enemy. His entreaty softened the good merchant's heart. He promised the wretched man that he would say nothing about his wicked action, and would pardon him. Moreover, he gave him a considerable sum of money to relieve his present needs. Fleury placed one hand on the arm of the man, who was quite overcome and astonished at such kindness, and pointing to heaven with the other, he said, "Go, unhappy man, and try if you can also make your peace with God above."

This event, and the courage and integrity which the youth had displayed in it, had even raised him still more in the esteem and affection of his benefactor. The excellent Perdin thought he could not sufficiently reward such conduct. As he had neither wife nor children he determined to make Fleury the heir of his large fortune. On his birthday, which would be in a few months, he determined to announce his happiness to the youth, and thus give him a rich and delightful birthday pleasure. Till then he made up his mind to be silent about his plans, so that he might all the more surprise and rejoice him.

But in God's mysterious counsel it was ordered very differently. M. Perdin, though seventy years of age, was in excellent health, and active in his business. His affairs obliged him to make a journey to Portugal. As his adopted son's birthday would not be for a few months, he determined to employ the time which intervened, in this voyage to Lisbon.

(To be concluded in our next.)





#### WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

**T**O-WHIT! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do:  
I gave you a whisp of hay,  
But didn't take your nest away.  
Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit ! to-whit ! to-who !  
Will you listen to me ?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made !"

"Bob-o-link ! Bob-o-link !  
Now, what do you think ?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree to day ?"

"Not I," said the dog ; "bow-wow !  
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow :  
I gave hairs the nest to make,  
But the nest I did not take.  
Not I," said the dog ; "bow-wow !  
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow."

"To-whit ! to-whit ! to-who !  
Will you listen to me ?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made ?"

"Bob-o-link ! Bob-o-link !  
Now, what do you think ?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree to-day ?"

"Coo, coo ! coo, coo ! coo, coo !  
Let me speak a word too :  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little Robin Redbreast ?"

"Not I," said the sheep ; "oh, no !  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so :  
I gave the wool the nest to line,  
But the nest was none of mine.  
Baa, baa," said the sheep ; "oh, no !  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit ! to-whit ! to-who !  
Will you listen to me ?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made ?"

"Bob-o-link ! Bob-o-link !  
Now, what do you think ?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree to-day ?"

"Coo, coo ! coo, coo ! coo, coo !  
Let me speak a word too :  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little Robin Redbreast ?"

"Caw, caw !" cried the crow,  
"I should like to know  
What thief took away  
A bird's nest to-day."

"Chuck, chuck !" said the hen,  
"Don't ask me again ;  
Why, I haven't a chick  
Would do such a trick.  
We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together :  
I'd scorn to intrude  
On her and her brood.  
Chuck, chuck !" said the hen,  
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr ! chirr-a-whirr !  
We will make a great stir ;  
Let us find out his name,  
And all cry, 'For shame !'"

"I would not rob a bird,"  
Said little Mary Green ;  
"I think I never heard  
Of anything so mean."  
"Tis very cruel, too,"  
Said little Alice Neal ;  
"I wonder if he knew  
How sad the bird would feel !"

A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed,  
For he stole that pretty nest  
From little Robin Redbreast ;  
And he felt so full of shame,  
He did not like to tell his name.

*Children's Hymns and Rhymes.*

### PULL IT UP BY THE ROOT.

FATHER, here is a dock," said Thomas, as he was at work with his father in the garden ; "shall I cut it off close to the root ?"

"That will not do," replied his father ; "I have cut it off many times, but it grows again stronger than ever. Pull it up by the root, nothing else will kill it."

Thomas pulled at the dock, but the root was very deep in the ground, and he could not stir it from its place, so he asked his father to come and help him, and his father went and soon pulled it up.

"This dock root, Thomas," said his father, "which is a fast-growing weed in a garden, puts me in mind of the evil things that grow so fast in the hearts of children. A bad passion is hard to be removed. It is of no use to trifle with it ; there is no other way to overcome and destroy it, but to pull it up by the root."

"You have often seen in our garden, Thomas, that when the weeds are allowed to grow, they spoil all the plants and flowers that grow near them. So it is with evil passions in the heart of a child. If a little boy is ill-tempered we must not expect to find in him good humour, cheerfulness, thankfulness, and a desire to make others happy. And a little girl who is idle, we need not expect to be industrious, neat, or careful. As weeds injure the flowers, so bad passions injure good qualities. If a child is undutiful to his parents, and despises the commandments of God, we might as well seek for a rose or a tulip in a bed of nettles, as hope to find in his heart those graces and good desires that we love to see growing there."

"Now this is quite a sufficient reason why all bad passions should be pulled up by the root. Every bad habit, every evil passion which troubles you, you should try with all your might to overcome it ; you should, if possible, tear it up. But you will find your own strength no better than weakness, and you must apply to that Almighty Friend who alone is able to help you. He can take from your heart the love of sin, and this is the only way of destroying it ; just as we have destroyed the dock by pulling it up by the root."



## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from p. 275.)



## PART II.—CHAPTER XIV.

HERE was no opening this time for the coachman to grumble that Sir Roger's lamps only made darkness visible; for the baronet went to the expense of new ones to fill up the long spaces.

When Randal arrived the rooms were already full, and Sir Roger, more stately than ever, was at the moment of his entrance talking to Lady Carisford. Randal could not help looking at his uncle. The upright stiffness of the figure seemed to be a painful effort; the cheeks were ghastly white, except where one round spot of crimson burnt upon them; this deepened slightly when Lady Carisford turned from him to the newcomer, and held out her hand frankly, saying,—

"Oh, here is Mr. Dane."

Sir Roger was astonished. He was indignant, as well as astonished. Philip was Mr. Dane, not Randal. And besides that, the sight of his handsome nephew roused in him vexatious thoughts. It was hard to think of the contrast between the cousins; hard that this lad should have every pleasant gift that life could offer, and his son—his heir—should be but a feeble cripple.

"Randal," said the baronet, after a few words of greeting, "Madame de Rochelles wishes to know you. Hester will introduce you. As I was observing, Lady Carisford —"

But Lady Carisford preserved a listening attitude without hearing. She had turned to watch the young architect, with his broad, strong shoulders, and his face that was not clever, but only honest and brave and clear as the day. She saw him go up to Hester, and with her woman's eyes read a page that Sir Roger had not read.

When she interrupted his prosy speech to say, half to herself, with a sigh, "Well, they are a handsome couple!" the baronet started, as his eyes followed her.

Lady Carisford, however, had done no harm, for the next moment he could have laughed aloud at the absurdity of Randal's presuming to think of marrying Hester.

"What do I care about Madame de Rochelles, Hester? Or she for me? She is never likely to be a friend of mine, and if she were, I don't want new friends; one or two content me: that is, I should be content if my friends were not unhappy. I wonder if I dare ask you what the trouble is?"

Hester did not speak for a moment or two. When she did it was to say lightly, "There are several, Randal."

"Well?"

"I wanted to ask my aunt—your mother—to come here to-night, and—I could not."

Randal made an impatient gesture. "Forget that; it is nothing. And my mother hardly ever goes from home."

"She has some cause of complaint against us, I know that, and it is not 'nothing.' Sometimes I turn to you both, and get a little comfort from the thought that, at least, you are our friends, almost the only ones we have. But then I don't know my aunt, I want to know her. I am alone here and ignorant, and I turn, with a sort of relief to her, when things look dark. I wish she knew that it is not my fault—I mean, not my fault that we are not closer friends. Will you tell her?"

Randal, with his head bent down, answered, "Yes."

"They say you are a great man now," said Hester, smiling; "perhaps it was all for the best that you didn't win that school scholarship, Randal."

"I think it was."

"Old Mrs. Wray told me that her son is to be ordained to a curacy somewhere in the north. They are very proud of him."

"Archie Wray is an old friend of mine, to be sure; but I was not asking you about him, Hester. Why will you not trust me with your anxieties? If you really mean it, I had better stay away —"

"Hush!" interrupted Hester. "I don't know what to say to you. I don't know what is coming upon us—ruin perhaps; I can't tell. You said something about my not being happy. Look at Philip."

Randal did look, and saw at once that now poor Philip knew more about that outlying bit of Sir Roger's property at Wharfedale, than he had done when they proposed to visit it together, in the days gone by; when the pleasant Rede sparkled under an unclouded sky; when the future was for Philip, as well as for the rest of them, an unread book, full of bright hopes and anticipations.

While he thought of this, something touched his arm, and a small voice said in English, but with a strong French accent, "Are you Randal?"

Looking down he saw a little rosy-cheeked lad in a green velvet tunic, who returned his glance with the greatest composure.

"Yes, I am Randal. What then?"

"Well, mamma wants you to come and speak to her. You are ever so much bigger and taller than Philip. You'll be a grander milord than he is, if it comes to that, as papa says it will."

Randal cast one look of appeal at Hester, and put the little hand away from his arm quickly.

"You should not say such things," he began, and then Hester stopped him.

"Don't be angry with Ernest. He means no harm. Philip is fond of him."

"Yes," said the child boldly, "Philip is fond of me, and I'm fond of him. I do not perceive what there is to be angry about."

It fell to Randal's lot to take Madame into the supper-room, and when he had attended to her wants he said, in a low voice, "The Count thinks badly of the Wharfedale venture, I'm afraid!"

The lady looked straight into his face before she answered, and she saw at once that selfishness had not prompted the question.

"The Wharfedale venture is simply desperate. If your uncle is as large a shareholder as we believe—"

"Pardon!" interrupted Randal. "I was scarcely alluding to my uncle. It's a pity the old pit should



have been opened again. Your little boy is a fine fellow, Madame."

Madame de Rochelles only smiled amiably. She said afterwards that he might be a very excellent business man, this M. Randal, but he was rather a bear, as so many Englishmen were.

And then there was a general movement, a great rolling of carriages outside; and inside the baronet stalking amongst his departing guests. And Philip, drawing aside the curtains, was looking at the dim lamps in the avenue, and saying in his cousin's ear: "I shall never see them lighted again, old fellow, never."

## CHAPTER XV.

"The last grand flash in the pan," said Mr. Kellet, "and it's over. Now for a different sort of crash."

Randal Dane stared into his old master's face, and asked him what he meant.

"You are snug enough here," replied Mr. Kellet. "I came, because I wanted a little private talk. It's better not go to the house and worry the mother with business. Did you ever read," said Mr. Kellet slowly, "a little fable about a lion and a mouse? Well, we have got a lion in difficulties, and we want a mouse."

"Then I suppose Sir Roger has been with you, Mr. Kellet?"

"Sir Roger has been with me. Very much altered, Randal; very humble at times; divided between his despair and his unforgotten greatness. I pitied him. He has no more notion of business than a child."

"Still if he has been with you, this miserable uncertainty will be ended, and I am glad. You will know now how he stands."

"I do know everything, and it's not a pleasant knowledge. That he has been grossly imposed upon can't be helped now. I have got all his papers, and I intend that you should go over them with me."

"I!" repeated Randal hastily. "Why should I?"

"Because I have a proposal to make to you. Sir Roger came to beg that I would again take the management of his estate," said Mr. Kellet: "an estate that is mortgaged very nearly to its full value, Randal; most of the money has gone down Wharfedale Pit, I suppose. How he could be so mad!—but that's no use now. The worst of it is, that he has only allowed himself a certain time for repayment, so that these people will have the power to sell all, which they threaten to do. I think they mean it, too. There are men, you know, in the world, who think that a fine old place, such as Redwood Firs, for instance, is all that's wanting to make them gentlemen. Well, what I suggest is, that this mortgage shall be taken up."

"Who is to do it, though?"

"Some one, of course, interested in the Danes of Redwood," retorted Mr. Kellet. "When Sir Roger asked me to take it into my hands, I told him that I was getting an old man, which is true—that I could not undertake new business; but that I would find a younger and a better business man than myself, who would not only manage the estate, but would also save it."

He was looking steadily at Randal, and the latter said, with some annoyance in his tone: "It's

impossible that you can be thinking of me, Mr. Kellet; you know I could not do it."

"Which part of it? The mortgage?"

"Yes."

"Not rich enough for that, yet? Well, I didn't suppose you were, though for so young a man you haven't done badly. You declined my offer of partnership once, what do you say to it now? You will find what money you can; I make up the rest; and you do the work. Understand me, this will be on my part a loan to you, for which I shall require my interest. I would not lend to Sir Roger at all, nor counsel you to do so, if he had not agreed fully to my conditions. Managed as you will manage it, I know that the estate will pay the interest, and also in time will pay off the mortgage too."

"Which would be a good thing for Philip," said Randal, beginning to grow eager.

Mr. Kellet looked over his spectacles gravely at Philip's next heir.

"For Philip, eh? Poor young fellow! Yes. Very well. For Philip, then."

"But Mr. Kellet, Sir Roger won't bear my interference. He never liked me, and —"

"He is going to be indebted to you. Don't wince. I am doing this partly for your sake—though it is not exactly a favour, because the investment is good—and partly because—really I can hardly tell all my reasons. It's curious," said Mr. Kellet, "but some idea of a crash of this kind did cross my mind long ago, when Sir Roger was so angry at your coming to me. Mind, there's no particle of revenge in the thing, but somehow it pleases me that you should do it, and that I should help. More than that, I have seen a little more of the world than you have. At first it may pinch him; by-and-bye it will soothe his pride to think that a Dane, and no stranger, saved the Firs. I shall have it all down in black and white, though; a fixed sum for his expenditure, and full power in your hands. Think it over to-night."

Randal did think it over. Here was the chance he had so longed for; the chance of lifting away some of that burden which hung so heavily over the two, who were, indeed, generally first in his thoughts. There was no dearer thought on earth than this: help for Hester, who bore so much and so patiently, whose life was, perhaps, harder in its outward pretence of luxury, than those of the poor cottagers, whom to the very utmost of her small ability she tried to serve. Something of this he said to her one day. He could not help it. He had met her unexpectedly, and she was looking worn and ill. And when she tried to answer him calmly, she failed, and through her tears told him how grateful she was to him.

"For there is no one to help us," she said. "And Philip is not so well; it worries him, you know: but now I have this to tell him he will be better. And I do trust you, Randal; indeed, I am grateful."

"I don't want gratitude," he said. "Anything I can do for you is only selfish after all, because I love you, Hester. Forgive me, I never meant to say this now; but it is true, and you know it. Perhaps some day Sir Roger will listen to me."

(To be continued.)



### THE MAIDEN'S WISH.

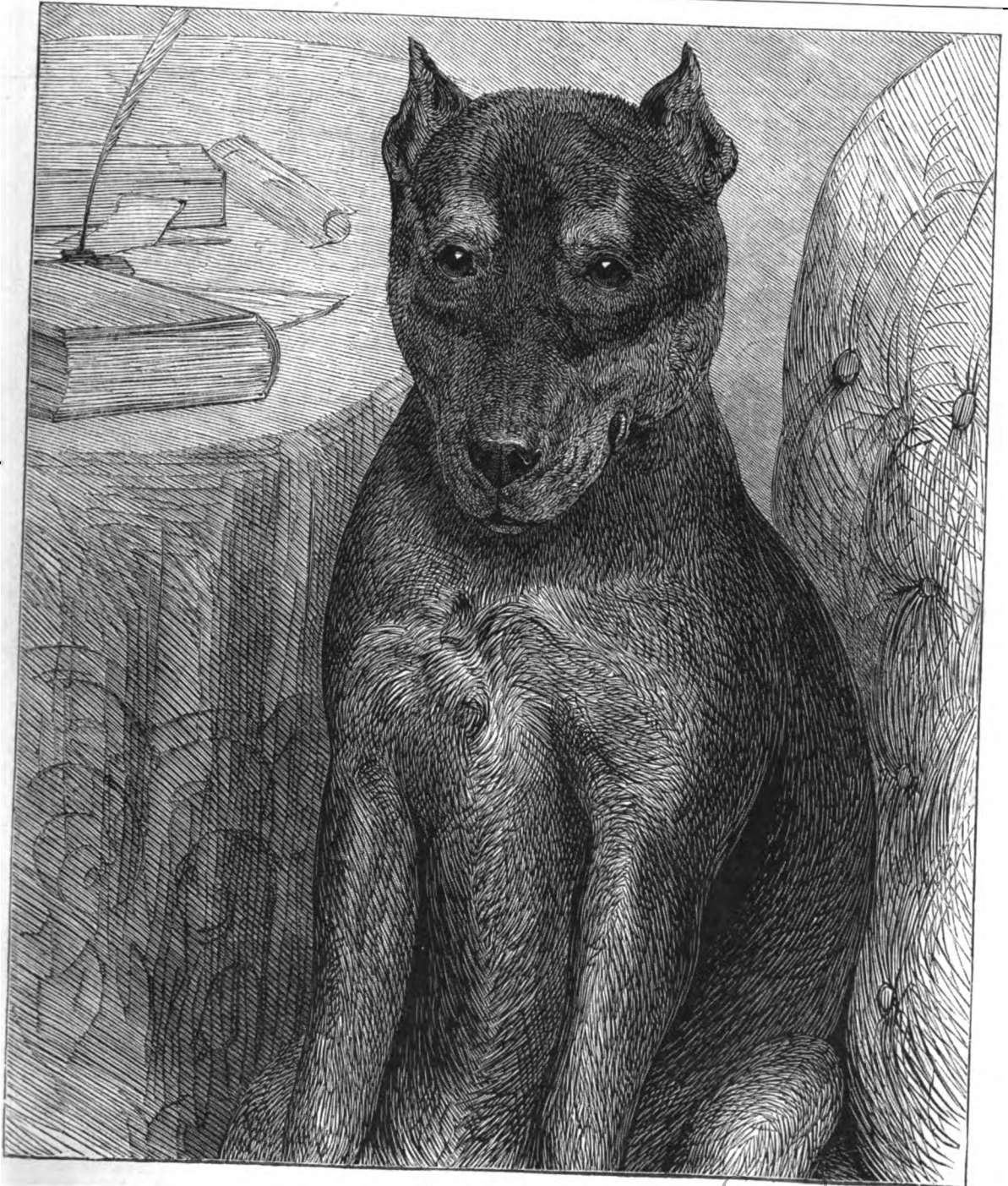
I WISH—I only wish to be  
Like yonder birds, so gay and free;  
To chirp and fly, to sing and play  
With feathered wood-mates all the day!

I wish I were a lark, to sing  
At early morn, with joyous wing;  
Through the blue sky to make my way,  
And heavenward to pour my lay.

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# Chatterbox.



Corporal Trim.



### CORPORAL TRIM.

AND so this is your likeness, Trim?  
 A splendid portrait without bragging:  
 So life-like they have made you look,  
 One might suppose your tail was wagging.

We'll have a talk together, Trim,  
 (So down, sir! not another caper);  
 Yet you won't understand, I fear,  
 More than your portrait in the paper.

And still I'm not so sure of that,  
 You dogs are such sagacious creatures;  
 You're looking now into my face,  
 With quiet wisdom in your features.

I wonder what you really know?  
 You come and go when you are bidden;  
 When pleased, your tail wags to and fro,  
 And mournful droops when you are chidden.

How glad you are at meeting me!  
 You watch my face to know my will;  
 And if I chance to look at you,  
 Your eyes are waiting on me still.

You'd follow me through thick and thin,  
 In spite of any ill disaster;  
 You have a welcome for your friends,  
 But all your love is for your master.

And so, Trim, though you're but a dog,  
 And not endowed with human reason,  
 You teach us all a lesson, which  
 Is hardly ever out of season:

For we too have a Master, Trim,  
 Whom most of us, I must confess,  
 Although we owe much more than you,  
 Serve but with half the faithfulness.  
 C. E. GREENSIDE.

### FRANCOIS FLEURY, THE HONEST ORPHAN BOY.

(Concluded from page 283.)



HE took a tender farewell of the young man, whom he had learned to love so warmly, and comforted him with the hope of a speedy and happy meeting. He then went on board his own ship in the harbour, and in God's name sailed out upon the wide sea. Fleury remained at home and superintended, as usual, his patron's business with unwearied fidelity. Day after day, week after week, passed away. When the time at last arrived that M. Perdin ought to be back, François went to the harbour every day, earnestly looking at the ships which came in; but always in vain. Ship after ship sailed into the port, but Perdin was not on board. He had always to return sadly home, and at last an anxious, painful suspicion, arose in his mind that his beloved adopted father had suffered some accident on the way.

Thus he was one day sitting sad and troubled in his office. The door opened and a sailor entered who belonged to the ship in which M. Perdin had embarked. The sad news which he brought were to be read on the man's face. He told the terrified youth that the ship had been wrecked, and that he and the cabin-boy alone had saved themselves on a piece of wood, on which they had reached the shore. This dreadful tidings quite overcame poor François; he turned pale and fell fainting to the ground. The servants lifted him up and put him to bed; but now he fell into a long and dangerous illness. For many weeks he hung between life and death: it was only God's mercy and the vigour of his youth which saved him from an early death.

The news of the shipwreck, and of the death of the excellent Perdin, meanwhile, had spread on all sides. The merchant had a brother, very different from himself in every respect. Scarcely had this man heard of his brother's death than he hastened to take possession of his property. He opened the merchant's desk, and looked through all his papers; among them he found the will in which Perdin had appointed his adopted son as his sole heir. The crafty and avaricious brother burned the will which was so dangerous for him. Then he looked out for the three men in the town who had signed it as witnesses, and by most shameful bribery bound them to silence on the subject. The authorities were contented with the oath of the sailor who brought the news that Perdin really was dead, and so confirmed the brother in the possession of the fortune. He at once dismissed François Fleury from his situation, and ordered him to leave his house within three days.

The poor honest youth left the house in which he had been so happy, and hired a little room in a remote dark street. Here he wished to wait till he was quite recovered, and then to leave Dunkirk for ever.

One day François Fleury sat solitary and sad in his little room. He had just been thinking of his dear and never-to-be-forgotten benefactor, when the postman entered his room, and delivered him a letter, which was addressed to him. When he looked at the writing on the cover, "Oh, God! is it possible?" he exclaimed; he could not trust his own eyes; his heart beat rapidly and violently. He looked at the letter again. It cannot be otherwise—it is the writing of his dear benefactor—of his never-to-be-forgotten adopted father. He tears open the seal, reads the letter, kisses it with warm affection, and then trembling and rejoicing presses it to his heart. Tears of pain and joy stream from his eyes and fall upon the paper in his hand. The letter was really from his father, from the good Perdin; he was not dead, he still lived, but things had gone very hardly with him: he had been seized by pirates, and carried away to the African town of Algiers, there he was languishing in a hard and cruel slavery. The slave-dealer who had purchased him required a sum of 6000 dollars before he would release him and restore him his liberty.

Sad news indeed was this which the letter had brought! still they were good tidings, inasmuch as

the excellent man who had been so lamented was not dead. François hoped to be able to obtain his freedom, and to press him again in his arms. He hastily ran to the bank and took out all the capital which belonged to him. Before an hour had elapsed the whole sum, together with the interest, was on its way to Algiers; but this joyful hope, which now filled the poor young man, was soon to be dreadfully blighted.

M. Perdin's brother was an avaricious, crafty, and ungodly man; he had bribed the sailor who had brought him the news of his brother's imprisonment by a large sum of money to tell such a shameful lie, and even to perjure himself. When he heard that Fleury had been to draw such a large sum of money from the bank, he accused the upright youth of having obtained this money in a dishonest way, and had him summoned before a court of justice. The good-for-nothing sailor, who had before been his accomplice, now swore that the late M. Perdin had told him this on the voyage. François, who was hopefully and joyfully expecting the return of his benefactor, was seized by two gendarmes, taken to prison, put into heavy chains, and kept there for a long time. At his trial he firmly and constantly denied the charge brought against him; his enemies, however, persisted in their accusation, and the authorities at last decided to resort to that barbarous and shameful torture, the rack, used in those days, but which now, thank God, is everywhere abolished. The accused, when they refused to confess, were stretched on this horrid instrument, till even the most innocent avowed under dreadful tortures crimes which they had never dreamt of.

Poor François was stretched upon the horrible rack. The cruel tortures were about to commence when the door of the prison opened, and the good M. Perdin, so long thought to be dead, entered. The tortures of his adopted son were of course now at an end. The merchant's explanation exposed the shameful and wicked deceit which love of money had planned and carried out, and placed the innocence of his adopted son in the clearest and brightest light. Weeping, yet full of joy and delight, the old man and the youth were clasped in each other's arms. The wicked culprits received the just reward of their crimes; but François Fleury returned with joy and gratitude to the house of his benefactor, and became more than ever the son and darling of his heart.

Two years after his return home, old M. Perdin died. Fleury became the sole heir of his large fortune. He at once showed his noble and generous disposition. The covetous and crafty brother of his patron had at first been condemned to death, but at François' earnest entreaty his sentence was remitted to penal servitude for life. The noble young man made over a third portion of his property to the enemy who had so shamefully ill-treated him, and plotted his ruin. He gave over a large sum to the servants who had been so faithful and true to his late adopted father. Another sum he presented to the authorities of Dunkirk, the annual interest of which was to be distributed among the poor of the town. And, lastly, he gave 50,000 dollars to found

an orphanage for poor children. This noble-hearted and pious man devoted his whole life, and nearly all his property, to the welfare of his suffering brethren. He died at the age of ninety, calmly and joyfully trusting in the merits of his Saviour. When the news of his decease were known, there was deep sorrow through the whole town; the poor wept and lamented the loss of their greatest benefactor. At his death there were 31 boys and 20 girls in the orphanage which he had established; they all walked dressed in black before the bier of *their father*, as they called him, and scattered flowers on the road of his last journey.

The traveller to-day may see in the town of Dunkirk the large and beautiful orphanage which François Fleury founded at his own expense. He surely will bless in his heart the pious and generous founder who has erected this monument of merciful love. If he does not know his name he will probably inquire, and every orphan child will answer him in joyful and grateful love, "It was François Fleury, the poor orphan boy."

### THREE BAD THINGS.

**T**HERE are three bad things which all should strive to avoid—bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds. A bad thought is the worst thing that can get under a boy's jacket, and the longer it remains there the more mischievous it becomes. It is more poisonous than arsenic, more deceitful than a snake, and far more dangerous than the bite of a mad dog. A bad thought got into the heart of the first boy that ever was born, and it never left him until it made him kill his brother. Shun bad thoughts, fear them, hate them, fight against them, pray against them. Remember, our thoughts are heard in heaven.

Bad thoughts lead to bad words, which have brought much evil into the world. They creep through the ear into the heart, call up all its passions, and tempt it to break God's commandments. A few bad words got into the ear of the first woman, and they led her to eat the forbidden fruit, and thus to bring death into the world. Stop your ears against bad words, and run from those who use them as you would from a tiger.

Bad deeds follow bad thoughts and bad words. Keep bad thoughts in your breast, and you are sure to use bad words; practise the speaking of bad words, and you are sure to do evil deeds. Quench the first spark, and you will save the house from being set on fire. Subdue the first evil thought, and the bad deeds will never be done. The disciples of our Saviour were tempted by bad thoughts, but they "murmured only once." Peter was not free from bad words, for with an oath he denied his Master, for which he "wept bitterly."

Let your prayer be, "Search me, O God! and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Pray for *good thoughts*, for they are the beginning of everything else that is good, and they are the best cure for bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds.



## CAPTAIN SPEKE.

**JOHN HANNING SPEKE**, who is entitled to a place among English discoverers, was born at Jordans, in Somersetshire, in 1827. At the age of seventeen he entered the Indian army, and went to India, where he became a good sportsman. He served under Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, in the Punjaub—a campaign of difficulty and triumph; but his heart was in Africa all the time.

The interior of Africa has always been a mystery. There were its famous rivers, the Niger and the Nile; but who knew anything about them? On the Nile Moses was cradled in the bulrushes, and near it the Pyramids built by the Pharaohs; but where did the *river* come from? Nobody ever knew till Speke found it out.

He had heard when in India of the discoveries of the Missionaries Krapf and Rebmann, how they had seen high mountains covered with snow in the interior of Africa, and had reported that there were great lakes beyond. This information moved him to give up a soldier's life for that of a traveller, and he made two journeys into Africa for the purpose of proving the Missionaries' reports, the second journey resulting in the discovery of the great lake, the Victoria Nyanza.

This was in July, 1858. Speke came to England with the news. The late Prince Consort gave him

an interview, and used such cheering words that Speke was soon ready to go out again. This time he did so at the expense of the English Government, the Indian department finding him arms and ammunition for a long journey.

He was accompanied this time by his friend Captain Grant, and when he reached Africa he hired a large party of negroes, to act as guides and interpreters. The country through which they went was difficult; no white man had ever been there before. The petty chiefs often chose to be uncivil, sometimes keeping the whole party in a sort of captivity. Both captains were frequently laid aside by severe illness, and many of their band deserted and turned back.

But Speke was patient, and after two years on the route, he was rewarded at last by the sight of the river Nile as it came issuing out of the great lake, leaping over the rocks, and falling at once into a regular channel. He says, "The sight attracted me for hours—the roar of the waters, the fish leaping at the falls, the fishermen in boats, and the hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the waters. The country round was like a highly-kept park, with a magnificent stream six hundred yards wide, dotted with isles and rocks." He named the cataract "the Ripon Falls," after the





The Ripon Falls.

Speke came back again to England, and received honours and medals. He would have gone out to Africa again, but Providence ordered it otherwise. He was out shooting partridges one morning in September, 1864, when his gun went off by accident and shot him dead. His fate reminds one of that of Bruce, another African traveller, who escaped great perils abroad to die by a fall down his own

President of the Royal Geographical Society at home; and having thus "hit the Nile on the head" he followed its course northward through Nubia and Egypt down to the sea. Of his followers, eighteen remained faithful, and were paid off at Cairo. The chief of them he called Captain Bombay, from the place where he had been hired. Their passage was paid homewards from Cairo to Zanzibar.

staircase at home. Speke in like manner went through Africa unharmed, and yet fell by an accidental shot, near the place where he was born.

A granite obelisk has recently been erected to his memory in the avenue of Kensington Gardens, and his bust has been placed in the Taunton Shire Hall. His name, however, will live without monuments.

B. W.

# RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from p. 287.)

## PART II.—CHAPTER XVI.



RANDAL never spoke of Hester to his mother. He had never given her the message which Hester had made him promise to give on the night of the party. It was difficult; some time, he thought, there must come an opportunity for these two to know each other better, and he would wait. It came sooner than he expected. Going home one evening in the dusk, Randal was startled at the sight of a carriage standing before the gate, and a figure, that even in the darkness he recognised, passing up the walk to the door. He was beside her in a moment. "Hester!" cried Randal. "Is it possible? Some-

thing is wrong."

"Yes, there is something sadly wrong. I have come to see my aunt at last," she said, with a sudden constraint in her tone.

She was standing under the lamp by this time, and he had looked into her white face, and taken one of her cold hands in his. Even then he could not help a hesitating fear. What would his mother say! But Hester looked up at him with piteous impatience.

"I want to see your mother. Philip is very ill. Why do you keep me, Randal? Is she in there?"

He opened the door for her without another word, without any introduction at all, which was perhaps the wisest thing he could have done.

Mrs. Dane had risen in some agitation, but not showing it; perhaps, even hardening her heart against the girl, who having hitherto held aloof, chose to take her quiet house by storm in this way, at so strange an hour. But Hester went forward.

"Aunt, I have come to you. I am in trouble. Won't you help me?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Dane, "I will try. But you are chilled to death. Come closer, and—well, there then," as Hester refused the seat, and knelt down by the fire, putting her hands over it.

"Philip is worse," she said. "He is very ill."

Mrs. Dane, turning her back upon Randal, who had been watching her, said, "Philip is ill, and you want me to come and nurse him. Is that it?"

There might have been still some passing thought in her mind, that now she was wanted they could seek her, and Hester probably felt it too; but she answered in the same even tones: "Yes, that is it. At least that is not all. I am alone; papa is too wretched to be of use, and I have seen but little of such sickness. Not that I have any business to think of myself, of course, but—"

"That will do, my dear," said Mrs. Dane. "One thing—I suppose Sir Roger knows of this?"

A gleam of light swept across Hester's face as she raised it.

"You don't know much about us, Aunt Dane. He sent me. If you could tell how I have wanted to come before, but dared not, perhaps you would believe in me a little."

She was so near by this time, and the words and tone so touched Mrs. Dane, that she put her arm round the girl's neck and kissed her cheek.

"I will believe in you, as you call it. Are you warm now? If you are, we will go."

Thus it was, that for the first time in her life she found herself driving in Sir Roger's carriage up the avenue, and Sir Roger himself was at the hall door to meet her.

He drew her hand within his arm, and led her to the old room where Philip lay, with the doctors holding solemn counsel over him. At first sight she thought that they had all been frightening themselves without sufficient cause. There was a slight colour in his cheek, not too much; he half raised himself to welcome her, and put her hand to his lips with a boyish air that won her at once. He was better, so he said; they were all old croakers, every one; he had been ill, he supposed, faint, or something of that sort, but it was over. How good of her to come!

"And you will stay now?" he said, but smiling, as if he were sure of victory. "Hester will be comforted, it falls heavy on her to be alone. As for Aunt Jean, she is more wanted at the poor little place on the Suffolk coast, than she is here; and, somehow, you look as if you had been in the room all your life. It does me good to see you."

"As long as you want me," replied Mrs. Dane to the first part of his speech, "I will stay."

"Do you hear, papa?" cried the lad. "Thank her for me." And Sir Roger, with a strange quivering about his lip, touched the widow's hand, and said, "You are a good woman; God bless you!"

Then he had to go out into the dim gallery with the London doctors, who had been at fault in their reckoning, and were not quite satisfied with the case. They didn't like to be at fault. Perhaps for this reason they questioned Sir Roger as to his son's having had any shock to his mind, or any great anxiety.

But Sir Roger, more than ever thankful that he had kept, as he believed, all knowledge of the mining affair from his son, had no patience with such questions.

What anxiety could he—Philip Dane of Redwood—have? And the doctors, knowing no better, looked out upon the park, and said how sad it was; so young, with so much before him to make life desirable! But these things were in higher hands than theirs.

And day by day poor Philip faded—not rapidly, for, in fact, the weakness was nothing new, though he had contrived to hide its progress.

The Rochelles were gone, but at Philip's earnest request they had left little Ernest with him for a while.

"It won't be long," said Philip, when only Randal was near him, and those two other faithful watchers were busy in another part of the room. "Not long now, old fellow. I used to think it was all crooked,

somehow, but that's gone. I see many things that I never saw before. You are strong to help my father, while I should have made his burden heavier tenfold. And I know that if I had lived it would have been different. He would have been jealous of you, that's what I mean; and so everything must have gone on as it is—to ruin. You remember that day on the Rede? It was pleasant, wasn't it? I wonder if the swans will be there this spring?"

And then he remembered that there would be no spring for him here, and that all things to come were nothing to him—that he was to be away.

"Ran, I should like to see Tom Kellet—poor old Tom!"

And Tom came one evening, when they all thought that Philip was better, as, indeed, evening was always his best time. I don't think Tom Kellet saw much of the park when he went away, or heard the twilight sounds that gathered round him, as he neared the town. What he did hear was a voice, wonderfully calm, say: "For my sake as well, Tom, because I liked you!"

Liked him! Philip Dane had liked him! the idle wanderer who was always untidy, always getting into scrapes!

Tom got away from everybody that night, and went to walk up and down in front of the black-and-white house, staring up at the dark windows, and vowing to himself that he would be better. He had been steady lately, he knew that; but Philip had spoken in his boyish way—the way that Tom liked better than "preaching"—of something more than steadiness.

"And I will," said Tom; "I'll try. I'll go to church, and mind what I'm about when I am there. I'd do it for her sake," he added appealing to the blank windows, "and for his, if I wouldn't for my own. And I don't know how I'd feel in his place if I were there now. I'll try."

Poor, generous, careless, soft-hearted Tom! I wonder how many there are like him—always doing the wrong thing, and being sorry for it; always resolving, and yet so often failing when the little temptation comes, because they have not courage to be strong, or to ask for the strength which they cannot have of themselves. He passes from my story now; but he may be a better man as long as he lives, for the prayer he said that night; turning, because he could think of no other, to the simplest and grandest of all prayers, our Lord's own prayer, and saying it as he had never said it before in all his wavering life.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

But they never thought, those watchers who rejoiced over Philip's improvement that evening, that it might be just the springing-up of the flame before it sank for ever. I am not sure that the Redwood doctor himself knew. He came as usual, gave such slight directions as he could think of, stayed about as long as he ever did; and when he was gone Philip said, with a sigh of relief, "There, that's over! Have up the little chap, Randal, for a bit."

The "little chap" was Ernest, and he sprang in

glad, as he always was to come, and climbing at once astride upon a chair, with an imaginary pair of spurs on his heels, which he began to use vigorously.

"Mr. Randal, I wish you would let me have a ride on your big brown horse, for once. Tom Kellet said perhaps you would."

"I should like to know what you have to do with Tom Kellet," said Randal.

"Oh, he showed me where the wild ducks go, and the moor-hens, and coots—is that right? I forget. And he took me where there were birds hiding, you know. We crept behind a hedge, until he makes a great noise, and they all get up, whirr—I should like to be a man and shoot. And I went down to Mr. Wray's steps, where the pretty green boat is, and he said perhaps I might go in it some day."

"When Philip gets better," interposed Mrs. Dane.

The boy slipped down from his imaginary horse and went up to the couch, a little sobered, as the widow intended he should be.

"I forgot," he said, with a great sigh. "But Philip is always ill, and, though I'm sorry, I can't help forgetting. Yes, I'll wait till he gets better. But then, if he does get better——"

Ernest was learning in these days, and didn't finish the speech, only looking from Philip to Randal in a little wistful perplexity, which every one in the room understood—none better than Philip himself. He turned his quiet face to the lad, and stroked his hair gently.

(To be continued.)

#### TO A WOUNDED BIRD.

By Barry Cornwall.

POOR singer! hath the fowler's gun  
Or the sharp winter done thee harm?  
We'll lay thee gently in the sun,  
And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm:  
Perhaps some human kindness still  
May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,  
And save thee from the winter wild,  
Till summer fall on field and fell;  
And thou shalt be our feathered child,  
And tell us all thy pain and wrong  
When thou can'st speak again in song.

\* \* \* \* \*

But hark! is that a sound we hear  
Come chirping from its throat—  
Faint—short—but weak, and very clear,  
And like a little grateful note?  
Another—ah! look where it lies;  
It shivers—gasps—is still—it dies!

'Tis dead! 'tis dead! and all our care  
Is useless. Now, in vain,  
The mother's woe doth pierce the air,  
Calling her nestling bird again:  
All's vain—the singer's heart is cold,  
Its eye is dim, its fortune told!





The Wounded Bird.

Parts I. to VIII. price 3d. each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.



# Chatterbox.



Charlie sitting at the side of the post.

### "I FORGOT!"

THERE was a boy named Charlie, who wished to be good, but he was thoughtless, and did wrong very often; and when he was asked about it would say, "O! I forgot."

His father one day told him that he had read of a way to make him remember. Out in the yard was a tall white post, and he intended to keep an account there. Every time he did wrong he would drive in a nail, so the big black nails would show him how often he had forgotten. In a few weeks there were many nails driven in the post, and Charlie seemed sadly troubled to see so many, and was really trying to improve. Then his father told him that he would still drive one for every bad action, but for every good action he would pull one out. Well, for a time there seemed to be about the same number—some pulled out and some driven in; but after a few months there was not one nail left in the post. One day his father went out and found Charlie sitting on the grass at the side of the post, looking very sad.

"My son, what is the matter?"

Charlie only pointed to the post.

"But, my son, the nails are all drawn out."

"Yes, father," cried Charlie, "but the *marks* are all there."

Yes, there were the great black holes on the white post, to remind Charlie of all his faults. His father told him it was so with his heart.

"And," said his father, "if this marked post distresses you, what would you feel if you could see your heart as God sees it, all stained, and marked, and spotted with sin? Do not forget, my dear boy, to offer often this prayer—'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.'"

### RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Continued from page 295.)



AM going to be better very soon, little chap," he said. "I'm going where there are no aching bones, no weary, helpless limbs. Do you understand? You must try and be a good lad always, won't you? There, say good night now. You shall stay longer—to-morrow," finished Philip, seeing the boy's eyes watching him earnestly.

Then turning again to the fire, he repeated softly "to-morrow," with a vague wonder and awe in his face; with a shadow upon it that came and went fitfully, and at the moment when it passed away, leaving a light that no earthly shadow could touch.

Dreaming in this languor, that was scarcely suffering, there was a moment when his life seemed to go from him suddenly, and one hand was on his heart.

"Again!" said Philip, as it passed. "How many more times?"

Dreaming still, but rousing himself as he felt the stupor growing upon him, his eyes fell upon the two he loved best in the world, and a faint smile lighted up his face.

"Come here," he said, "both of you. Is any one else in the room?"

Hester looked at him uneasily, but the light was still on his face.

"No, Philip," she said. "Do you want any one?"

"I want you two," replied Philip. "Randal, listen to me. If ever my father should find out—I hope he won't—that I knew of his troubles, tell him that I knew the comfort also. I think it's all ordered as gently as it could be for us, Randal. I ought not to be sorry to go away. I don't think I am, sometimes. I'm very happy to-night, very happy about the dear old father. You'll be good to him, for Hester's sake and mine. I saw how it was between you two long ago, and that was another good thing. We talked it all over last night, my aunt and I," said Philip, feeling again that strange foreshadowing of a future, in which he was to have no part, out of which he was gradually dropping away.

Randal, leaning against the mantelpiece, bit his lips and could not answer; but Hester knelt down beside the couch, stronger for the moment than he was.

"Whatever thoughts we may have had, Philip, you know that you have never been away from them; you know, that as long as we all live you are our first care. You do know it, dear, don't you?"

The old boyish flash, half sad, half humorous, which used to puzzle his father, lit up Philip's face.

"Yes, I know. As long as we all live," he said. "Hester, I have an odd thought. I shouldn't wonder if papa were to take to the 'little chap.' If so let him stay a bit; that is, if they'll spare him from home. I don't know—it always struck me that he was, in a sort of way, rather a trouble to them, than anything else. Perhaps that was why I liked him, poor little chap!"

He was silent for a while, then rousing himself with a start, he put out his hand and drew Randal down close.

"I'm sleepy. Send her to fetch papa. He will be vexed if I don't see him first, and he's late. Good-bye, old fellow. We were cousins before, we are brothers now. Kiss me, Randal; there's no weakness in it now. Take care of them all."

A few more faltering sentences from time to time; the heavy, creeping stupor, broken by fitful flashes of consciousness. By-and-bye the noiseless step of the doctor, who could do nothing; the words of prayer which seemed to reach him yet through the stupor—and then the golden gates were opened for Philip which are yet closed against us!

### CHAPTER XVIII.

And the sun came out again; the wild spring flowers blossomed in the Redwood lanes; and a white-haired old man, bent and feeble, walked about them with a little lad scampering on in front, and filling his cap with violets and primroses.

"He used to tell me about them," said the boy, going back to his companion. "He loved these, and they are best on this bank; and he used to tell me about the moss in Rolver Dell, and the big sycamore, and the little squirrels. Let us go and see Rolver Dell."



"Some day, Ernest."

Then the old man's lips would tremble a little; but he never corrected the boy. It was as Philip had said. The baronet, in those first days of his terrible, dry-eyed sorrow, had come suddenly upon the poor "little chap," lying with his face downwards on the hearth-rug in Philip's room, and sobbing in an outburst of lonely grief. It was too much. This one touch fell upon the hard frost of years and broke it. Sir Roger took the lad in his arms and cried too, the pitiful tears that come from old men's eyes. And Ernest, raising his swollen face in sorrowful wonder, stroked the old man's cheek and said, "I was fond of him, I was; but don't cry. I'll be good, as he told me!"

From that day the boy went about with him everywhere, and he seemed to care for no other companionship. If poor Philip could have looked forward in those days, when he used to long so wistfully that people should like him, he would have wondered at the sorrow which softened all Redwood for his sake, towards his father. It was true, indeed, that the great crash so long expected had never come, and was even gradually fading out of men's thoughts altogether; but it was not to this that Sir Roger owed the silent, respectful sympathy, which met him on all sides, and was so new to him. At first he took little notice of it, but by-and-bye, as the sharpness of his grief wore off, he began to say to himself, with a strange humility, "that they were better to him than he deserved." He began to look back upon the days of his haughty pride, and think to himself, that he must creep away somewhere out of reach of the coals of fire, which these men whom he had often insulted, sometimes wronged, were heaping upon him.

But he did not do it. As the summer came and passed, and the little boy Philip had been fond of went away to school, "to come back in the holidays if they would let him," Sir Roger turned to his daughter for companionship. She was very good to him; patient with all his moods, tender and loving. When he thought about it, so she always had been. And then the memory of many a bitter word to her, many a harsh act, would sting him so that he would hide his face and turn away. She thought then, that he was grieving for Philip, and after a time tried to rouse him gently.

"It's not that," he said to her once. "Not what you think. You are a good girl, though, and it will all come right for you, some time."

He walked down into Redwood one autumn evening, when the trees in the park were growing rich with many colours, and stood once more looking at the geraniums in the widow's garden. He remembered well the last time he had seen them, and his irritation—the thought of it only humbled him still more; and when he saw his sister-in-law coming out to meet him, he put his hands together on the top of his stick, and stopped, as though she must be thinking of the same time.

"Ah, it is all different now," he said. "And I have been punished. Forgive me."

She only put her arm into his, like the good, tender woman she was, and led him up amongst the

flowers which he had learnt from little Ernest to like.

"There was nothing to forgive," she said; "nothing to remember but his kindness to her in these later days."

He shook his head. It was the same everywhere. "But there is," he said. "There is something to forgive—a new thing. I have lost my son, I want to take yours from you."

She cried out sharply, "Oh, Sir Roger!" but he stopped her.

"You must wait and hear me. Perhaps you don't know what Randal has done for me. Ask him, it is a long story. He and Hester are—fond of each other. Once I would not hear of this, now I am a supplicant. I would like to see them happy. I have troubled myself little enough about other people. I would like to have a hand in making these two happy, and Philip wished it. I want Randal at the Firs. You come too, if you will, but at any rate he must. Look at it in the right light, my dear; it should be his home—he is the heir."

(Concluded in our next.)

## THE EARWIG.

By H. G. Adams.

A SLIM little fellow, with brown shiny coat  
And a tail just like pincers, you often may note;  
Shake the dahlia just gathered and out he will fall,  
And run for dear life to some hole in the wall.  
In the peach that is ripe or the apple unsound  
Enjoying his feast he may often be found;  
The choicest of flowers, the most luscious of fruit  
His taste and his appetite equally suit.

His dear friend, the gardener, sees with delight  
The traps full at morning, he sets over-night;  
Crabs' claws or small flower-pots turned upside down  
To shelter the creatures so shiny and brown.  
What he does with them all, why, I cannot well say,  
But it's quite a fresh lot that he gathers next day;  
He *may* just turn them loose in the garden, to find  
Safe shelter and food that is more to their mind.

And this is the earwig, which foolish folks say  
Through the gate of the ear to the brain makes its  
way,

And drives people mad, which it no doubt might do  
If the passage, well guarded, it e'er could get through;  
'Tis impossible quite, for the gate is so small  
And narrow, it seems scarce a passage at all,  
But a delicate tube through which sounds find a way,  
The news from without to the brain to convey.

And this is the earwig, so horny and slim,  
With a case like brown mail upon body and limb;  
The name should be *Earwing*, because the wings  
spread,

Have a shape like the ear on the side of one's head;  
A long kind of beetle, quite powerless to hurt,  
Very clean although living mid rubbish and dirt:  
You may touch him, and handle him, quite  
without fear,

And be sure that he'll never get into your ear.



No. 1.

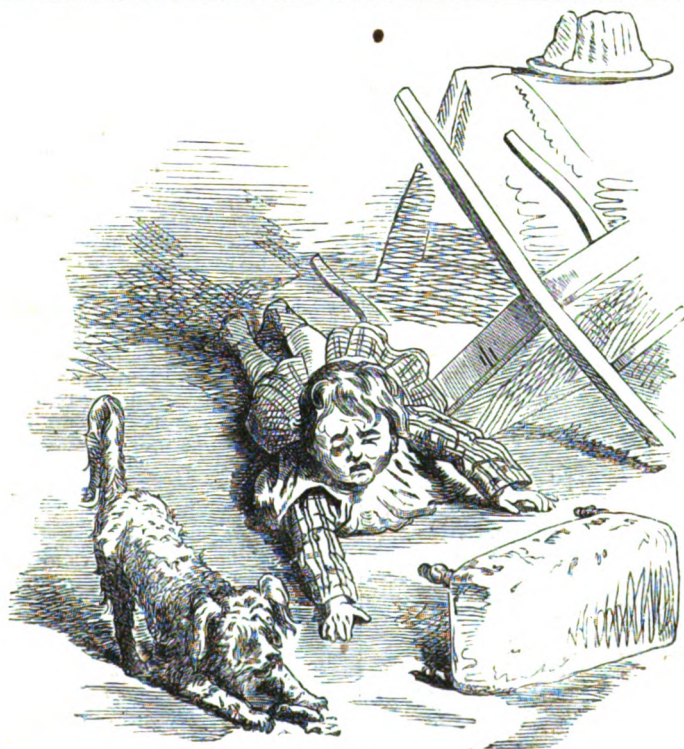


No. 2.

**THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT:**



No. 3.



No. 4.

**A PICTURE STORY FOR CHILDREN.**



### THE BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS POOR HOME.

By Mrs. Hemans.

*Lady.* "Why wouldest thou leave me, O gentle child ?

Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,  
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—  
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,  
Where many an image of marble gleams,  
And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams !"

*Boy.* "Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play,  
Through the long bright hours of the summer day ;  
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,  
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme ;  
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they  
know,—

*Lady,* kind lady, oh ! let me go !"

*Lady.* "Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell !  
There are sweet sounds which thou lovest well :  
Flutes on the air in the stilly moon,  
Harps which the wandering breezes tune ;  
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,  
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

*Boy.* "My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,  
A song of the hills far more sweet than all ;  
She sings it under our own green tree,  
To the babe half slumbering on her knee,—  
I dreamt last night of that music low,—  
*Lady,* kind lady, oh ! let me go !"

*Lady.* "Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest,  
She hath taken her babe on her quiet breast ;  
Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,  
Nor hear her song at the cabin door :  
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,  
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye !"

*Boy.* "Is my mother gone from her home away ?  
But I know that my brothers are there at play !  
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,  
And the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,  
Or they launch their boats where the blue streams  
flow,—

*Lady,* kind lady, oh ! let me go !"

*Lady.* "Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,  
They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;  
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,  
And the streams where the fairy barks were tied !  
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,  
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot !"

*Boy.* "Are they gone,—all gone from the sunny hill ?  
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still ;  
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,  
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,  
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow,—  
*Lady,* sweet lady, oh ! let me go !"

### SELF-SACRIFICE.

Translated from the German of F. Hoffman.

A FRIGHTFUL custom, called the "Bloody Feud," which consists in avenging murder by killing the murderer or one of his kinsfolk, is in force among the Arabs to this day ; many years ago it prevailed among the inhabitants of the island of Corsica. The families of Bandello and Paoli practised it. First of all, Carlo Bandello fell : Alberto Paoli had shot him through jealousy. Guglielmo Bandello avenged his brother, and Alberto Paoli was killed when out hunting. One morning, Guglielmo Bandello lay dead upon the rocky shore of Corsica, with a bullet through his breast. His own weapon was by his side, loaded ; therefore some one else must have killed him. Who could this be but Antonio Paoli ? for it was his turn to avenge his brother Alberto. Fishermen had seen him on the morning of that day near the spot where Guglielmo was found dead. The Bloody Feud passed on to the last of the race of Bandello, named Raphael.

Raphael Bandello did not weep as they laid his brother in the grave ; but he gnashed his teeth, his eyes gleamed, and upon his gun he engraved these words,—“Death to Antonio Paoli !” Thus he kept his thoughts fixed on revenge. He hastened all through the island, seeking his victim in the most secret valleys and on the mountains. But Antonio had disappeared, leaving no trace of himself. It was supposed that he had exiled himself to escape the fate which hung over his head. Raphael travelled, with hatred in his heart, through Italy, France, and Greece. Years passed by ; he did not find the man he sought, but revenge still burnt fiercely in his breast : his gun, with the frightful words upon it, reminded him daily of his wicked vow. At last he returned home, worn out ; he settled down in his castle on the mountain, solitary and silent, hating his fellow-creatures.

Then he heard that Antonio Paoli had become a monk, and was still living in the monastery of St. Bernard, leading a life of pain and toil, amid ice and snow, where not even a blade of grass sprang from the barren earth. There Antonio lived, and there he mourned for what he had done.

Raphael cared not for his repentance ; he thirsted for revenge. His dimmed eye sparkled again with the old fire. He said nothing, but loaded his gun and left Corsica. His neighbours knew where he was going, and praised him, for they respected the custom of the Bloody Feud.

It did not take Raphael many days to reach the foot of Mount St. Bernard, for his evil desires urged him on over sea and land. One evening he halted at a little village, and passed the night there. He was full of the savage hope that next day Antonio Paoli would die by his hand.

Travellers came and went ; Raphael troubled himself about none of them, but sat alone in a corner thinking of the morrow. Suddenly he started, and nervously grasped the gun which was leaning against the wall near him : he had caught the name Antonio. The travellers, just come down from the monastery, spoke of the good father Antonio, whose life

was one of constant devotion and self-denial. The innkeeper and his wife joined in the talk, and drew a picture of Antonio's benevolence. They told how often he had risked his life to save others; how neither storm nor snow, nor the most frightful cold, prevented him from bringing aid to travellers who had lost their way on the mountain. "And we all love him next to God," they said; "the good man! long may he live among us!"

"He must die!" muttered Raphael to himself: every word of praise of Antonio had embittered his feelings so much the more. Next day, the host stood at his door and looked up at the sky. Raphael came out with his gun, and prepared to leave.

"Do not go up alone to-day, sir," said the innkeeper, "those clouds foretell a snow-storm: wait a day or two, the weather will be more favourable for you then."

"Revenge knows no delay," thought Raphael, and he started off. "To-day shalt thou be avenged, my brother"—this was his one thought, as he climbed the steep mountain-path. At mid-day he rested for an hour, leaning his head against a wall of rock; then he went on again, never looking behind him or around. He gave no thought to the majestic beauty of nature on all sides of him; he saw not the pinnacles of the giant Alps, nor the shining fields of snow and ice, nor the lovely valleys with their forests and pastures.

The higher he climbed, the more chilly the wind that met him, the more did it penetrate to his very bones: he wrapped his mantle closer about him; surely, he could not be very far from his journey's end! Dark clouds covered him, as it were, with a damp veil; a heavy fog came on; his foot slipped upon the icy path; his limbs grew weary; but still he pressed on. Presently the storm appeared to burst out of every cavern of Mount St. Bernard; it seized his garments as if to tear them from his back, and the flakes of snow covered him in an instant as with a linen sheet. He summoned up all his strength, and tried to move on: but where was the path which he had hitherto followed? The thick white snow lay upon it, and fresh masses which came whirling down blinded him, and his weary limbs seemed to stiffen into ice. Once more he made a desperate effort; he waded in the snow up to his knees; sometimes he fairly slipped and fell, but he always regained his footing. So he fought with the storm for an hour or more. Nothing tamed his strong will, his hatred, his thirst for blood; his passion even overcame his weariness. But Raphael was only a man after all, though a sturdy and powerful one. He was at last obliged to yield; and he sank down with a wild cry, which rose high above the storm. He could not recover himself now; he felt that his senses were going; but with his little remaining strength he once more grasped his gun.

"I am dying," he murmured; "dying without my revenge! but not through my fault, my brother."

Again he tried to raise himself. Suddenly there was a short, sharp, crackling sound: the gun went off; the bullet intended for Antonio was lost in space. But Raphael did not hear the report; a quiver of his finger had touched the trigger; the shot

woke the echoes of the mountains, while Raphael lay unconscious. He was still—still as the white covering which the snow quickly spread over his body.

A few moments more, and the storm was over. The fog vanished—the masses of snow tumbled into the valleys below—the dark mountains were again visible, and the sun streamed forth golden rays upon hill and dale. And now, if Raphael had been conscious, he might have heard the deep bark of a dog in the distance. Nearer and nearer the noble hound came, with its nose close to the ground; and on his track were three monks, with their cowls covered with snow, icicles hanging from their beards, and their appearance showing they had been making great exertions.

"You were mistaken, brother Antonio," said one of them to the foremost monk; "what you took for a shot, was either a thunderclap or the fall of an avalanche: let us go back, your strength is gone."

The monk Antonio shook his head with a smile. "My life is given up to the deliverance of unhappy wanderers," answered he, gently. "See, my brother, I was not deceived; the faithful dog has got the scent."

In truth, the dog was standing by a low heap of snow: he scratched with his fore-paws, and barked anxiously. Antonio went down to him, gave him his help, and soon drew a lifeless form out of its snowy grave. Near it was a gun: Antonio took it up, looked at it, and grew pale: he had read the letters upon it,—*"Death to Antonio Paoli."*

"It is he! Raphael Bandello! and he was coming to kill me! But my life is in God's hands, and Raphael must be saved!"

His brethren now drew near to help him. Antonio knelt by the body, laid the head on his warm breast, and took some cordials out of a small casket which one of his companions held out to him. Loving and eager were his efforts to restore Raphael to life. Soon Bandello revived; his powers returned, but he followed the monks to the monastery, moody and stern, without a word of thanks: he had recognised Antonio, his enemy, in his benefactor—Antonio, whom he had sworn to kill.

The monks took him to a room where he might rest alone. It was not till the next day that one of them came to the cell. He threw back his hood. Raphael shuddered; for Antonio stood before him!

"Raphael Bandello," said the monk, in a calm tone, "you came to kill me. I am ready to die; but first hear me."

With downcast looks Raphael consented, and Antonio said,—

"It is true I killed your brother, and therefore the curse is upon me: but I swear that accident caused his death, not my ill-will. I was hunting on the coast; there was an eagle on a neighbouring crag; I took aim at it. Your brother came at the same moment from behind the rock, and the shot intended for the eagle pierced his breast. I fled, for I dared not hope that my tale would be believed: my mischance filled me with bitter sorrow. I left the world to give myself to the service of God."

"Raphael Bandello, for twelve years I have lived in this wilderness. For twelve years no day has passed in which I have not mourned my sad acci-





dent. For twelve years I have risked my life to save miserable creatures, such as you were yesterday. Raphael Bandello, brother of Guglielmo, who was *killed*, but not *murdered*, take my life; it is in your hands; but, Raphael, in death forget—in death forgive.”

Raphael sat for a long time in deep silence; his breast heaved, and his eyes dropped tears. “Antonio!” at length he exclaimed, with broken accents, and threw his arm round the neck of the monk, “Antonio, I followed you with thoughts of murder, and you have saved my life. And do you think that

I could kill you? I believe you to be clear from all guilt: unwittingly you took my brother’s life, but you have saved mine: my oath no longer binds me.”

Raphael did not leave the monastery; Antonio’s piety had triumphed over his hatred. He, too, resolved to spend the rest of his days in doing good to his fellow-creatures. He shared Antonio’s labours, working with him in brotherly friendship. How wonderfully God can attract the hearts of men by the power of holiness, and how He can turn hatred and malice into love and charity!

C. E. O.



# Chatterbox.





## THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

THE other day I was called, on a quiet Sunday afternoon, into the kitchen of a country house in Surrey. I found there a strange company assembled. The good-natured cook, who was acting nurse to the eldest daughter of the house, a little maiden of not quite three years; they were sitting on the floor by the hearth-rug. And there were three cats, a turnspit, and a little Scotch terrier, all looking intently in the same direction. Outside one could hear the cooing of some doves and the talking of two parrots, which were, for the time being, consigned to the scullery in their cages. The party by the hearth-rug were all taken up with a little Dorking bantam hen and her five newly-hatched chicks, not a day old, who were basking by the kitchen-fire. They were so small that the thickness of the rug formed a convenient resting-place for their tiny heads, which the still tinier necks were hardly able to support. It was a pretty picture, and perhaps some day you will see it in *Chatterbox*. The hen you now see lived at Carshalton, in Surrey, many years ago, and I have nothing to say about it but what would apply to every other hen,—that it was a good, kind, and only too-anxious mother, which would willingly have risked her life in defence of her chicks; that she laid many eggs, and lived in a farm-yard; that she was cooped up, and wretchedly uncomfortable when I made the sketch. Far different from our little bantam friend in the kitchen, who *would* lay her eggs in a basket under the dresser. Perhaps she thought they were there nearer and more handy for little Miss's breakfast, because she was her particular and only hen. Perhaps it was the latter fact, there being no other chickens on the premises, which gave her that air of fixed belief (expressed in every step and action) that the place was built, and all the beings thereon only created, in order to enable her to lay her eggs into that basket in the kitchen, and in due time to produce that interesting group on the hearth-rug. We all associate feelings of home and homestead with the crowing of the cock and the cackling of the hen. Englishmen in India, far away from home, have often strangely mixed thoughts and feelings when they hear those old familiar sounds in the wild jungle, miles away from any human habitation, and thousands of miles from the scenes which the unexpected calling of the jungle fowls brings to their mind.

## WHAT YOU CAN NEVER CATCH.

BOYS and girls, what is it that you can never catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it.

Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, or a profane word.

## RANDAL DANE, OF REDWOOD.

(Concluded from page 299.)

## CHAPTER XIX.



SIR Roger's speech—perhaps his first and last speech to such an audience—was certainly a very different one from any he had ever made before. Amongst the whole double row of figures down the long tent table, there was probably not one prepared for the style of it; not one less so than Randal himself. It was made one summer's day, the second summer after Philip's death,

when there was feasting in Redwood Park, and mirth still subdued for his memory's sake, when the oldest tenant had performed his duty, and proposed Sir Roger's health; and the answer was not the few haughty, grudging words, with which in former days Sir Roger would have answered, and dismissed them.

I think that Sir Roger's speech had cost him some effort. His eyes wandered a little restlessly down the table during his oldest tenant's speech. When the honest farmer's speech was ended there was the usual clatter; and then silence, as Sir Roger rose. It seemed difficult for him to begin. Everybody noticed, that, as if it had been to steady himself, he turned wistfully to a rosy-cheeked lad at his side. And the tenants whispered to each other that it was the "little Count," the "little Frenchman," whom poor Mr. Philip had been fond of.

It was the boy who had come to Sir Roger, almost like a voice from Philip's grave; the boy whose childish grief had first awakened in him the stirring of a gentler life, and who, strangely enough, seemed to cling to him now with even a warmer love than he had shown to his dead son.

By-and-bye the baronet's tones grew steadier. "For the honour you have all done me by your presence here to-day, to welcome my daughter and her husband, I offer you my warmest thanks," said Sir Roger. "For the good wishes, whose heartiness I have not deserved, I thank you also. Looking back upon my past life, so many causes for remorse and repentance start up along the path, that at times I shrink from looking. Perhaps it may be so with all of us. I cannot tell. Life grows less turbulent, drawing towards its end, as the river is calm when it nears the sea; then we look back upon the noisy little stream, and wonder that it should have brawled over stones, and fretted at the briers and thorns upon its bosom. I have not been what I might have been to you all; not attentive to your wants, not always, in my impatience, even just."

They interrupted him here to cry out, "Yes, yes, always just! always a good landlord!"

With a faint brightening over his face he went on—"To you, as fellow-men, I can only confess my shortcomings, and say I am sorry for them; to my nephew—now my son and successor—I must leave it to make amends. Let me say a little to you about him. You all know him; he has grown up amongst you; you know too, I think, that when he chose the

profession he has followed so well, I, who should have helped him with my warmest support, shrank back in anger, and, as it were, cast him off. I did not understand, either the nobleness of work or the meanness of being ashamed of it.

"He has been successful, as you know; but you do not know, perhaps, that, but for him, I should have been a ruined man, and Redwood Firs would have opened its doors to a strange owner. So the hand which I spurned from me in my pride, because it chose to work, was the one to lift me up when I fell, and to save me by the very fruit of that work which I scorned. There is retributive justice in the fact," said Sir Roger, dreamily looking round—and some of the smaller tenants, who had very vague ideas of what retributive justice meant, gave in their adhesion by a faint applause.

"I have little more to say, except to thank you all again for your good wishes to myself, and to ask them—nay, I need not to ask them—for this fellow-townsman of yours, who has worked his own way unaided, and saved the old man, who cast him off, from disgrace and ruin. Three cheers for Randal Dane of Redwood!"

Every lip answered the challenge, and when Sir Roger, turning again to the rosy Ernest, added quietly: "The future Sir Randal," more than one cried out, "May it be long first!"

"That too," said Sir Roger, with his hand on Randal's shoulder, "I owe to you—and Philip!"

Here we leave them, while the sun shines and the lawns are green, and the little town of Redwood looks up at what used to be the young architect's office in Kolver Street, and makes a greater hero than ever of my hero—commonplace as he is.

### THE CHAMOIS AND THE EAGLES.

**A** GERMAN traveller relates:—I was staying in the neighbourhood of the Titlis, and fell in one day with two experienced chamois hunters, father and son. I had often longed to go on a chamois hunt, and settled to join them in their next expedition. We started at 1 A.M.; the moon had just sunk behind the mountains.

Magnificent as the Alps are by day, they are grander still in the silence of the night. No sound was to be heard; not a trace of vegetation was to be seen, for the stunted

herbs were covered by the freshly-fallen snow. In the distance, on the eastern horizon, there was a faint light. The gigantic mass of the Titlis towered up before us; we left it to the right, and turned to the left, clambering over blocks of rock, and by the side of yawning precipices, towards the sharp snow-covered peak of the Gaisberg. We had almost reached the end of a narrow, dangerous ridge, when a pull at the rope with which we were all tied together was the signal to us to

stand still. A shot had been fired on the opposite side of the mountain. An expression of disappointment escaped from the lips of the old hunter. Meanwhile, we all remained quite quiet, holding our breath, on the alert with ear and eye; then the old man pointed to a huge wall of rocky precipice opposite, on the edge of which I perceived several little objects, now running about hither and thither in confusion, now standing still and listening. I should never have taken these animals for chamois. None of us moved our eyes from the spot. I was so excited that I almost think one might have heard my heart beat. Then suddenly the whole herd began to move, and fled with wonderful swiftness down the steep precipices in the direction of the mountain upon which we were standing. They looked more as if they were flying than running. I now saw plainly that they were chamois. Between those rocks and our ridge extended a broad plain, covered with newly-fallen snow. If they crossed this we should certainly be able to shoot them; but they had a good distance to pass first, and with the sun rising, and the mist with it, we now frequently lost sight of them. Their restless flight told us that either they did not know in which direction to fly, or that their enemies were more than one. Generally, if the chamois can see the hunter it is calm, and only becomes restless when the danger is unseen or twofold. However, we were not long in doubt as to the cause. High above the peaks of the strangely-shaped mountain, immediately after the first appearance of the chamois, two dark specks were to be seen, moving round in large circles. They were birds of prey, and, as well as ourselves, had evil intentions towards the poor chamois. I had noticed, when the chamois came nearer to us, that one of them did not move as actively as the rest. The eagles appeared to see this also, for they seemed to have this chamois always in view, and to follow it especially. Every now and then they flew down into the midst of the terrified herd, in order to get nearer to this one. The excitement of watching this chase made us give up all thought of firing, though we kept ourselves ready, with our loaded rifles before us. At last, by repeated attacks of the eagles, the whole herd was dispersed, and the solitary sick one separated from its companions and left alone. Wounded by the fearful claws, stunned by the blows of the mighty wings of its assailants, it was now so exhausted that it could not escape its sad fate. Breathless, the beautiful animal rushed down towards the yawning abyss just opposite to us, and at the same moment one of the birds alighted on its back, pecking with its sharp beak at the large imploring eyes of its victim. My attention was entirely absorbed by this painful sight. I had quite forgotten my neighbours, and was not a little astonished to hear two shots fired close by me. The result of these shots was most decisive. One eagle sank dead to the ground, the other soared away, while the chamois, struck by the ball of the old hunter, gave one shudder and then fell over the precipice into the deep ravine, whence it was afterwards fetched by my companions. This was my first chamois hunt among the Alps. J. F. C.





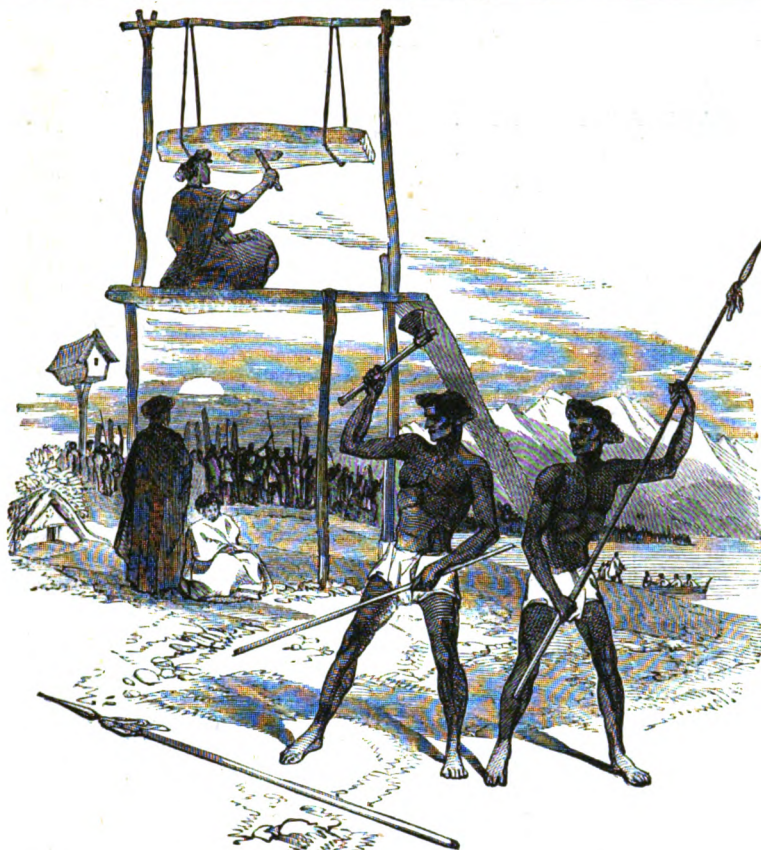
### A FORTIFIED PA IN NEW ZEALAND.

**T**HE natives of New Zealand live in pas, each pa being about the size of an English farm-yard. The huts are huddled together, the whole

being enclosed within a fence of stakes, sometimes double, about six feet high. Upon a small stage at the top of a single pole, placed so as to

be out of the reach of rats and pigs, is the larder. All the buildings are of wood, the gables and posts being often finely carved.





Striking the War-Bell.

In time of war (and, unhappily, there have been almost constant wars in New Zealand), these *pas* are defended by the natives with the greatest courage, and our British troops have often found them difficult places to capture. They are generally placed on hills, or on broken ground, like the ancient camps and earthworks in our own country. The particular *pa* represented in the picture is in the neighbourhood of Mount Egmont, which rises 8000 feet high.

The other picture represents the old War-Bell. When one chief resolved to make war upon another, the tribe was called together by the *palm* or war-bell. This was a piece of solid wood, with a groove in it, slung by ropes upon a lofty cross-pole. The striker sat beneath it upon a platform, and struck the bell within the groove with a wooden clapper, which produced a dull, heavy sound. It was always sounded at night when the air was still, and the sound was heard a long way off—sometimes for miles. Next morning the war-dance began, and the tribe was soon on its way to battle.

The natives however, we are glad to say, are now much more inclined for peace than for war. In many things they are a noble race, and for an untaught people possess great skill: as is shown by their carvings, which are frequently quite beautiful. In the Paris Exhibition are two sculptured posts from the entrance-gate of a *pa*, which was destroyed

about fifty years ago. The workmanship of these would do credit even to a clever European. They carve almost everything they use, spears, canoes, paddles, and so on. We have seen fishhooks made of shell, and a spade made of whalebone, carved in the same way. All the carving was formerly done with stone instruments, iron being unknown to the people. They carried the custom to such an extent, that they even carved or tattooed their own faces—a very painful process, and certainly not at all beautiful to our notions.

An English sailor named Rutherford, who was taken prisoner by the natives in 1816, had to submit to the tattoo to save his life. After the operation, which he was a long time getting over, he was raised to the rank of a chief, and lived so for ten years. At the end of that time he came to England, but he was so changed that no one would believe in his story. He wrote a book on the manners of the New Zealanders—at that time all savages—and fully described the method of tattooing. After a short stay he sailed again to his adopted country, and was heard of no more.

When Europeans first introduced iron tools among the natives, the desire to possess them was so great, that it is said that one chief sold 40,000 acres of good land for thirty-six axes, while another exchanged 13,000 acres for forty-eight axes!

B. W.

## FARM LADS AT KNOWLE.

## CHAPTER I.

DAVIE, I say, did you hear as there's going to be night-school? What's that?"

"Why, it's for us, to be sure, Bill. They want us plough-boys to come, not to forget what we know."

"What we know!" said Bill. "Why, I don't know nothing, Davie! And what's more, they can't teach me. Mother always did say as how I couldn't learn." And Bill put his head down on his hands, as he was accustomed to do when he wanted to think, sorely puzzled to know why other boys could read and write though he could not. By-and-bye he looked up sadly and said, "Well, Davie, I tell you they won't teach me. I'm ever such a dunce!"

"A dunce, Bill! Not a bit. Nobody is a dunce if they want to learn, and you want to learn I know; so I tell you what we'll do. Monday is the first night, and we'll go, you and I; and if you don't get on very quick at first, I'll help you on the nights when there's no school, and by the spring you'll be able to read and write; see if you ain't."

Bill sighed and shook his head, but there was some hope in his face as he said, "Well, Davie, I'll go to school if you go; but if you don't, why, then I shan't."

"Never fear, I shall go, Bill."

These two were plough-boys. They worked for Mr. Rivers, a large farmer in the parish of Knowle, and Knowle was a good-sized village at the foot of the Wiltshire Downs. They had been hired for a year, and two days before they held this conversation they had never seen each other.

David Bell had come from a small town a few miles away, where there was a night-school, and he had gone to it whenever he could be spared. He was a quick boy, so he soon got over the hardest part, and liked the hour and a-half he spent at school much better than any other part of the day. He could read well, and write fairly, but his great wish was to write well enough to send a letter home to his mother. She had told him to be sure not to waste his time, and how pleased she would be if only he could prove that he was getting on with his schooling! So, of course, David was glad about the night-school. And he was not very bright in his sums either. That was another reason for being glad. He had not yet been able to do sums without adding up by counting his finger-tips, and when he wanted more than five he lost himself in getting from the right hand to the left, and had to begin all over again. But what he called a "take-from sum" was worse still; for then he had to use all his fingers, and nod with his head at those which were to stay where they were, whilst he counted up those that were left. Now and then he tried strokes on his slate, rubbing out some and leaving some, but he was not so sure of them, after all, as he was of his own finger-tips.

Bill Wall had not had such good luck as David. His home was a very poor one, and he had ten brothers and sisters. Bread often ran short, and as soon as ever Bill could scream loud enough to scare

the birds off the wheat, he had been sent out into the fields. There had been no school for him. The girls went because they were too young to work, but as long as ever he could remember he had been out in the fields as soon as it was light. He used to watch the sun rise, and wonder where it came from, and why it came some days and not others; and then when it was hot, he would get into the shade and scream at the birds as he best could, till the sun went round to the west and it got cool. And that, too, was a thing that Bill could not make out—why when he saw the sun go down in one place it always came up in another. But when he saw it go down, Bill knew that it would soon be time to go home to supper, and he would whistle or sing. He had had his bread and cheese in the middle of the day, but he was hungry again by three, and he knew that there would be something more when he got home—a bit of bacon, or dumplings and greens; and that was pleasant to think of.

Bill had always a great many odd jobs to do after he got home. He had to chop wood, and fetch the water, and run all sorts of errands; and by the time it was all done he was very tired, and would throw his little body down on his bit of bed, where two others slept besides himself, and be off to sleep in a moment. Bill had never been taught to pray. His father drank, and neither he nor his mother loved God; so the poor boy grew on till he was twelve years old, and had hardly heard of God or of our Blessed Lord. He heard bad words, and so he thought he might as well use them too; and day after day he went on not a bit better than one of the horses or cows he drove to water. They did what they had to do, and so did Bill; but he knew no better than they why he did it.

Two days ago he had heard that a new lad was coming to Knowle; but Bill did not think much about anything, and so he did not think much about the new lad till he came. They were both to stay now at the farm, and so they would have to work and sleep in the same place, and see a great deal of each other. The first night Bill did not say much. He answered David when he spoke: that was all. And when they went up to the loft and threw off their clothes, Bill stood by while David knelt down in the moonlight and said his prayers. He saw David bow his head when he had done, and he had a good mind to ask him why he did that; but somehow he did not like to do it, because David did not say anything.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, they jumped up; and once more David knelt, and Bill stood by. Poor boy! all his life long he had not spoken to God. He did not know how to do so, nor why he should. There was another thing, too, that David did which was new to him. He went to the cattle pump and gave his face a good wash, and he looked so fresh and bright after it that Bill would have liked to do the same. Bill did wash sometimes, but he did not care about it. He thought it was only gentlefolks who could keep themselves clean.

After a few days the lads became great friends. David came from a good home, and he was sorry when he found that Bill had never been taught at



all. They had a talk about the night-school on the Monday before they began work, and Bill asked David to come for him at half-past six, so that they might go into the room together. All the day long he thought about it, but at last he began to think that he could not go after all. The other boys would laugh at him so when he got up and it was found that he did not know his letters. He took an old piece of newspaper out into the fields with him, and tried to make it out; but with a sigh he soon put it back, and thought it was no good thinking any more of the school.

At half-past six, however, David came for him as he had promised. He had washed his hands and face, and combed his hair, and he began to try and put Bill more tidy too. He would not hear of his not going to the school; and though Bill felt more shy than ever, he took him by the arm and off they went together. It was the first night for that year, and so the two new boys were put on a bench by themselves; and David sat next to poor Bill, whose heart went pit-a-pat. Most of the boys knew the room well, but Bill had never been inside it before. He looked at the pictures on the wall, and at the maps. He could see that the pictures were of cows and horses, and sheep and pigs, and that was all.

(To be continued.)

### IVORY-BILL AND HIS MISSION.

DRUM, drum, drum, all day long, went the ivory-billed woodpecker away in the heart of the grand old forest. He did not condescend to the old logs and inferior trees which his humbler companions were content with, for Ivory-bill was a kingly bird, as you might have known by the noble red crest he wore. Only the finest old forest trees were favoured with his attentions, and rather severe they seemed. Indeed, in such ill-repute was Ivory-bill, that a hunter would shoot one of his race whenever he could get within range.

"Spoiling our finest trees," murmured the owner of the woodland; "I wish I could break up every nest in the district."

Yet just here he showed his shortsightedness. Many a valuable tract of timber was ruined in a single season—not by the woodpecker or his friends, but by a tiny worm, which wrought in the darkness, and was quietly eating inward to the very heart of the tree, and killing it as surely as if the fire had swept over it. It was to destroy this insect that Ivory-bill worked so faithfully early and late. It was for this he tore off such chips and fragments of bark, making the ground about the tree look as if the woodman's axe had been there. It was for this that he drilled away so unceasingly into the rough bark, and even a little distance into the living wood. Many were the fine trees he saved by his hard and vigorous strokes, but never a word of thanks did he get for his service.

So it is elsewhere: too often those who confer the greatest favours meet only with ingratitude from those they serve best.

### THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

ANIMALS are always great pets with soldiers, In Austria almost every regiment has a dog, and we, of course, had ours. Hector had his peculiarities; he was attached to no one in particular, but always recognized a Jäger by a friendly wag of his stump of a tail. He was a short brown-haired beast, of no particular breed, and first joined us in the battle of St. Lucia. Whence he came no one knew, but he was ever to be seen in the thickest of the fight and firing, and before the end of it he was severely wounded. He was considered to have shown great bravery, and was immediately voted into the Jäger corps, and an honorary member of each mess-table. From that time, whichever mess Hector graced with his presence at the dinner-hour (and he never failed to turn up at one or the other), the cook, after allotting the portions, always made one for Hector, and called out his name in turn with the others—a proceeding which the dog perfectly well understood and listened for. Whenever any of the Jägers were mustered for parade, Hector always turned out and took up his position behind the commanding officer, and in front of the staff trumpeter.

On the occasion of our final separation from the old companies, Hector seeing that some movement was in contemplation, hurried on to the ground, but was not noticed until the last moment, when some of the men called him to accompany them back to quarters, while we called him to go forward with us. The dog looked first at one and then at the other, with a profoundly reflective air; but observing that we were in full marching order, while the others were only in fatigue dress, he decided, to our great joy, that duty required him to cast in his lot with us, and accordingly trotted cheerfully by our side during that long day's march. Those who hold the doctrine of the passing of souls from one body to another would have little difficulty in believing that the spirit of some brave, active, and most thoughtful officer was imprisoned in Hector's poor uncouth form.—*Reminiscences of an English Cadet in the Austrian Service, in the "Cornhill Magazine."*

### "OYSTERS! A PENNY A LOT!"

IT has been said that "Oysters and poverty goes together!" And certainly it is impossible to take a walk through any of the lower districts in London without having oysters forced upon your notice. No matter what other luxury the inhabitants of any districts have to deny themselves, they seem always to be able to buy "Oysters! a penny a lot!" In defiance of that rule, which tells us that it is unsafe to venture upon oysters unless the month has an "r,"\* in it, they are sold all the year round in the lower streets of Westminster, and in the purlieus of the East End of London.

\* The reason for this wholesome rule is, that May, June, July, and part of August, are the spawning times of the oyster, during which the fish is not only almost tasteless, but absolutely hurtful. Oysters are of many different colours. In Spain they are red or russet; in Illyria they are brown, nay, black! The Paris delicacy, the green oyster, is brought from Brittany; while those in the Red Sea are of all the colours in the rainbow.



There is something rather picturesque in a London-street oyster-stall, especially if we take a peep at it at night. It is nothing more than a rough deal board supported upon trestles. On one side of the board stands a large tub, into which the oysters are thrown. A pepper-box, drilled with such small holes that one wonders how the pepper can get through them, a vinegar-bottle, and a knife to open the stubborn shells, complete the stock-in-trade of our oyster-stall. A man in a blue apron usually stands behind the stall to minister to the needs of

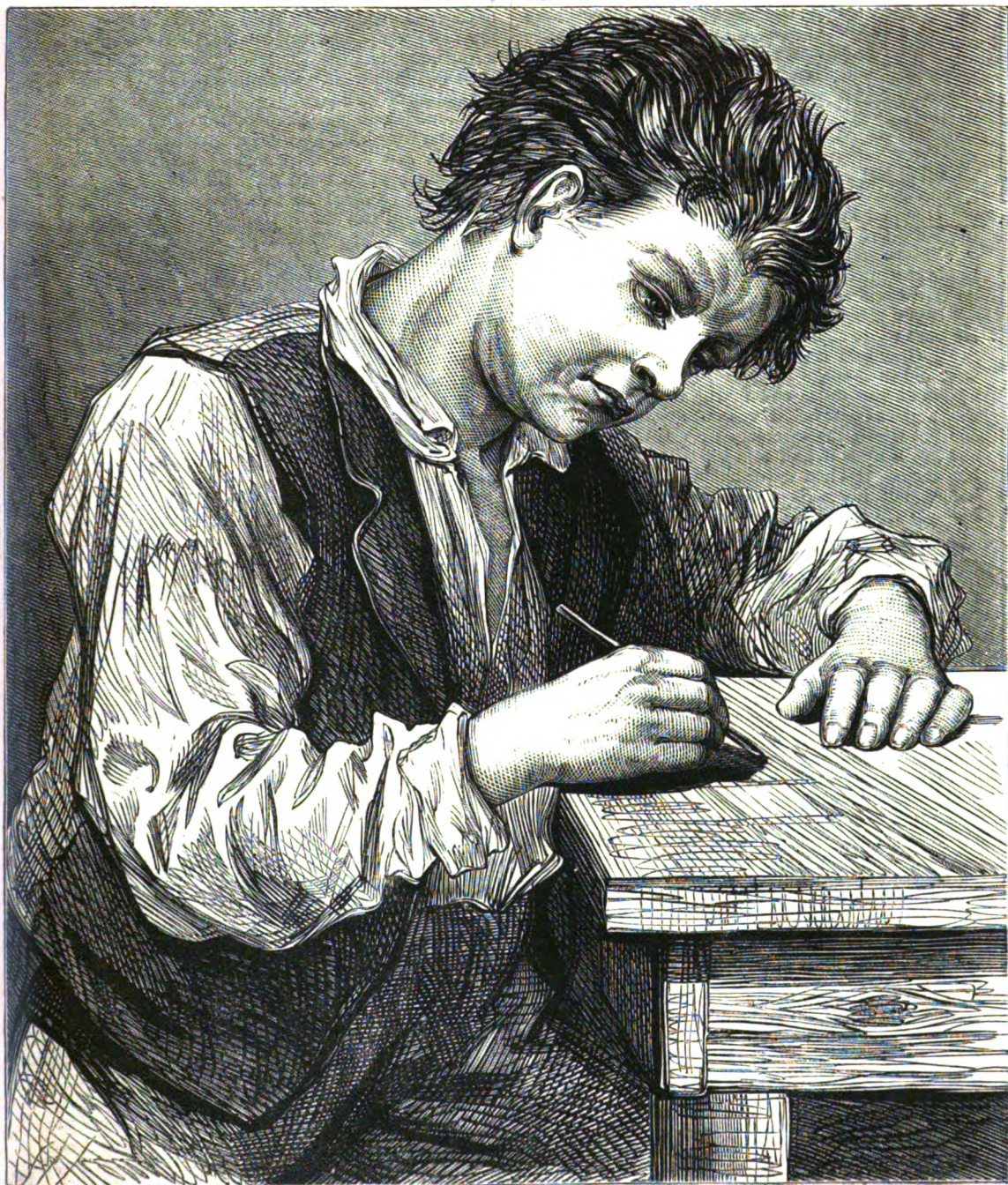
a hungry public. At night the stall has a most original light of its own, for "costers" scorn gas. This light consists of a dip candle, fixed in a kind of wooden sconce, and defended by a simple paper shade.

The oyster-seller works very late—in fact, the main portion of his work may be said to be done at night. Mr. Mayhew calculates that there are sold annually in the streets of London 124,000,000 oysters, and that 125,000*l.* is, at the lowest calculation, expended in their purchase.

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**Parts I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. and VIII. price 3d. each, are now ready.**



# Chatterbox.



Bill practising on the Table.



## FARM LADS AT KNOWLE.

(Continued from p. 311.)

## CHAPTER II.



ILL and David sat for some time like this. A good many lads came in meanwhile; some knew where they were to go, while others were sent to the "new boys' bench" till Mr. Gray, the vicar, had time to sort them into their own places. Bill saw heaps of books, and slates, and copy-books, but he could not think that he had any part in it all, till at last a kind hand was put on his arm and a voice said, "Stand up, my lad." Bill knew it was Mr. Gray, for he had seen him in church, and he felt himself get red all over. And when Mr. Gray asked him if he could read at all, there was a sort of lump in his throat, and he could not even speak plain. So David said,—

"If you please, sir, Bill hasn't ever been to school. He can't read; but, please, sir, he'll soon learn."

Mr. Gray told Bill to sit down and stay where he was, and then spoke to David, and sent him off to a class at the other end of the room. Soon after that a great black board was put up where Bill was, and Mr. Green, the schoolmaster, made some strokes and hooks upon it, and told the boys to make some like them. Bill had never had a pencil in his hand before, but he made some strokes, and got quite happy. He thought he should soon write.

This went on for half-an-hour, and then sheets of paper with letters on them were put up, and the boys were made to say them straight through, and then in all sorts of ways. But Bill found this much harder than the strokes, and by the time the lesson changed he only felt quite sure of about four letters. Then came a quarter-of-an-hour of figures, with questions that Bill could answer, such as "How many sixpences are there in half-a-crown?" and "How many threepenny pieces in a shilling?" He had often gone to the shop for his mother and knew all about that. Then for the last quarter-of-an-hour Mr. Gray spoke to the boys.

He said, "Now, boys, put down your slates and listen to me." And in a moment down went all the slates, and everybody was quite still. "I am very glad to see you all here to-night," he went on. "I think every boy who can come is here, and there are some older ones too, who are wise enough to like school better than the idle street-corner. Now I want to say a word about the street-corner. There is one in every place. Here it is just at the turn down to the railway station, opposite the 'Red Lion.' I have sometimes seen twenty lads and boys at that corner for half-an-hour or more; they smoke and talk, but what do they talk about? Do you think they would stay there long if I went and stood there with them? No one likes to pass that corner. Women and girls get jeered at, and though other passers-by may only be stared at, yet still I say no one likes that corner but the idle lads of the village. Now, take my advice, boys, and have nothing to do

with it. When there is no school, try to get on with your reading and writing at home; and on Sundays go for a walk if it is fine, and stay in if it is wet: don't go to the idle corner."

Two or three of the young men looked at each other when these words were spoken. They knew they were there more than was good for them, but, of course, nobody said anything. Mr. Gray spoke a few more words, and then prayers were said, and a hymn sung, and the whole troop went off as fast as their legs could carry them into the street; and as it chanced to be a moonlight night, a game at hare-and-hounds was begun and kept up with such spirit, that you would not have thought that every one of the lads had done a hard day's work. Mr. Gray went home more tired than they did. He had a great deal of care; for though he worked hard at Knowle, and was always trying to make the people better, there was still a great deal of drinking and swearing, and little real love of God in the place. The lads thought that he had not much to do. They knew he had a big house, and a horse, and servants, but they could not tell how from morning till night he was at work for the good of his parish; and they did not see him on his knees in his study, while they finished their game that night, asking God to make the school useful to them, and to bless the lads.

Our two boys joined in the game for a bit; but their master did not like late hours, so they soon went back to the farm.

"Well, Bill, how did you like it?" asked David.

"Very well, thank you, Davie: did you?"

"Yes, just about. I wish it was every night."

Bill gave a sort of grunt. He did not quite wish for school every night; he thought three times a week would be enough for him.

"But, of course," David said, "they can't have it every night. It takes a deal of money to pay for all that candle and fire. And then there are the books and slates."

"We pay, though," said Bill.

"I know that; but then they have to pay a master to teach us, and that takes all the pence. And it's a lot of time, too, for Mr. Gray. I don't know him, but our parson at Weston had ever so much to do. He had to write his sermons, and see all the sick people. When my mother was ill, he came most days. Father used to say he worked with his head as hard as we did with our hands."

Bill grunted again, for he had heard his father and mother say often, "they would just like to know what the parson had to do." But they were just then at the top of the ladder which took them up into the loft where they slept, and David said,—

"I say, Bill, can you say 'Our Father?' We said it in school to-night."

"Don't know as I can, right through."

"Well, we'd better begin with that then."

Bill yawned, and thought he had had enough school for one night. But David had already knelt down and was waiting, so Bill went and knelt by him, and the two boys said the Lord's Prayer together. David stopped and said the words over again when Bill got wrong, and then he said that

they would do that every night. Bill felt a good deal more happy. He began to feel that he had a soul, and he thought that at last he was going to be better than a cow or a pig; but still he was rather glad when it was all over and he could throw himself down and be off to sleep. He did not often dream; but to-night he dreamt that he was at the idle corner, and that Mr. Gray came and took him away just as he was going to swear. And then he tossed about and wondered how Mr. Gray came to know that he was there.

## CHAPTER III.

There was school again the next evening; but just before it began Mr. Rivers sent David with a note to the man who doctored his cattle when they were ill, and as he was out David had to wait. He knew that the school would have begun, and very soon he felt quite sure that he should be too late. He might have left the note, but he thought his master would not be pleased; so he waited. In the meantime Bill did not know what to do. He had made himself tidy and combed his hair, which did not quite know what to make of being smooth, and so stuck up straight all over his head. And at last he knew it was time to go, but still no David came. He thought he might meet him at the school, so at last he made up his mind to go. He had not learnt to be civil, so he took no notice of Mr. Gray, who came in at the same moment; and instead of standing back for him to pass, he pushed rudely in before him, popping himself down on the same bench on which he had sat the night before. It was all much harder for him to-night. Instead of holding his pencil as he liked, he was made to put his two fingers straight and bend the rest. Now Bill's fingers were stiff and short, and, like his hair, would not do just as they were told; so he did not get on well, and his strokes went the wrong way, and he got rather cross and impatient. The reading was just as bad. A set of small letters was brought out, not a bit like those he saw last night; and how that could be *a*, when he was told last night that something quite different was *a*, he could not think. Mr. Green said that one was big *A* and the other little *a*; but Bill could not tell why there should be two. One would have done, he thought. And he rubbed his head and eyes to try and remember both. There were two other boys who did not know their letters; one was older than Bill—that was a comfort. Bill got on better with the sums, for questions were asked as before, and he could answer them, and felt quite pleased.

Mr. Gray only spoke to all the boys together on Monday nights; on the other nights the master taught them something from the Bible for the last quarter of an hour. To-night it was about Adam and Eve. He told it all so plainly that Bill was able to repeat it to David, who knew all about it, but was very glad to hear what Bill could tell him. Bill could not see why Adam and Eve were so punished for taking some fruit, when every day people did such wicked things without anything being said about it. David thought it must be because God had been so good to them, and given them every-

thing they wanted. And he had told them, too, what would happen to them. "Mr. Haden used to say nothing was little, Bill. He said that a bad word, or a lie, was just as bad for us to say, when we knew that God hated them, as very big sins were in other people."

Bill put his head down, as he always did, when he had to think about anything. It was all very new to him. The next night there was no school, so the two boys did the best they could alone. They were allowed to sit in a corner of the large stone kitchen till eight o'clock in winter, and David coaxed Betty, the maid-of-all-work, to put her candle within reach of them. Bill worked away at his four letters, little and big, and then David helped him to two more. But the business of getting those short, stiff fingers ready for writing, was more than David could manage. It made him quite hot that cold night to see how Bill's third finger *would* stick out straight. At last he took hold of it and dragged it to the candle, and looked at it inside and out, as if he thought it couldn't be a finger at all. Betty thought a bit of strong cotton might help. She had been at the farm a good many years, and was not much of a scholar herself. So David held the finger bent, and Betty tied it as if she had been trussing a chicken for dinner. Bill grinned, but the cotton was rather tight, and as soon as he began to write, snap it went. It had left a mark too, so David thought it would not do to try it again. And just before they went to bed Bill had got on better, or else he would not have liked to go to school the next night, for David had said he did not think anybody could teach him. But David was sorry for having said that, and took such pains to make up for it, that Bill really did hold his hand right. But he was so afraid it would get wrong again, that he went to sleep with his finger bent, and as soon as he woke in the morning he practised on the table, to make sure that he could manage it.

It would take too long to speak of every evening; we will therefore go on to a Monday evening, about a month after the school began. By that time Bill knew all his letters, little and big. He could write a great many of them too; but he was also a much better boy, and he would have given his life for David, who was indeed a true friend. David, too, had got on well; and he had written a letter to his mother. The inside of the letter was no trouble, but the outside was not so easy. How to spell "Mrs." that was one question. Then, whether he need put that the house was close by the duck-pond, over against the railway-station. Mrs. Betty thought he need only put the name of the village, and she showed him the outside of a letter which came for her mistress. And David wrote the "Mrs." in chalk on the stable-door, and then copied it on the cover of his letter. He bought a stamp for a penny, and was very happy when the letter was posted, and still happier next morning when he knew his mother had got it. He thought how pleased she would be to know that he was going on with his schooling. She had sent him some clothes too, and some nuts, and he would not have liked to have missed thanking her.

(To be continued.)

## THE REINDEER.

**R**EINDEER, not in fields like ours,  
 Full of grass and bright with flowers;  
 Not in pasture-dales, where glide  
 Never-frozen rivers wide;  
 Not on hills, where verdure bright  
 Clothes them to the topmost height,  
 Is thy dwelling; nor dost thou  
 Feed beneath the orange-bough;  
 Nor doth olive, nor doth vine  
 Bud or bloom in land of thine:  
 Thou wast made to fend and fare  
 In a region bleak and bare;  
 In a dreary land of snow  
 Where green weeds can scarcely grow!  
 Where the skies are grey and drear;  
 Where 'tis night for half the year;  
 Reindeer, where, unless for thee,  
 Human dweller could not be.

When thou wast at first designed  
 By the great Creative Mind—  
 With thy patience and thy speed;  
 With thy aid for human need;  
 With thy gentleness; thy might;  
 With thy simple appetite;  
 With thy foot so framed to go  
 Over frozen wastes of snow,  
 Thou wast made for sterner skies  
 Than horizoned paradise:  
 Thou for frozen lands was meant,  
 Ere the winter's frost was sent;  
 And in love God sped thee forth  
 To thy home, the barren north,  
 Where He bade the rocks produce  
 Bitter lichens for thy use.

What the camel is, thou art,  
 Strong of frame, and strong in heart!  
 Peaceful; steadfast to fulfil;  
 Serving man with right goodwill;  
 Serving long, and serving hard;  
 Asking but a scant reward;  
 Of the snow a short repast,  
 Or the mosses cropt in haste:  
 Then away! with all thy strength,  
 Speeding him the country's length,  
 Speeding onward, like the wind,  
 With the sliding sledge behind.  
 What the camel is, thou art—  
 Doing well thy needful part:  
 O'er the burning sand he goes,  
 Thou upon the arctic snows;  
 Gifted each alike, yet meant  
 For lands and labours different!

More than gold mines is thy worth,  
 Treasure of the desert north,  
 Which, of thy good aid bereft,  
 Ten times desert must be left!  
 Flocks and herds in other lands,  
 And the labour of men's hands;  
 Coined gold and silver fine,  
 And the riches of the mine,—  
 These, elsewhere, as wealth are known,  
 Here, 'tis thou art wealth alone!

MARY HOWITT.



THE STAG IN SUMMER AND  
 WINTER.

**T**HERE are some people who have made natural history such a deep study, that they seem as if





The Stag in Winter.

they could read all the inward feelings of animals. The two pictures of a celebrated German artist, Karl Bodmer, which we reproduce on a small scale, cannot be looked at without making us feel that the artist must be very familiar with animal life.

Look at that stag, standing among the lofty pines : he is listening, with his ears pricked up. It is not an ordinary noise of the wood, not the moaning of the wind, the flying of a bird, the murmuring of a brook, the roar of the mountain torrent, the monotonous cry of the cuckoo, the spring of the hare, which he hears ; no, it is a sound which he has never heard before,—perhaps the galloping of a horse, or the blowing of a horn. He is frightened, becomes restless, his heart beats violently ; the next moment he takes a spring, and is soon far away from the spot.

And the stag, which in the leafless wood is seeking his way through the winter-snow, does he not feel the cold ? Yes ; he, too, is suffering from the rough weather ; he, too, is longing for the blue sky, the warm sun, the green leaves, the song of the birds,—for light, warmth, life. He is sad, and dull, and wretched, and will be so till the spring takes the place of the winter-storm and tempest.

J. F. C.

### COALS OF FIRE ON HIS HEAD.

A PIOUS old Quaker in America had a very bad neighbour, who was in the habit of killing every stray animal that got into his fields. It happened one day that some of the Quaker's sheep got into this man's field, and, as usual, he killed them ; and, to show his wrath still more, he sent for the old man to come and take his sheep home.

When the angry man showed the dead carcasses, instead of being sorry for what he had done, he said, "I will kill every beast of yours that comes on to my ground."

"Well, if thee do," said the Quaker, "I will make thee pay for that."

Not long afterwards some of the wrathful man's sheep got into the Quaker's field. The latter called his boys, and they drove the sheep into the stable and filled the rack with hay and grass ; he then sent for his troublesome neighbour to come and get his sheep. He soon came, expecting to find them dead ; but what was his surprise when the Quaker took him to the stable, where all his sheep were safe and sound, with plenty to eat ! The effect of these "coals of fire on his head" was that he paid the old man for all his sheep that he had killed, and was always afterwards a good neighbour.

## HOW MAGGIE LEARNT OBEDIENCE.



**M**OTHER, let me help you clean down Merton Villa; I know I could; I'm growing big and strong now—twelve year old come Easter."

"But who's to take care of baby?" said Mrs. Miles, a poor, hard-working charwoman, stroking the yellow hair of a small girl who sat in her lap.

"Let's take her, too," suggested Maggie, brightly, "and the dinner, mother, and make what the great

folks call a picnic. Eh, mother? and I'll work, oh, so hard! Oh, what fun it will be!" and Maggie danced about the room.

"Have done, Maggie! you worrit me," said Mrs. Miles. "You are so flighty, child: you must promise me if I take you to do exactly as I tell you, for that's why you are not more use to me: you can't stick to one thing, and what's worse, you don't always do as I bid you."

"Oh, mother," said Maggie, "I don't mean to go against you, but sometimes my way of doing things seems better and quicker than yours."

"Ah, the young folks always think now they are wisest, but in my day there was a bit in the Catechism about 'obey your parents.' I suppose they've altered that now."

Maggie, though a very good scholar, well up in the Catechism, thought it best not to hear her mother's last remark, and began chattering to the baby about the delights of Merton Villa, which was to be "cleaned down" by Mrs. Miles.

On the morrow they started—Mrs. Miles, Maggie, and baby. They had a mile to walk to the outskirts of the town, where, at some distance apart, shining white villas decked the road-side. Merton Villa was one of these; an unfurnished, untenanted house, but now taken by a family, the agent who had let it having told Mrs. Miles to do the cleaning, giving her a key and promising to send down a boy from the shop with soap, brushes, and so on, for her work. It struck six as Mrs. Miles unlocked the back-door of the house. Maggie and baby screamed with joy at the wide staircase, the great bare rooms—such places for play! but their mother knew it was her place for work, and went steadily over the house, opening windows and settling what was to be done. She sent Maggie to the gate to look if the boy with the cleaning materials for her work was coming, and she was much vexed when seven struck without his appearance. By that time she had lighted a fire, put on water to boil, and begun as well as she could to clean one of the bedroom windows. At 8 o'clock she could wait no longer, but determined to go herself to the town to fetch the different articles; Maggie was too careless to trust, she would forget something.

"And I may go on window-cleaning while you are away?" said Maggie.

"Yes, if baby don't fret for you; give her those sticks in the corner to play with. And, Maggie, only clean the inside; father'll do the outsides to-morrow

after hours; it's no work for girls: and besides, it's dangerous standing on those sills."

Maggie went on very steadily at her splashing and rubbing till she had got one window nearly clean, but some ugly spots vexed her, and it was not for some time that she discovered that they were outside the glass. The temptation of opening the window a little, and slipping her hand out to see if they would rub off, was not to be resisted; and then the lower panes looked so bright she must try just those above: by sitting on the sill she could easily reach them, and mother only said standing was dangerous. Oh, Maggie! was that an honest thought?

So she sat on the sill two stories above the ground and scrubbed vigorously, while baby pattered about the room; at last, how it came about she never knew, but the window slipped down upon her knees as she sat, and with all her efforts she could not raise it. Maggie was completely caught in a trap, and durst not struggle for fear of falling; but that fear was groundless, for her knees were firmly held by the heavy window. Mother must return before she could be released. After ten minutes Maggie began to feel giddy and terrified in her strange position. Baby, too, began to scream; and then Maggie ventured to twist her head a little round, to see if mother was in sight up the long dusty road. No mother, but a baker's boy, who thought her in fun, and laughed and mocked her cries for help, and went on with his basket of bread. Then Maggie burst into a fit of sobbing; she thought that she should die up there; that no one would help her. Just then a gentleman passed and stopped, looking up astonished: Maggie called to him as well as she could, and he rapidly made his way to the house, dashed a pane out of the window and so got in, for Mrs. Miles had locked the back-door after her. He soon made his way into the bedroom, and saw the state of the case at a glance; held Maggie's legs firmly between his knees while he opened the window; and then laying the trembling girl on the floor, asked her how she came there in so dangerous a position? Maggie sobbed afresh, but did not like to answer; she murmured something that sounded like "mother."

"Then your mother is much to blame for putting you to such dangerous work," said the gentleman. "Where is she?"

"She didn't! she didn't!" said Maggie, quite sobered by the accusation. "She never did! Oh, sir, I'm always doing what she tells me. not! Oh, mother, mother!" as Mrs. Miles entered the room, greatly bewildered by the sight of a gentleman.

It was some moments before Mrs. Miles made out all that had passed, and then she was indeed greatly shocked and distressed. One good, however, came of it, that Maggie has learnt at last to obey her parents.

H. A. F.

## A WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

**T**HE Rosstrappe is a lofty rock, which rises in the centre of the Harz mountains, of a sugar-loaf shape, and which is surrounded by still higher rocks, through which a stream flows. If one stands on the extreme summit of the Rosstrappe, and wishes to

look down over its cliffs, one must lie down upon one's face, otherwise it is impossible to do so without feeling giddy. The rock is almost perpendicular. So steep are its sides, that an animal can scarcely climb up them. Some years ago, three children, a girl aged fourteen, with her brother and cousin, aged eleven and twelve, went to gather wood, which is to be found on the right side of the Rosstrappe.

Here it first slopes down like a smooth roof, then suddenly comes the steep declivity of the rock, into the abyss below. As the children were clambering about, a stone on which the elder boy was standing rolled away under his feet, and with his basket on his back he fell over the abyss. The other two, gazing down to consider how they might help him, became giddy, and fell over too.

They all remained at a depth of about 250 feet from the summit (about a third of the height of the precipice), on a ledge in the rock, where a few old trunks of trees stood. The girl could only stammer forth a few syllables, and soon after died, but the boys lived and were not much injured. Indeed they said that they fell asleep quite quietly upon the rock: probably they were stunned and faint from the fall. Had one of them even turned in his sleep he must have fallen down over the precipice, but the watchful eye of their faithful God preserved them from this. After they had slept a few hours they woke up; and their position was the more deplorable, because no one knew of their sad accident, and could come and help them. Thirst troubled them very much. The younger boy especially was so tortured by it that he determined to try if he could not climb up again. From nine in the morning till one in the afternoon he continued to climb, always in a circle, round the rocks, and at last came safely to the top. Efforts were at once made to save the other boy. A wood-cutter, named Fricke, let himself down by a cord, and looked about for the poor lad. At first he could not find him; at last he heard him moaning under a rock without being able to approach him; he then called to him to creep a little out from under the rock. When the boy tried to do this, the basket which he carried on his back, and which, from exhaustion, he could not get rid of, prevented him; he stumbled again, and fell down thirty feet, with a cry of anguish. The basket alone saved him from destruction, for it caught between a large stone and the trunk of a tree, where he remained hanging, and quite wedged in. Fricke now reached him and brought him safely up, and the next day fetched also the body of the poor little girl.

Little as it is possible to understand from a mere description of the form of the rock and the depth of the yawning abyss, if one has not been in the place, yet one shudders at the danger in which those children were, and thanks God, who not only can give life, but also can preserve it. Impossible as it appears that any one should live after falling from such a height, it is still more wonderful how the boy was able to get up again, for the rocks on both sides are so steep that no animal ever attempts to climb them, and only moss and a few blades of grass grow in the clefts of the rocks; and yet, by God's providence, this boy came safely to the top. J. F. C.

## THE STORY OF BOB.

"SHAKE hands, Bob, there's a good dog!" said a sailor to a splendid Newfoundland one day in Regent's Park. "Don't be frightened, little missie," said the man to a little girl who was sitting upon the nurse's lap; "Bob loves children, and he would not hurt a hair of your head."

When Fred and Janie saw how tame and quiet the large dog was, they crept gradually nearer, and were just in time to hear the sailor tell the nurse the story of his dog.

"Is it my dog?" said the man. "Yes, that he is," patting his head as he spoke; "he was not always mine, but if you like I will tell you how I got him."

"You must know he is a great traveller; he has been to India and to Russia, and I don't know how many other places. Bob has seen a good deal of fighting, too. He belonged to an officer on board my ship when we went to fight the Russians in the Crimea, and he has saved more than one man's life by picking them out of the sea."

"I thought all sailors could swim," said Fred, who was by this time standing by the sailor, and listening with open eyes and mouth.

"They all ought to be able," replied the sailor, "but some don't take the trouble to learn. But Bob can swim—it comes natural to him. I remember one day, as we were lying off Sebastopol, our Captain told one of my shipmates to go up the mast-head to look out. There was a heavy sea running at the time, and poor Jim Harriss fell overboard. Bob saw him fall, and was over the bulwarks in a jiffy; he caught Jim by the collar of his jacket, and held him up till a boat was got out to save him."

"Did Bob ever save a little boy or a little girl?" asked Janie.

"Ay, missie, that he did," said the sailor. "We had a little Russian boy on board our ship, and called him Johnny. One of the sailors found him on shore nearly starved to death, sitting by the side of a Russian who had been shot. The sailor who found Johnny brought the little chap on board, and we kept him and fed him, and he became quite a pet. But one day Johnny was playing about, and he slipped through one of the port-holes, and fell into the sea. Bob was on deck too, and saw Johnny fall, and jumped in after him and held him up, just as if the child had been a puppy, and saved him."

"But how did Bob belong to you?" said the nurse.

"Well, I will tell you. I used to have the care of him for his master, and no dog ever had a better master. One day Captain Hill said to me, 'Jack, if anything should happen to me I must leave Bob to you, and I will leave you something to keep him.' I said, 'I should be glad to keep him, sir, for old acquaintance sake; and I dare say I shall always have enough for myself and Bob too.' Well, Captain Hill went on shore about a week after that, and he was shot, poor gentleman! Bob was in a terrible






"Shake hands, Bob."

way when he found his master did not come back ; he swam to shore to look for him the next day. I was on shore that day, and saw poor Bob hunting about the battle-field for a long time. At last I saw him stop—he had found his master's body. The poor dog licked his face all over, and moaned piteously.

He stayed there till the body was buried, and I had hard work to get him away at last, and when we sailed from the coast he had no chance of getting back again. I sometimes think he remembers about his master, for when I say, 'Bob, where's the captain?' he looks very sad."

W. M.

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# Chatterbox.





## THE GREEDY BOY.

A GENTLEMAN once chanced to be just behind two ragged little boys, one of whom had just picked up a pear which had been thrown away by some passer-by, who was more dainty than these poor little street-urchins.

The boy who had picked up the pear was a generous little fellow, though he was clad in rags. He handed the pear to his companion, and told him he might have the first bite. His friend was as generous as himself, for he was going to take only a very small bite. The finder, seeing this, said to him, "Bite bigger, Billy; maybe we'll drop on another before long."

And that was a noble speech in the lips of that poor ragged boy. It showed that he had an unselfish heart beating under his tattered waistcoat, and that he knew the pleasure of doing a kind action.

You may be sure that he enjoyed his half pear far more than the boy in our picture would enjoy his apple, which he is eating all himself, though his two companions' eyes say, as plain as if they spoke the words, that they would greatly relish a bite. He does not know what Billy's ragged friend knew, and what we hope all readers of *Chatterbox* will remember, that there is much more real solid pleasure in sharing what is nice with others, than having it all to one's self—that in little things as well as in big we should "remember the words of the Lord JESUS, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts, xx. 35.)

## FARM LADS AT KNOWLE.

(Continued from page 315.)



MR. GRAY had spoken every Monday night to all the boys. Sometimes he told them stories and made them laugh, and sometimes he had something serious to say; and on this Monday evening he was very grave. He said, "Boys, I want to tell you that a great deal of mischief has been done in the school-yard these last few moonlight nights; and that if it happens again I shall shut up the school. We light the room and warm it, and we pay a master to teach you, and we give our time—and you must do your part. Some of the lead has been pulled off the cistern, and the pipe is bent: and I am sorry to think that there is any boy here who would steal. And if anything of the kind happens again I shall put it in the hands of the police, and shut up the school. I shall not punish in any way this time."

Every moment seemed an hour to Bill. As soon as ever they got out he rushed to David and said,—

"Oh, Davie, I know about the lead."

"You, Bill?" cried David.

"Holloa! out of the way, can't you?" was called out; and Ben Rose, a rough, strong lad, pushed David and Bill apart, Bill falling on to the kerbstone

and striking his head against it violently. Ben ran on with an oath; but there Bill lay still, without moving. They were half-a-mile from the farm, and poor David did not know what to do, nor where to look for help. At last he thought of Mr. Green, and he ran on fast till he overtook him; and he came back and kindly helped David to bring poor Bill to his house, and then went for the doctor. The boy was much hurt. David thought he must be dead. He could not speak or move, and his hands fell down if they were lifted up. But the doctor said he was not dead, and that he had better be left quite still while David went and told what had happened. David's mind was full of the few words that Bill had spoken. If he were a thief! and if he were not, why had he not told David about it before?

## CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Rivers was very kind. He had poor Bill put on a clean bed, and Mrs. Rivers bathed his head, and at last left Betty to sit by him. David would have been glad to sit up, but they would not let him. He could not sleep, he thought of Bill so much. And all of a sudden he remembered about Bill saying that he did not see why Adam and Eve should have been so punished for taking an apple. But still David could not think he had taken the lead. He could not make it out, anyhow, for Bill *had* said that he knew about it; and why had he not told him of it sooner? Then all at once a thought struck him, and he jumped out of bed and knelt down to ask God not to let Bill die, and to make it plain about the lead. Then he felt happier, and soon fell asleep. The next morning when he woke he thought that something was the matter; and when he looked round for Bill he remembered what it was. Mrs. Betty told him that the poor lad was still very bad, and that he must not go to him. The doctor would not let anybody fresh go in. He had not taken anything, and moaned as if he was in great pain.

Mr. Gray had heard of the accident, and soon came to the farm. He had been to Ben Rose already that morning, and Ben had said that he knew all about it. He said that he had been passing the two boys, and as he did so, he heard Bill say that he took the lead. Then the boys began to fight, and Bill was knocked down. Ben touched his hat, and was so civil, that Mr. Gray was quite pleased with him; and felt sure that he had not pushed Bill down. It was one boy's word against another's, for now, when he got to the farm, David gave him his account of it all. Mr. Gray then asked him if he knew anything about the lead? and David said,—

"Must I tell, sir, if I do?"

"Don't you think you would be more happy if you did?" asked Mr. Gray.

David did not know what to say, so he made no answer at all, and Mr. Gray was vexed. It was not like Ben, he thought, who had been so open and civil. David had a cart-whip in his hand, and he turned it round and began flicking it, but still he did not speak.

"I wish you to tell me at once whether you took



the lead?" said Mr. Gray, in a very severe voice. But still David could not speak. The tears came into his eyes; but how could he throw the blame on Bill, lying up there so ill, perhaps dying?

"I would rather not tell, please, sir," he said, at last.

"Then you cannot expect me to trust you," said Mr. Gray. "I am very sorry about it all," he added; "and if you would only tell me what you know, I would not say a word more about it."

"I will as soon as ever I can; indeed I will, sir."

"May God help you to do what is right, my boy!" And Mr. Gray turned to go into the house. Mrs. Rivers took him up to look at Bill, who lay with his eyes shut, and with wet rags over his forehead. He was better, but the doctor had said he was not to be talked to; so Mr. Gray went down and spoke to Mr. Rivers about both the lads. They had been a very short time in his service, but he had always found them good and industrious. Betty, he said, knew more about them than he did: and so Betty was asked what she thought of them. She gave them both a good character.

"Mazin' anxious to get on with their larning, to be sure! Never heard neither of 'em tell a lie, nor never missed so much as a potato."

Mr. Gray could not make it out, so he said no more. A day or two after that they let him see Bill, who could not remember the fall, or anything that had happened since. He was very weak, and very shy, and he found it harder than ever to talk, or to think. Mr. Gray wished to ask about the lead, but he did not like to do so yet.

It was a fortnight before Bill could do anything, and all that time Mr. and Mrs. Rivers were so good and kind to him, that he made up his mind to work for them for the rest of his life. His mother came to see him once, but she was rough and noisy, and Bill felt very tired after she was gone. As he got better he went back to his books and writing, and on the next Monday he meant to go to school. So David was anxious to get the matter of the lead settled.

On the Sunday evening he had been reading to Bill, when all at once he said,—

"I say, Bill, tell me about the school lead."

Bill at first did not know what he meant, which was a great comfort, because if he had stolen it he would not have forgotten it.

"Yes, I know, Davie," he said, at last. "Ben Rose asked me to take it for him to Lave's, to see what they'd give. If I got a good lot, I was to have sixpence. But I was afraid to, and then Ben swore at me. I didn't know it was the school lead then. Was it, Davie?"

"I don't know," David answered. "I'm glad you did not do it. But if Mr. Gray asks you about it, what shall you say?"

"Oh, Davie, will he ask? Ben will kill me."

"Well, he nearly did that once—he'd better not try again."

"I'll stay away, Davie."

"No, no; let's tell the truth. Perhaps we need not mention Ben at all, if you think he'd hurt you."

But Bill could not think any more. His head swam, and he felt sick and giddy.

Both the boys were glad when the next evening was over, and Mr. Gray said nothing to Bill, except a kind word about being glad to see him at school again. Ben Rose did not always come to school, and he was not there that night. He was too fond of the idle corner. But once, while the school was going on, David was almost sure he saw Ben's face pressed against the window. And he wondered that he should like to stay out in the cold when he might have come inside.

The next morning the lads were out early as usual; and they had scarcely finished their breakfast when Mr. Gray, on his pony, came into the yard. Without knowing why, both the boys felt some fear. They had never seen him come like that before. Something must have happened. Betty went out and asked him if he wished to see Mr. Rivers, but he told her he wished to speak to the lads, who had been to school the night before. He called them by names they never heard, except when they were called over by the master.

"William Wall and David Bell, I wish to speak to you. I did not think, William," he said, "that you would steal again. Is that your way of thanking God for making you well?"

Bill did not speak: he only stared. And David knew no better than he did what it all meant.

"I am afraid you know better than I do," Mr. Gray went on, "that the master's desk was robbed last night after the boys left. When Mr. Green came to see that the fires were out the last thing, and to take the money, it was gone."

The lads gave no sign of guilt. They looked at each other, and then at Mr. Gray, but he could see in their faces that he was telling them what they did not know before.

"I should not have thought of you, if David had spoken the truth about the lead," he said; "but you know quite well, David, that you would not do this, when I asked you the morning after it was found out."

"But he didn't know, sir," said Bill.

"Take care what you say," said Mr. Gray. "He did know, but he would not tell the truth."

"May I tell now, Bill?" asked David.

Bill nodded. And David, in a clear voice, told it all to Mr. Gray, very much to the surprise of Betty, who stood with her arms folded a little way off.

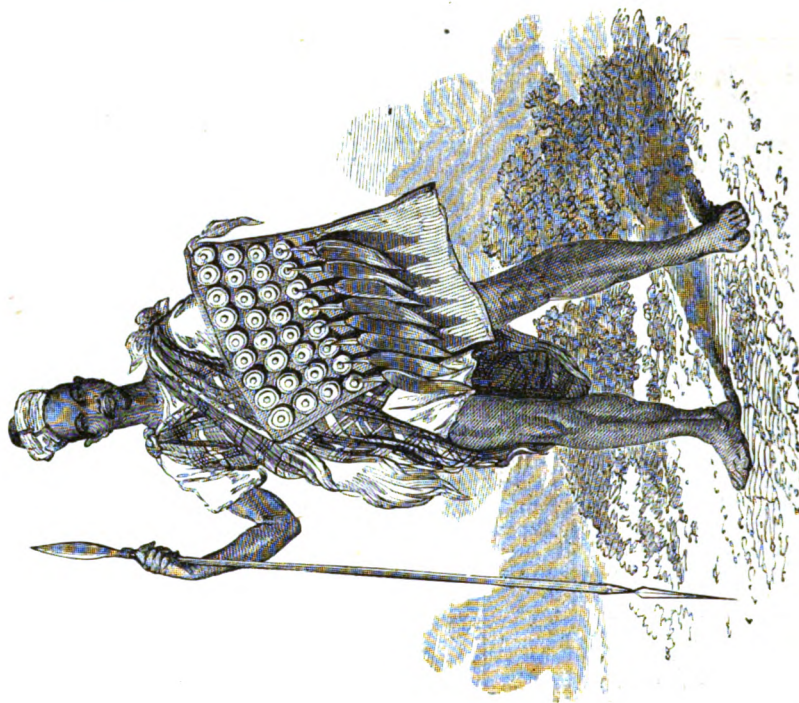
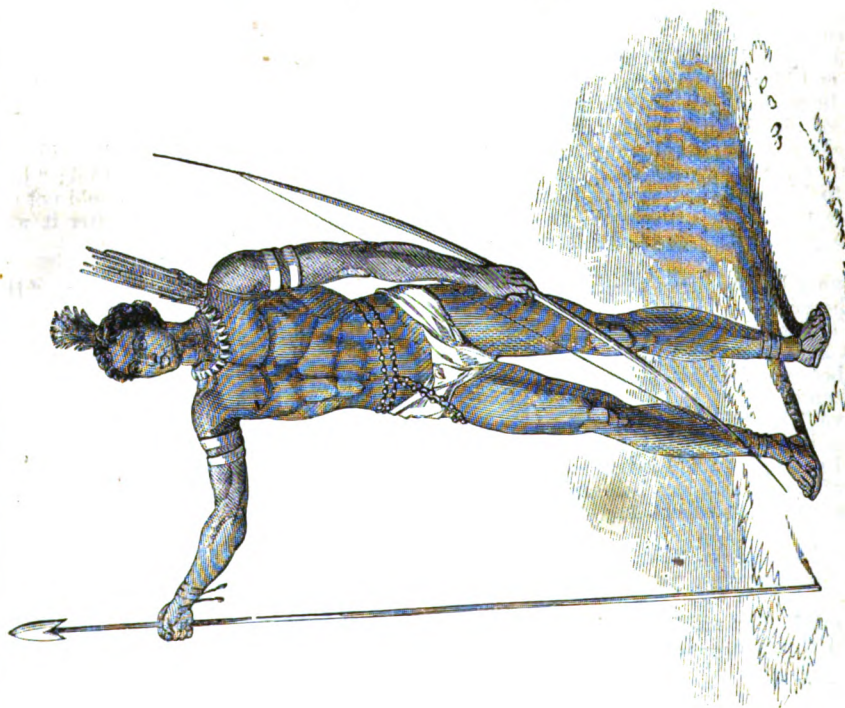
"She couldn't have spoken like that," she said to herself. "Whatever was the boy made of, not to be afraid of the parson no more than nothing?"

"Now, Bill, are you sure of this?" asked Mr. Gray, at the end of David's story. "Did you tell David this?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bill. "Davie don't tell lies."

"No, I can see that. Davie is a good lad. He bore the blame for you, Bill. I thought he had stolen the lead, and he would not say he had not done it, for fear I might think that you had. But as you have been mentioned to me again now, about this stealing of the school money, I must ask you one or two questions."

(To be continued.)



### THREE WARRIORS.

WE present our readers this week with portraits of three warriors, from different parts of the heathen world. Such pictures are not in vain. They serve to make us better acquainted with our fellow-creatures — savages though they be ; and should lead us to thank God that He has placed the meanest of us here

in a much better condition than the best of these poor people abroad.

The first and most respectable-looking of the three is a native of East Africa. His home, if home it can be called, is upon the head-waters of the river Nile, a country through which Captain Speke passed, and of which you lately read in

*Chatterbox.* The people are of Ethiopian race, — black, but without negro features. The men are nearly all warriors ; the women nearly all servants. How these men adorn themselves will be best understood from the picture. Captain Speke resided among them for many months. He found them, on the whole, hospitable ; but





he was a favoured guest and a curiosity, for no white man had ever been there before. One day, at Uganda, he showed the people his picture-books and his watch. The people took the watch to be their god. Speke says, "As I put the watch close to the ear of one of them, 'Tick, tick, tick!—woh, woh, woh!' they cried. Everybody must hear it; and then the works had to be seen. 'Oh, fearful!' said one; 'hide your faces! It is the Lubari. Shut it up, shut it up; we have seen enough: it is the Lubari!'"

The second figure represents another warrior. He is black too, but his race dwells in a country beyond Burmah, in Asia. The people are called Shendoos. We know little about them. They live by hunting. Their mode of catching the elephant is worth telling. The elephants are shot with large arrows, set in traps of immense size, so placed that when the elephant treads on a wire the trap sends the arrow into the animal's side. The people then approach, finish the work, and eat the elephant, and think it a great dainty. The tusks are sold to Burmese traders. The bosses on the shield of the man in the picture are made of ivory.

The next figure looks the wildest of the three. It is a likeness of one of the old natives of Australia. Though the man looks so wild, he is by nature timid, dull, and slothful. His people have not been able to stand before the white man, and have retreated into the interior. There are now only a few

left, and in a short time the race will most likely have died out altogether.

When the native goes hunting all his sluggishness is thrown off, and he becomes like another being. His eye lightens up, and as he starts out armed with his boomerang and spear, he can leap, and rival the speed of some animals. When he is after a kangaroo he skims the ground, but without noise, and rolls his eyes from side to side, marking everything. Suddenly he stops, as if transfixed—he has sighted a kangaroo. Now he neither moves nor cries, but looks, as he stands there naked, like the burnt stump of a tree. By degrees the animal forgets its fear, and goes on feeding; and by degrees also the hunter manages to get nearer; glides on a little, stops, glides on again, all without the slightest rustle, till he comes near enough, and then with one bound he attacks the animal, piercing it through with one thrust. The kangaroo's flesh is eaten, its skin makes a cloak, its sinews give the hunter thread, and he makes his needles out of its bones.

The native in the picture is about to throw the boomerang. This is a curious instrument, and it requires practice and skill to use it. When properly balanced, and thrown by an expert hand, it will wheel through the air in a circle of some hundreds of feet, and return almost to the place from whence it was cast. Whatever meets it in its course, whether man, beast, or bird, must fall before it. B. W.



## AN EARLY DEATH IN THE 'SEA.

IT is Sunday morning. A young man is walking steadily on through the darkness. Not a moon-beam lightens up the silent earth, a thick fog so frequent on the North Sea coast hides even the light of the stars. The wanderer does not trouble himself about that. He knows well the road and the path, for he is hastening home to the little island, Baltrum, to celebrate with his family the birthday of our Lord and the happy new year. He is a young sailor, tall and handsome, with fair hair and blue eyes, one of the cleverest and most industrious scholars of the seaman's school at Timmel, in East Friesland; he is good and brave too, with all the light heartedness of a thorough sailor.

At last he reaches the dyke, and the sea lies before him, which separates him from his native island. With joy he greets the salt water, and his keen eye tries to penetrate through the fog in order to recognise the shores of his home. In vain! the clock of the nearest village is striking six o'clock, but it is still dark as midnight.

A boat is soon found, and two strong fishermen are tugging at the oars to convey the impatient traveller to his much-wished-for goal. Every stroke of the oar brings him nearer to it; his eyes flash brighter with joy, and in heart he sees already all whom he loves around him. In thought he is pressing the hand of his faithful father; he is kissing the cheek of his anxious mother; he is hastening with his brothers from neighbour to neighbour; he is caressing his dear sister and frolicking with the little ones: he will be at home soon, very soon!

Land at last! The boat stops, the lad jumps on shore, a short, hearty farewell, a warm shake of the hand, and the boat returns to the coast: the youth hastens with rapid strides towards the village.

But what is this? a broad expanse of water stops his progress. He dashes into it to wade through it. What does he care for cold and wet! only land-rats fear them. But he soon discovers that it is impossible. Perhaps he has gone in a wrong direction; but to the right and the left there is no way out. Then a terrible suspicion arises within him, which soon becomes a fearful certainty. He is not upon the island; he is in the midst of the sea upon a sandbank, which now at low tide is dry, but soon after the turn of the tide will be deep under the water. Deceived by the still dense fog, the boatmen have mistaken this sandbank for his native shore, and now it is to become his last resting-place!

Perhaps the boat is still near! He calls out with all his might. Hark! does he not hear the strokes of the oars; are they not coming back to take him on further—to save his young life? Alas! no! It is only the waves rolling on. Perhaps another boat is near; perhaps he is so near to the shore that people there will hear his cry for help. But loud as he makes his voice to sound, not a boat leaves the strand—he stands a solitary man in the midst of the sea, on a narrow sandbank, which each

minute is decreasing in size, for the tide has turned. In a short time he will stand in the water, and in a few minutes more there will be one soul less upon the earth.

Escape is no longer possible; he knows it. It is a dreadful thought for the young man of twenty-one years, before whom life such a short time ago looked like one long, bright sunshine. To be obliged to die—he who so longed to live; to be obliged to die here, so far from every human soul, not at his post of duty in a storm; so near his family too, who knew not that their Tjark was now passing through his death-struggle—oh, it was a terrible thought!

Yes, in the first moments it seemed as if his courage must give way beneath this unspeakable trial. Despair well-nigh overwhelmed him. But soon the seed of grace which his father's and mother's tender care had watched and cultivated gained the victory in his breast, and a calm resignation to the will of Him, before whom he so soon must stand, came over his soul, and gave him comfort and courage to look his last hour quietly in the face.

He must say farewell, farewell for ever! It was hard enough for him before, when duty called him, to tear himself away from his beloved family, but then the hope of a happy return home filled his soul; but now to take leave of them for ever: to take leave of them! Yes, they should know how and where he died, and that in his last hours he thought of them with the old love. But who would carry his farewell to them? Would the sea, who till now had been his faithful friend, refuse this last service of love? No, he thought; and he was not wrong.

Nine weeks after the sea threw his last words, written in his pocket-book, upon the shore at Wangeroog, and his family, plunged in deepest grief, received them and read them over and over again, and preserve them as a sacred relic.

Think, my reader, of that strong young man in the bloom of youth in the midst of the sea. The waves already roll over his feet, the winds play with his fair hair, and he—is writing! To whom? To whom should he write but to his mother?

"Dear mother, may God comfort you, for your son Tjark is no more. I am standing here and praying God to pardon my sins. My best love to you all!"

Thus he wrote, and signed his full name underneath. His soul had become calmer after he had taken leave of his mother; and a few seconds after he again took the pencil and wrote,—

"The water is now up to my knees; I must very soon be drowned, for help is no longer to be thought of. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Yes, he must very soon be drowned. He can scarcely stand now: the waves are swelling around him and lifting him up, soon they will overwhelm him, only the weight of his body keeps him upright.

Is there then indeed no help for him? His watch shows him that it is now nine o'clock; it will soon be church-time: then his father and mother, his two brothers, his sister and her little ones, will go to church, and the clergyman will pray to-day as he

does day by day for all those who are at sea, and commend them to the care of Eternal Love; but no one suspects that within sight of the church a strong son of the island is breathing out his young life.

"It is nine o'clock," he writes; "you are just going to church; pray for me, poor fellow, that God may have mercy upon me. Amen."

And now the moment of departure has come he writes,—

"Dear parents, brothers, and sisters, I am standing now on a sandbank, and must be drowned! I shall never see you again and you will never see me! May God have mercy upon me and comfort you! I place this book in a little box I was bringing for my sister. God grant that you may receive these lines from my hand. This is my last love and greeting to you. God forgive me my sins, and take me to Himself into His heavenly kingdom. Amen!"

The box which contained sweet-meats for his sister's children now became the envelope of poor Tjark's last letter; he wrapped it up in his handkerchief and committed it to the waves, that they might bear it to the friendly shore.

More he did not write; what he prayed then, how the waves overwhelmed him and swallowed him up, how he struggled and died, whether or no his body was cast upon the shore, all this has remained a secret until this hour. J. F. C.

### THE GREEDY MOUSE.

From the German of F. Gull. (A free translation.)

THE Cook said to the Maid,—

"You must catch that little Mouse;  
There is nothing safe in the house,  
In the kitchen or the cellar,  
From that tiresome little fellow.

Where there is meat,  
There he will eat;  
What smells good  
He takes for food.

In the kitchen cupboard he's nibbled a hole;  
Nothing's too good for the pert little soul.  
Girl, you must catch him and drive him away,  
Into the woods or the fields, I say."

Then the Maid said to the Mouse,—

"Stay in your house,  
Little Mouse;

Steal no more meat, I pray;  
Go no more out to play,  
Or you'll be caught and killed, perhaps,  
In one of my clever little traps."

Then the Maid put everything carefully by,

Covered up the meats,

Hid away the sweets,

Baited the trap with hot bacon, and said,  
"Now I'll set it in the corner, and be off to bed."

The little Mouse sat in his hole,  
And shivered, but not with the cold;  
Said he, "It's quite true what she says,  
I'd better mind what I'm told."

But this wise fit only lasted for a little while.

He grew bolder soon,  
Peeped into the room.

"That bacon," said he, "smells uncommonly nice;  
"I must have a bit,

If I die for it—

Just once won't matter; I'll be back in a trice."

So he scampered quickly across the floor,

Squeezed himself small,  
Rolled himself in a ball,  
Curled his tail round,  
To take up less ground,

In a place which was rather crampy, it's true,  
But where bacon most temptingly hung in view.

Oh, how good it looked!

He smelt it—he tasted—  
He gobbled—he hasted  
To eat every bit,  
So delicious was it!

When lo! a small noise—a clatter—a snap—  
Mousey is caught in the terrible trap!

Bang at the door

He rushed in a fright;

That was no use,

It was shut tight:

Scramble up the walls—

That was poor fun,

They were too steep;

Windows were none;

Scratching and scrambling, twisting and turning,  
Mousey in trembling must wait for the morning.

When the Cook came down in the morning,

"Oh, there you are, little Mouse!" said she,

"You who gobbled my dainties so greedily.

Not content with the crumbs on the floor,

Nightly you pilfered more and more.

'Just once won't matter, I think you said,'

When you crept out to steal while we all were in bed.

Now you are caught

You must be taught

That 'just once' does matter most certainly,

When one knows one is doing wrong, you see.

A terrible fright

You have had this night.

And, now, suppose I should call the cat!

But no! I'm not quite so hard as that;

Ssssssh—off to the fields, you foolish Mouse,

Never more let me see your face in this house."

H. A. F.

### GOING TO THE BUFFALO HUNT.

FAR away in the wilds of North America is a place called the Red River Settlement, where reside about ten thousand people, most of whom are French half-breeds. They are a careless set of people, and cannot settle down to the dull round of farm labour: the hunter's life has a far greater charm for them, so that in their life is combined that of ploughman, fisherman, and hunter.

Nothing is so agreeable to the French half-breed as to sit on his horse, galloping at its utmost speed, and to dash into the herd of buffalo, rifle in hand,





Going to the Hunting-ground.

and bring down the finest among them; then, throwing down his cap or necktie by the side of his victim, to show that it is his, still at the gallop, he reloads his rifle, drops a bullet into it from his mouth, and another shot brings down another, and again another. Horse and man are alike excited, and pursue the flying herd as long as strength permits, or until one or both come to grief, for, as you may suppose, such exciting sport is attended with a great deal of danger.

Twice in the course of the year a number of those men, with their wives and families, leave their homes to go out and hunt the buffalo; and now may be seen a string of, perhaps, a hundred and fifty carts, each cart containing a family, with all the necessaries of camp-life. Arrived in the hunting-grounds the camp is formed, and every precaution is taken to prevent surprise from hostile Indians; and now the buffalo must be sought, and sometimes he must be sought long before he is found: but when he is found, what joy! the dashing troop of as fine horsemen as the world can show dash off like madmen, yet madmen as self-possessed as it is possible for men to be. Crack, crack, crack, go the rifles in every direction, and the wonder is how they can avoid shooting each other, but somehow

they very seldom do that. The plain is scattered over with the bodies of the slain.

By-and-bye they are stripped of their fine skins, which, when dressed, make excellent rugs; their tongues are cut out and dried, as they are considered dainty morsels; the flesh is taken from the carcase, cut into thin pieces, and thoroughly dried over the fire: it is then pounded very fine; the fat is put into a kettle and melted, and while still liquid the pounded meat is put in, together with some wild berries, and all thoroughly mixed together. It is now poured into a large bag made of the skin of the buffalo, and becomes what is termed *pemmican*, which is sent into various parts of the western country as food for the people living at the lonely ports there.

Well, the buffalos have been killed, their skins have been stripped off, their flesh has been pounded, the fat melted, the *pemmican* made, the bags filled; the carts are again loaded, and now are as full as they can be; the procession is reformed: by-and-bye the Red River Settlement is reached, and they enter in triumph, amid the hearty congratulations of their friends. Now, who but would like to be one of a party going off in one of the carts to the great buffalo hunt?

J. H.



# Chatterbox.



Bill's Old Habit.



## FARM LADS AT KNOWLE.

*(Continued from p. 323.)*

ETTY, what time were these lads in last night?"

"Their time's a quarter to nine, sir," Betty answered; "and I make so bold to say they always keeps it reg'lar. Last night they'd had their supper and was off to bed by nine."

"Thank you, Betty," said Mr. Gray. "Now, my lads, you are quite clear, and I hope you'll go on as well as you have begun."

"Please, sir," said Davie, "are you going to tell Ben Rose about the lead? It'll go hard with Bill, sir, if you do."

"All right, David; I'll take care of Bill." And Mr. Gray rode off, having said a word to the farmer and his wife.

Mr. Gray could not help suspecting Ben Rose of both the thefts. But Ben had not been at the school the night before; and when the clergyman questioned him, he said that his master had sent him to Weston, and that he had not got back till the church clock was striking ten. He thought the matter over, and the more he thought, the more sure he felt that David Bell was a true-hearted and good lad. He had done all he could to get Bill on; he had taught him to pray. Bill had told Mr. Gray of that when he asked him if he said his prayers; and, best of all, he had bravely borne the suspicion that he was a thief, in order that Bill might not suffer. He had kept him away from the idle corner, too, where he used often to be seen before. But all this had been his duty, and so Mr. Gray did not praise him; but he felt very thankful for him, and he determined to keep his eye on him, that he might help him on if he had the chance.

## CHAPTER V.

In the meantime Mr. Gray had kept his word about the police, and had put the matter into their hands. Ben's master did not know what time he had got back from Weston on the night the school-money was stolen; he had been out himself that evening. But it was quite true that he had sent him there, and it would have taken him some time. And Ben's father came to Mr. Gray in a rage to ask why, of all the boys, his son had been pitched on for a thief. It became necessary to speak of the first theft, that of the lead; and, of course, David's and Bill's names had to be mentioned. But it turned out that a little boy named Powell had heard Rose ask Bill to take the lead, and so he could not deny it as he had done before. Still they could find out nothing about the money, which was in coppers, except one sixpence. Ben's father asked "If he had all that money last night, where is it now?" The police could not find out that he had spent any, and they had looked over all his things without finding it. So the matter dropped; but among the lads it was not forgotten. Even some of the best called

David and Bill sneaks, and as they went to church, or through the village, they used to hear all sorts of remarks about themselves, while Ben Rose and his friends at the idle corner bullied them in every way. Mr. Gray had said, that if he found Ben troublesome he would, even now, prosecute him for the theft of the lead; and so the boys were called the "Vicar's darlings," "Rivers's tell-tales," and all sorts of names. They were not allowed to join in cricket, and if they came near some one would say, "Take care what you say. The parson will hear it."

All this was very hard to bear. It made them both very unhappy. Bill had been trying to love God, and to say his prayers, and to speak the truth; and now he began to think it would be better for him to be bad. He should not be so tormented. The devil put that thought into his heart. And David, too, could not help thinking it all very hard; but still he never wished to be like Ben Rose or any of his friends. He knew that our Lord had had to bear being thought ill of, and that His disciples had been ill-treated for His sake, and he tried to show Bill that it must all come right in the end, because they had done what was right. They kept it all to themselves, however. Not even Betty knew why, on the long summer evenings when the boys were at cricket, these two lads hung about the farm and often seemed so sad.

But at last there came a night, a bright July evening, when Bill did not come in to his tea. Betty and David waited and wondered, but he did not come in till nearly nine, and then he did not speak, but went up-stairs and got into bed without saying his prayers.

"Why, Bill," said David, "you've forgot your prayers!"

"You be quiet, I've had enough of your humbug!" answered Bill, roughly.

David did not speak. He and Bill both lay awake, and every now and then Bill turned round in his bed, but did not say a word. In the morning they got up; but Bill did not answer David, who could hardly believe he would wake up as he went to sleep, in ill-temper with him.

The same thing happened the next evening, and the next. Betty watched David over her spectacles: for she felt sorry for the lad, so lone as he was, but he said nothing.

It might be about the middle of the third night, when Bill came softly up to David in the moonlight. David could hear the boards creak long before he saw him; and then in a whisper he said,—

"Are you asleep, Davie?"

"No, Bill, I'm not," said David.

"I say, old fellow . . ." Bill began; but he could not go on.

"Never mind, Bill; it's all right so long as you've come back."

"Oh, but I'm so wicked, Davie, I can't sleep. They got me to play with them—Ben and the rest, I mean—and they said all sorts of things about you. They said you were a sham, and set me against you, and they got it out of me that it was you that told Mr. Gray about Ben. I know you'll hate me, Davie."

"I don't much care what Ben says, but I'm sorry you joined with them in what they said, Bill. I am sorry for that."

"But indeed, Davie, I didn't mean it."

"Very well. We had better try to go to sleep now, Bill. I'm not at all angry."

David did not watch, but he was quite sure that Bill knelt down before he got into bed, and that made him happier. Still he longed very much to get away from Knowle, where everybody, except those in the house, seemed to bear him ill-will.

About this time, however, Mr. Gray began inquiring who in his parish were old enough to be confirmed. The Bishop was coming to Knowle in about two months. He spoke to David and Bill, who were both old enough, and fixed a time when he would see them, and after that, he said, he should arrange to have the boys in classes. There was also, he told them, to be catechising in church. He said that he should not require them to stand up to be questioned, but he should be glad if some of the elder ones would show that they were not ashamed of what they were going to do. He knew, he said, that there were some brave lads in the parish.

The very next Sunday notice of it was given out in church, and all those who wished to be confirmed were asked to give in their names. All were also invited to attend classes at Mr. Gray's house, and he spoke of the catechising in church just as he had done to David and Bill. None need stand up who did not like to do so. David had not forgotten his catechism, but Bill only knew the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and so he was to try and learn the commandments. It was up-hill work, but David was patient, and went over them again and again. He did not care what he did if he could only keep Bill straight. But all his pains seemed likely to be thrown away, when, one evening, Bill came in and said he didn't think he should go to Confirmation after all.

"What's the use of it, Davie?"

"Somebody's put that into your head," said David. "You will soon go wrong if you listen to what one and the other says, Bill. If you don't believe what Mr. Gray says, it's not much use my talking."

"Well, but what is the use then, Davie?"

"Bill, do you mind that story I read to you when you were ill? It was about soldiers and 'listing, and all sorts of things about the army. And do you mind what you said about that fellow, Harry Wheeler, in the story, who deserted and ran away from the captain just as they were going to battle?"

"Yes; I said he deserved to be shot."

"Well, but we're soldiers too, Bill. When we were christened we were made part of an army. If we don't go to Confirmation, we're deserters."

Bill had not lost his old trick of putting his head down almost on his knees to think, and he did so now.

At last David said, "I shouldn't wonder if Ben said it was no good—eh, Bill?"

"P'raps he did."

"And do you think Ben a wiser and better man than Mr. Gray, then?"

Bill laughed, and said, "I should think not!"

"Well, then, why do you listen to him?"

So again David prevailed, and the two went as before to the class, and no more was said till Sunday morning, when Bill said that he meant going over to his home in the afternoon. He wanted David to go with him; but though he would have liked it, David said he could not go that day. Bill pressed for his reason, but David did not tell. He did not wish to make himself out to be better than Bill.

So he went to church alone in the afternoon. And when the second lesson was over he walked all the way up the long nave to the step of the chancel where Mr. Gray stood. Several lads, who had said they would not stand up to be catechised to please anybody, left their places and followed him, and at last a fair number were ranged in the circle. David felt very odd as he walked up the church. People looked round at him, and his heart beat so fast that it seemed to him that everybody must hear it. But he thought of the deserter, and of his own great Captain, and he soon found courage to listen to and answer the questions.

It did not last long, and as he went back to his seat he heard Ben Rose whisper, "Well done, parson's darling!" which made all the lads about him laugh. Ben and his friends only went to church when there was no nutting or anything more amusing to do, and it would have been far better if they had not gone at all, for they mocked God and disturbed other people. Mr. Gray had spoken to them in and out of church, but if for a moment they were quiet, they were soon as bad or worse than ever.

(To be continued.)

### SHAN'T AND WON'T.

*SHAN'T* and *Won't* were two sturdy brothers,

Angry, and sullen, and gruff;

*Try* and *Will* are dear little sisters,

One scarcely can love them enough.

*Shan't* and *Won't* looked down on their noses,

Their faces were dismal to see;

*Try* and *Will* are brighter than roses

In June, and as blithe as the bee.

*Shan't* and *Won't* were backward and stupid,—

Little, indeed, did they know;

*Try* and *Will* learn something new daily,

And seldom are heedless or slow.

*Shan't* and *Won't* loved nothing—no, nothing

So much as to have their own way;

*Try* and *Will* give up to their elders,

And try to please others at play.

*Shan't* and *Won't* came to terrible trouble—

Their story is too sad to tell!

*Try* and *Will* are now in the school-room,

Learning to read and to spell.

A\*.





A Slave Hunter.

**THE STORY OF YARRAH, A SLAVE.**

## CHAPTER I.

**T**HE children of England in these happy days know little about slavery, for we see nothing of it with our eyes. It has long been a law of our land, that as soon as a slave touches English ground, in any part of the world, from that moment he is free.

Slavery, however, still goes on in many places. Portuguese and other traders still buy and sell their fellow-creatures, and the horrible cruelties that follow on their seizure and sale have not yet ceased.

The great continent of Africa for hundreds of years has been looked on by many as a hunting-ground for the man-stealers. White men have stations on the coast, from whence they send their agents into the interior on these wicked expeditions.





Slave Hunters Sacking a Village.

How the slaves are caught and sold, and how they are sometimes happily rescued by English ships, and restored to their country, will be learnt from the following history of Yarraha, a slave-boy.

Yarraha was the son of a small chief, or headman, named Oboabi, who ruled over a village in the interior of the country. This village was tidy and clean for an African one. The huts were all neatly roofed, each one enclosed in its own compound, or yard, the whole being surrounded by a wall, and, though all was only made of mud, yet mud is an admirable material for building in Africa. Outside this wall was an open space where the people grew their yams and maize, and, further off, was a dense thicket, which completely hid the village till any one was close to it. About the huts grew fine specimens of the plantain and palm-tree, and at no great distance was the water of a river. Fowls and goats fed in the open places, and children, as children everywhere do, assembled daily to play. The older folks came out too, for their gossip or *pahver*; and, for heathen negroes, the people were all very happy. The main cause of this prosperity was that Yarraha's father, Oboabi, was a quiet man, and not fond of falling out with his neighbours, like most African rulers.

From time to time, however, this quiet village was disturbed by the fears of an attack. Some of the inhabitants had once seen from beyond the bush the flames of another village, which had been

fired by the slave-hunters. This alarmed them, but the best they could do was to raise the mud walls a few feet higher, and trust to the concealment of the village by the bush.

It was in vain. They were found out before very long, and the men-stealers, who were employed by the powerful King of Dahomey (himself only an agent of the white traders on the coast), came one day, and attacked the place. They burst the gates, and in a minute the hitherto happy village was in their hands. The people were defenceless, and had to yield. Some made their escape, but nearly all the young and active, who were most saleable, fell into the hunters' hands. Some mothers saw their children taken away, and there was great weeping that day, and there were many poor black Rachels "who refused to be comforted."

Among the captives was Yarraha. He had been sent by his father to a farm in the morning, and was returning home, thoughtless enough of danger, when, as he came near the village, he heard the sound of muskets and the cries of alarm. He guessed what had happened, and soon met a few of the people making their escape, among whom was his father. The boy turned back with the party, and ran for his life. They were chased, and presently the ball of a musket levelled his father Oboabi to the earth; and poor Yarraha, pursued by a powerful man, was caught with a violent clutch on the head, and made prisoner.

The man brought him back to the village, but not without some resistance, which was useless. Being a fine boy, and likely to fetch a good price, he was the more firmly secured. An iron collar was put round his neck, attached by a chain to the neck of another; his hands were fastened behind him with a hard rope, and he was drafted off among the other captives. When the party was in readiness to march, the village was set on fire, and soon nothing of it remained.

When slaves are seized by the hunters, they are put in pairs, each secured by chains on the neck or wrists, and driven off, like a string of cattle, to the coast for sale and shipment. The destroyed village being far in the interior, our party was many weary days on its way to the coast. Each night it halted, and all day it marched. One or two of them got away at night, and escaped into the bush, but as the feet became sore and the skins galled by the chains, the prisoners grew more hopeless and submissive. The slave-whip fell often on the backs of the weary. Blood sometimes marked their path, and by-and-bye fever broke out and some died.

At length the remnant reached the sea. At the sight of the great water some of the slaves became alarmed. It was too wonderful. Some of them even tried to kill themselves for fear of it, and one or two went mad. Poor people!

What became of Yarrab, and who were his masters next, we must tell you another time. But as he lay upon the ground the first night in the *barracoon* (or barrack where the slaves were kept till they could be shipped), he realized that he was now an orphan, for he had a dream. He thought he was back at home in the old happy, sunny place at play, with his father smiling on him; and he awoke to find himself a slave, chained to the wall. How he wept that night at the thoughts of his lost home and father!

(To be continued.)

### BE KIND TO THE AGED.

A FRIEND of mine saw at a short distance before him an old man walking with great difficulty, and very tired. He seemed at a loss which way to go. Between my friend and the old man two little girls, eight and ten years of age, were walking, and talking about the old man.

"How tired he looks!" says one.

Just then a young man passed by, of whom the old man asked his way to No. 16 East Street. A hasty answer, not at all clear, was the only reply. In his bewilderment the old man struck against a post, and his staff fell from his hand. The elder girl sprang forward to support him; while the other handed him his staff, saying, "Here it is, sir."

"Thank you, my kind girls," said the old man. "Can you direct me to No. 16 East Street? I came to the city to-day to visit my son. Wishing to surprise him, I did not send him word that I was coming. I am a stranger here, and have been walking a long time to no purpose."

"Oh, we will go with you, sir; mother said we

might walk for an hour, and we can as well walk that way as any other."

"God bless you, my kind girls!" said the old man. "I am sorry to trouble you."

"Oh," replied the little girls, "it is not the least trouble; we love old folk, and we love to help them if we can."

They soon brought the old man opposite the house which he sought; and he was for saying good-bye to them, but they said, "We must cross the street with you, for fear the carriages run over you."

What a delightful body-guard were those kind children!

As they separated, the old man said, "If you ever visit my country, come to the house of John Beech, and you shall have as hearty a welcome and as good entertainment as a farm-house can afford."—*Mother's Magazine*.

### THE DISCONTENTED WATER-CARRIER.

A Turkish Tale.

THERE goes the Vizier and his gaudy train!

While I, poor Hassan, very poor and old,  
Must carry water: well—I can't explain

Why one wears rags, another cloth of gold.

"The single diamond that bedecks his sword

Would set me up a gentleman for life;

And now, I do declare, I can't afford

A pair of scarlet slippers for my wife!

"With half the money that his servants waste

Each day in trifles, it is very clear

My family might live like kings, and taste

Roast kid for dinner fifty times a-year!

"It may be just—I don't affirm 'tis not—

Allah is Allah, and knows what is best:

But, if for mine, I had the Vizier's lot,

'Twould please me vastly better, I protest!"

So murmured Hassan, vexed within himself

To see the Vizier riding proudly by;

When suddenly a little fairy elf

Appeared before him with a twinkling eye.

"Peace!" said the Fairy; "ere thy speech begun

I knew to what thy present thoughts incline;

Choose any gift thou wilt (but only one),

And you've my promise it shall soon be thine!"

Poor Hassan, filled with joy, at once began:

"I fain would have . . ." but paused before the word

Escaped his mouth; or, sooth to say, the man

Had named the jewel on the Vizier's sword!

What next he thought to choose was all the gold

That filled the Caliph's coffers; then he thought

Of Bagdad's riches; then the wealth untold

Of all the earth—so fast his fancy wrought!

Such various wishes thronged his teeming brain,

He pondered long, until the Fairy's voice

Showed some impatience, and the man was fain

From very fear to hasten in his choice.



But halting still when at the point to tell  
His final wish, the Fairy kindly told  
(To aid his choosing) of a hidden well,  
Filled to the brim with jewels and with gold.

And then she led him to a secret grot,  
Where, underneath a stone, the treasure lies ;  
Removed the slab that sealed the sacred spot,  
And showed the riches to his wondering eyes.

"Take what you will of this exhaustless store ;  
But, mark you !—if you pause to dine or sup,  
Your work is finished ; you can have no more !  
The stone will move and close the coffer up."

Charmed with the sight that met his dazzled gaze,  
He stood enrapt ; then turned to thank the fay  
For so much bounty : but, to his amaze,  
The nimble sprite unseen had fled away.

Whate'er three ample water-skins could hold  
Was soon his own ; but this contents him not :  
Unnumbered coins of silver and of gold  
Invite his spade, and chain him to the spot.

"Another hour of digging will suffice,"  
Quoth Hassan, delving with increasing greed.  
"Well, this is wondrous !—here is something nice !  
Rubies and diamonds ! this is wealth indeed !"

And so he dug (remembering the hint  
The Fairy gave him) till his busy spade  
Had piled a mound so vast, the Caliph's mint  
Could scarce have matched the glittering heap he made.

And yet he toils, as greedy as before :  
"A little more !" said Hassan, "ere the sun  
Sinks in the west—some fifty shovels more,  
And this day's work—a brave one ! will be done !"

Poor Hassan !—heedless of the fading day,  
He wrought at night as he had wrought at noon ;  
Weary and faint, but grudging still to stay  
His eager hand beneath the rising moon.

"A little more !" the miser said, "and I  
Will make an end." He raised his weary hand  
To delve again ; then dropt it with a sigh,—  
So weak and worn that he could hardly stand.

Fatal ambition ! from his golden bed  
He tries in vain to reach the giddy height ;  
The shining heap comes tumbling on his head,  
And shuts poor Hassan in eternal night !

### THE TALE OF A TUB.

I CANNOT make out what is the matter with my little Tom," said Mrs. Harriss to her neighbour Mrs. Jones. "He looks so pale and thin, and does not seem to enjoy his food a bit."

Neighbour Jones advised Mrs. Harriss to try Morison's pills. So a box of pills was bought, and, having covered one or two with jam, the fond mother managed to get them down Tom's throat.

But Tom got no better for the pills ; he remained pale and sickly, and did not relish his pudding, but became more peevish every day. Neighbour Smith recommended salts and senna ; another friend said there was nothing like magnesia. But poor little Tom got no better, but rather worse. He did not care to play at marbles, but sat about the house, got in his mother's way, kicked the dog, teased the cat, and, in fact, did all that a naughty boy of six years old could do in the way of mischief.

Although Tommy was so badly behaved he was seldom scolded, because he was his mother's pet, and she had always given him his own way ever since he had been a baby ; and children that always have their own way, as many of my readers well know, grow up good for nothing. When Mrs. Harriss was warned of her folly in bringing up Tom so badly she would say, "Poor boy, it would make him ill to cross him ;" and so Tom Harriss was already master of his mother.

His father died when he was quite a baby, and being 'an only child, perhaps that was the reason why he was made so much of by his mother. Now Tom, as I said before, was no better for all the medicine his mother could get him to take, but gradually got worse. In fact, he got so poorly at last that his mother, who was a washerwoman, was obliged to give up her work to nurse him, and then she sent for the doctor. The doctor came, and Mrs. Harriss described her child's ailments. She said she had done all she could for him, and was afraid he would die.

The doctor felt his pulse, and shook his head and said,—

"I see what is the matter with him ; he is indeed in a very bad way, and there is but one remedy."

"Can his life be saved ?" said his fond mother, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Oh, sir, I would give anything, or do anything, if you could save my dear little Tommy."

Now, all this time Tommy was sitting quietly on his mother's lap. The doctor continued,—

"One thing, and one thing only, can be done for him, Mrs. Harriss, I assure you. You are a washerwoman, are you not ?"

"Yes, sir ; but it's many a job of work I've lost lately through tending my sick child ;" and the tears began to fall upon Tommy's face. Tommy put up his hand to brush away his mother's tears, and at every rub a dirty streak came along his face.

"You have a large tub, have you not ?"

"Yes, sir," replied the mother ; "a very large one."

"Large enough to put this little boy in ?" inquired the doctor.

Tommy roused himself and sat bolt upright, and stared at the doctor with a wondering kind of look, that made Mr. Williams smile.

"Well now, Mrs. Harriss, the thing I advise you to do is this,—Take Tommy and put him in the tub, pour plenty of hot water into the tub, take some soap and flannel, and give him a thorough good scrubbing."

But, alas ! before the sentence was quite finished Tommy was gone. The thought of being washed



was so hurtful to his feelings, that before his mother could recover from her surprise her sick boy was half way down the street shouting and screaming.

The fact was, that Tommy's illness arose entirely from his great dislike to being washed, and so the pores of his skin were stopped. His mother, who indulged him in every way, had suffered him to grow up terribly dirty, because she could not bear to hear him cry. However, she promised the doctor that she would do as he told her as soon as Tommy was able to bear it. But this would not do.

"Now or never," said the doctor; and beckoning to a man in the street the sick boy was caught, stripped of all his clothes, and although he cried and screamed as much as if he was about to be boiled alive, the doctor declared he would sit in the chair and not move until he saw his patient well washed. The result was as he expected. Tommy soon got better, and in future his mother learnt that the only way to make her child well and happy was to keep him clean, and make him do what he was bid.

W. M.

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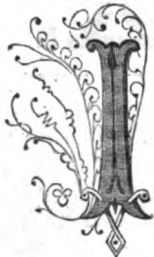
# Chatterbox.



"She sat down and cried."



**"NEVER CROSS A BRIDGE TILL  
YOU COME TO IT."**



T was beginning to grow dark one pleasant October evening, and little Annie and her grand-mother were sitting by a brightly-blazing wood fire. Grandmother had her knitting in her hands, and the gathering darkness did not stop her work, for she had knit so many stockings for her children and grandchildren that her fingers knew just what to do without having any eyes to watch them. But, for a wonder, busy little Annie was doing nothing, and had sat for a whole quarter of an hour without even talking. The truth was, Annie had had three little friends to spend the afternoon with her, and they had played and laughed and talked so much that she was glad to rest and be quiet. So she sat watching the bright flames, till grandmother at last said, "What is my little girl thinking about so long?"

And then Annie's tongue ran as fast as it could talk, with a history of all that pleasant afternoon—of the games they had played, and the stories they had told each other under the trees.

"And oh! I remember," she said, "there was something I wanted to ask you. We were playing 'Proverbs' this afternoon; and one that Lucy gave us to guess was, 'Never cross a bridge till you come to it.' I don't know what it means; do you?"

"Yes, darling: it means, do not be troubled and anxious about difficulties or trials in the future; wait till you come to them."

"But still I don't exactly see what it means about the bridge," said Annie. "Of course, no one can cross a bridge till they come to it."

"I will tell you a story that may help you to understand it. Once upon a time there was a little girl named Ruth. She was a timid child, afraid of all sorts of things that had no thought of hurting her. If a cow looked at her, she felt sure it meant to run after her; if a dog barked, she thought it meant to bite her; and if she had to go into a dark room, she trembled with fear till she was safely in the light again. Don't you think she was very foolish?"

"Yes," said Annie, hanging down her head a little, for she remembered some such feelings herself. "But, Granny, how can any one help being afraid?"

"I will tell you one way. When you are alone in the dark, for instance, do not think about unpleasant things—about ghosts, and robbers, and such things, that will make you afraid; but think of pleasant things; and, if nothing else will take away your fear, remember that your Heavenly Father is with you as much in the darkness as in the light, and when you are with Him there is surely nothing to fear.

"But to return to my story. Little Ruth had been spending a day with her aunt, who lived in a great farmhouse, not far from her own home. Her father drove her over in the carriage in the morning,

and told her she might stay all day, if she would be home by the time the sun set. So Ruth had seen the new chickens, and played in the hay, and picked currants for Aunt Mary, and been very busy and happy all day. After an early supper, while the sun was still far up above the hills, her aunt took her out into the garden, and gave her a basket of fruit and flowers. Then she showed her a short way home, across the field, into a narrow lane that led into the main road.

"Ruth ran on merrily, stopping sometimes to add some wild flowers to her basket, and sometimes to look back to the fence where Aunt Mary stood watching her. She soon found herself safely in the lane, and, after climbing a little hill, she could see her own home not far away. It was a beautiful view, for she could see the blue ocean far away between the hills, and the river, with the white houses of the village reflected in it, and, close by, the winding road, with hedges of wild roses and elder, and clumps of trees here and there. But Ruth did not stop long to admire the view; for, as she looked down the hill, she saw something which frightened her. What do you suppose it was?"

"A cow!"

"No; guess again."

"A great black dog!"

"No; it was only a pretty brook, which ran sparkling over the stones."

"I don't see how she could be afraid of a brook. That couldn't hurt her."

"This was the trouble. The road, as it seemed to Ruth, ran straight down to the brook, and for a bridge there was only one plank. So she began to think how dreadful it would be to have to go over such a bridge. It might break down, or she might be dizzy, and fall off, and be drowned."

"Why, I like to cross over the brook on a board!" said Annie, quite relieved to find that Ruth was not to bring her a lesson about her own foolish fears.

"But Ruth had not lived in the country long, and city girls are not in the way of running about in all sorts of places, as you are. Ruth was very much afraid, and she began to think what she could do. Could she go back? No; for it would take a long time to go round by the road, and, besides, she was ashamed to have her aunt know that she was afraid. So she did the most foolish thing possible; she sat down and cried. And then she looked down the hill again, and the water seemed deeper and the bridge narrower than before; and so she cried again. I don't know how long she would have sat there crying, if the sun had not gone down toward the mountains so fast, reminding her that it was time to go home. She went slowly down the hill, till the bushes and trees hid the brook and the little bridge, and then she took courage, and ran on faster. She soon came to a turn in the lane, which she had not seen, the trees were so thick; and where do you suppose she found herself? In the main road, with only a very short distance to go to reach her own gate, where her mother was looking out for her!"

"And where was the brook?"

"The brook was by the side of the road, where

it had always been : but the path down to it led off in another direction."

"So all her crying was for nothing, and she didn't have to cross the bridge at all?"

"No. And now you see what is meant by crossing a bridge before you come to it; do you not?"

"Yes, Granny: but people are never so foolish really, are they?"

"Yes, dear; very often. Many a tear has been shed over troubles that never came. Do you remember a little girl who cried because there were such long words at the end of the spelling-book? How was it when she really had to learn them?"

"Oh, they were easy enough then. And I remember crying one night last week because I thought it would rain the next day, and we could not go to the pic-nic. And it only rained a few drops in the night, and the next day was beautiful. Oh, dear! I didn't think I was so foolish."

"Ah! dear Annie, older people than you sometimes do the same foolish thing."

"But, Granny, sometimes the sorrows we fear do really come; and then we have to cross the bridge."

"Certainly, dear; but if Ruth had not found she was mistaken, and really had had to cross the brook, would her crying beforehand have made it any easier? No, indeed! And remember this, Annie, God has given us no promise of strength for sorrows, or trials that we *think* may be in the future. He says, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be;' and if we try to carry to-morrow's burdens to-day, we must expect to sink under them. Now, my dear, can you remember any text in the Bible that means the same thing as this proverb?"

"Yes, Granny, I think I know one: 'Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

### THE BOY THAT COULD NOT AFFORD TO SWEAR.

A BOY stood near the entrance of a large hotel with a box of blacking, and a pair of brushes in his hand, thus showing to the passers-by that he was ready to black their boots for a copper. Patiently he waited, as one after another passed by without heeding his proffered services, until at last two young men, fashionably dressed, and each with a cigar in his mouth, stopped before him.

"Here, boots," said one rudely, "let me see if you are master of your trade;" and he put his foot on the boy's knee. Charley, the boot-black, worked with a will, and soon the polish grew under his skilful touch. The two young men amused themselves meanwhile by trying to frighten the boy, urging him to hurry, threatening to cane him, and swearing profanely at every other word. Charley stood it as long as he could, one boot was finished and the other blacked, preparatory to polishing, when he quickly rose and prepared to put up his brushes.

"What now?" asked the young man.

"I would rather not finish them, sir," replied Charley.

"Not finish them!" said the *gentleman*, with an oath: "then you don't see the colour of my money."

"I don't want your money, sir, and I will not stand here and listen to your swearing," and he turned to move away.

"Let the boy alone, and have him finish his work," said the other youth.

"Very well! Here, boy, finish this boot, and tell me what you mean. A boot-black afraid of swearing! That is a good joke!"

"I am afraid of it, sir. I don't want to hear it, or go where it is; and I won't work for a man who swears at me."

"And you want to make me believe that you don't swear? Why, there is not one of your trade that wouldn't swear and steal, both."

"Oh, sir! you are much mistaken; many of the boys neither steal nor swear. I am sure nothing could make me steal, and I cannot afford to swear."

"Cannot afford to swear! Come, now, do you mean to say that it costs anything to swear?"

"Yes, sir! it would cost me more than a million of pounds."

"Why a million of pounds? in what is your money invested?"

"In the Pearl of great price. If I lost it, my soul would be the forfeit; so you see I cannot afford to swear. My Bible tells me not to swear; my Sunday-school teacher teaches me that it is wicked; and my mother forbids me to do it. I should disobey all of them if I did it, and lose my soul: so you see, sir, I cannot afford to swear."

"The boy is right," said the young man, who had listened to the conversation in silence. "But how happens it that you are different from most of your set? for you know you *are* different. They do not think it a sin to swear; and I suppose some of them go to Sunday-school, too?"

"Perhaps they have no mother," said Charley, "or not such a good one as mine."

"Well, here's your money, 'Boots;' I suppose I do swear a little, but I am only one out of many."

"But always one more, sir. And then the little boys hear you, and they see you dressed so fine they think it must be smart, and they learn to swear too. I thought so myself at first."

"Thank you, sir," as he took his money, which was silver instead of copper; "and please, sir, don't swear any more."

"I'll think of it," said the youth as he passed on; and he *did* think of it, though he felt rather sore at learning his duty from a shoe-black.

### PERSEVERANCE.

THE difficult is like a cocoa-nut;  
Rich milk it hath within:  
Through husk and shell, by labouring well,  
An entrance you may win.

You hear the flowing of the milk,  
If angrily you shake it;  
But if you would the sweetness taste,  
Try patiently to *break it!*

J. E. C. F.

## THE STORY OF YARRAH, A SLAVE.

(Continued from page 334.)

### CHAPTER II.

**DURING** the time the slaves are detained on the coast, they are kept in *barracoons*, which are enclosures of ground with sheds and sleeping-places for the slaves. In these *barracoons*, both the men and women are kept chained, until the business of the sale is over, and the slave-ship arrives.

It was on the day after his arrival that Yarrah first saw a white man. He was a Portuguese, and one without a spark of pity in his nature. A shudder from fear ran through Yarrah at the sight of him (which was only natural, for the boy believed he would now certainly be eaten), and he sank to the earth. This called attention, and the cruel man, thinking the poor lad was pretending, approached, and after giving him a few kicks, called for a whip and gave Yarrah a blow on the back. The boy did not cry out, for he had fainted away, and the man, seeing now that it was not pretence, gave some directions in the Portuguese language, and went away.

The attendants raised the poor lad, and one of them unlocked his iron collar. He opened his eyes in a few minutes, and looked around with a look of wonder and then fainted away again. Afterwards an attack of fever came on, and the boy was ill some days.

When he got better he found his condition a little changed. He had been removed into the women's *barracoon*, where kindness and tenderness, so far as they could be shown in such a place, had brought him round; but when he grew quite well, the unkind Portuguese ordered him back again to the men's yard, where he had once more to endure the chain. The young suffered in this way more than the old, for not being so strong, they were less able to endure hardships. At night the boys would get close together so as to lose the weight of their chains, which were never taken off. The shed in which they all lay was very close, having no windows and only one door, which was locked, so that at times they were almost suffocated.

After the slave party, which had been joined by others taken captive in like manner with themselves,

had been on the coast for two months, and the business of their sale was over, the slave-ship, for which they had been kept waiting, arrived. This ship had been hanging about for some time, watching for an opportunity, by means of false colours and the cover of night, to elude the vigilance of the English ships which are appointed to watch the slave coast, and search any suspected vessels.

And now came the embarking, as shown in the picture. The slaves were driven down to the

beach, and taken in boats through the surf to the slave-ship—a small vessel, schooner rigged, with raking masts and plenty of sail. In about an hour all were on board, and the vessel set sail.

But bad as was the state of the *barracoons*, it was as nothing compared with the horrors of the ship. The slaves, without care for sex or age, were literally stowed away as if they had been merchandise, instead of living creatures. Their chains, it is true, were removed, but as for the space each was allowed to lie in, they might as well have been packed in coffins. Indeed their lying place was a coffin to many, for some died in a few hours from want of air and from thirst. A few were brought upon deck every now and then, and then stowed away again. The ship raised French colours to deceive the English cruisers, and sailed on to the west.



Selling Slave Children.

This conveying of slaves across the sea from Africa to Cuba or Brazil is called the "middle passage." About one fourth of the slaves generally die on the voyage. To keep up a respectable appearance in case the slaver should meet an English ship, the slaves are confined between decks, with the hatchways fastened down. If a large number of blacks were to be seen upon deck, through the telescope, the vessel would at once be suspected, and seized. So they try to look what they are not, and pass under false colours for honest traders.

When the slaver in which Yarrah was confined, had been three days at sea, she was sighted by the captain of one of Queen Victoria's ships, employed for the purpose of stopping the slave trade. The captain saw her through his glass, and not quite liking her looks, ordered his own ship to put about and follow her.

The slave captain who saw the stately ship of





Shipping Slaves on the Coast of Africa.

England following him, hoisted more and more canvas, and it was this very flight of the slaver that proved to the captain of the Queen's ship that the other was a dishonest craft, for no honest

ship, or man either, ever runs away. He put on more sail too, and was soon down on her. At length the English ship let fly one of her guns. A report, and a sound like the rushing of

wind, followed by the crashing of wood, told the slave captain that resistance would be in vain. The shot had struck his vessel amidships.  
(To be continued.)

## FARM LADS AT KNOWLE.

(Continued from page 331.)

## CHAPTER VI.



BILL was willing to take some pains, and he went with David to Mr. Gray's house, but he would not stand up to be catechised in church. David did not much wish it either, for he thought it would discourage Bill terribly if he were asked a question that he could not answer. Very wisely he dealt with his friend, leading him whenever he would be led, and shielding him from being ridiculed by the other boys as much as he could.

Ben had already been confirmed, and the lads were not much thrown with him; but he was the one who lost no chance of tormenting those who were better than himself.

The boys had gone for the last time to Mr. Gray's, and he had spoken earnestly to them. Only one week remained, but he begged them even now to draw back rather than come, if they were not in earnest. They might deceive him, but God they could not deceive. And at the end he spoke to each lad separately about the Holy Communion, and joined with each in a short prayer.

Bill and David went out silently. It seemed to them both that they should never forget those few words spoken to each so affectionately, nor the kind shake of the hand when they parted from him.

The Confirmation was to be on the Tuesday, and the Monday evening before it the two lads sat on the great gate of the farm-yard, and talked about it all. David had seen his sister confirmed. Bill had never seen a Bishop at all, and asked many times what he would be like. Suddenly, however, he found that David did not answer. He was looking at something far away, and in another moment he had jumped the fence, and was making his way to a paddock on the other side.

Bill soon saw what it was. A child of Huntly's, the head-carter, was among the cart-horses loose in the meadow. The child had often come with his mother to the farm, and now had strayed away, and to his great delight was driving about the whole troop of powerful horses. When David reached the field, the little fellow, delighted with the uproar he was making, rushed again into the thick of them, with his father's long whip in his hands, and not hearing or heeding David's shouts to him to come away. David thought he was too late; the huge feet were kicking about in every direction, and how they missed the child was a marvel. Bill could not look. Down went his head into his hands, and not knowing what to do or say, he began the Lord's Prayer. It did not occur to him to run for help, yet he gave the best he could.

The child was safe, but David had got a kick on his chest, and could only crawl back. Bill did then call Betty, and between them they almost carried Davie in. He begged to be laid on his bed, and so

they took him up to the loft; and when he was comfortable, Betty went and told Mr. and Mrs. Rivers. They thought more seriously of it than she did, for it pained him to breathe, and every now and then a drop of blood came into his mouth. So they told Bill to keep him quiet, and stay with him while they sent for the doctor.

When the doctor came he said no bones were broken, but there was some inward hurt which might be very dangerous. David, however, was more easy now; and his one thought was to get well soon enough for the Confirmation. He asked Mr. Dalby, the doctor, if he was quite sure he should be well enough.

"Not quite sure to-day, my lad. I will tell you the first thing in the morning."

Mr. Gray being much occupied with the arrangements for the morrow, did not hear of the accident till late at night. David had looked each time the door opened, hoping it might be he. And when about nine o'clock he did come in, a bright smile overspread his face. But Mr. Gray was shocked; he saw that in David's face which grieved him sorely.

David could only whisper, Mr. Gray holding his hand—"Should he lose the Confirmation?"

"You know, my dear boy, that you are very ill, perhaps dangerously," said Mr. Gray.

"Do you think I shall die, sir?"

"I cannot tell. But if it should be God's will, do you think you could give yourself up to Him?"

David did not answer, he was so afraid of saying what he did not mean.

"To-morrow you were going to profess your faith in Him openly; and I know you love Him, David. Should you be afraid to go to Him?"

"Will He forgive me all I have done wrong?"

"I think He will, my dear lad. You have not sinned wilfully, have you?"

"I don't think I have meant to be bad; but I can remember a great many things now that I wish I had not done. I meant to come to Communion, sir; but now, perhaps, I never shall."

"If I saw immediate need, I might give it you now, David; but as Mr. Dalby thinks there is not, I will wait till to-morrow. Should you like the Bishop to confirm you here?" asked Mr. Gray.

"What! up in the loft, sir?"

"Yes, he would not mind the loft. We shall see how you are."

Bill, who had been within hearing of the last part of the conversation, now drew near wistfully.

"If you please, sir, may I too?"

"I think not, Bill. There is no reason for it in your case."

Mr. Gray knelt down and said some prayers, and then David fell asleep. In the morning he was not worse. He asked Bill to put open the little window that he might hear the bells, but he could not bear them long, and it had to be shut. He did not know that his father and mother had been sent for, but they came rather early, and both were so much shocked at his appearance that he was almost sorry they had come.

Mr. Gray desired that everything should be as quiet as possible before the Bishop came, and that



if David seemed too weak, they would let him know. Mrs. Rivers was a sensible person, and when she found how much the boy's heart was set on Confirmation, she thought it would be unwise to put it off.

Bill went away in good time, sorely troubled to leave his friend and to go alone. He had so depended on David, that he could hardly believe he was to be without him now. Just before he left him he went close to him, and David whispered to him to think about God, and his promise, and not about anything else.

#### CHAPTER VII.

When the rest of the lads left the church Bill left it also. And as he stood at the farmer's gate he watched the Bishop and clergy coming up the road. Bill had quite forgotten about David's confirmation in his own excitement, and almost breathless, he saw the Bishop coming towards him. To run away was his first thought. The next was wiser. He held open the gate and touched his cap respectfully. He heard Mr. Gray say that he was one of the lads who had just been confirmed, and the Bishop looked kindly at him, and said, "When I come to Knowle next year, shall I find you as steady and earnest as you are to-day, my lad?"

Bill thought afterwards that he must have said, "Yes, sir," but he did not know. He was too much frightened.

In the meantime David lay quietly waiting. He was so very weak that he did not attempt to talk. And his mother was too wise to disturb him. She had the comfort of thinking that she had never known him do anything wicked. He had a hot temper, and had often said hasty things, but she could not call to mind a single lie, or a bad, wrong word, that he had said wilfully.

But David, being almost sure that the time was short for him, had much to be sorry for. All his inattention at church, and the many times he had said his prayers carelessly; his hot, angry words, when provoked; with a great deal more that nobody knew but himself and God, made him wish that he had known sooner that he was going to die.

Mr. Gray came up quietly to him and asked him if he were ready. David smiled, and said he was; and then the Bishop came up. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers had received him when he came to their house, and were very sorry that David was in the loft. They would have brought him down to the best bed-room if he could have borne the moving, but the doctor had forbidden it. And Betty said afterwards that any one would think the Bishop had been used to loft-ladders all his life, from the way he went up. He scarcely spoke to David before the service began, for he saw how ill he was.

The poor father and mother knelt trembling together as they listened to the solemn words:—"Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom. Amen."

(Concluded in our next.)

#### AN INTELLIGENT PONY.

A FEW days ago my attention was attracted by seeing, in a street close to this, a pretty little horse in a milk-cart, trotting across the road and drawing up at a particular door. Presently he was followed by the man in charge, who had no sooner spoken to the person by whom the door was opened than the horse set off again, and drew up, as before, at a house somewhat farther on, which was promptly opened as soon as the servants below heard the sound of the wheels and the stoppage of the cart at the accustomed hour.

I spoke to the driver, and asked whether the horse knew every house in his milk-walk. He told me that he did. If a new customer was added the horse soon included him in his calls; and if one left or discontinued his orders, he in a very short time passed his door unnoticed. The arrangement between the driver and the horse saves much time; for instead of the two trudging together from house to house, knocking at each, and waiting till the door is opened and the milk delivered, the intelligent action of the horse carries him over the intervening distances, while the man is settling his affairs with the customers.

Finding that the man and the cart are in the service of the dairyman who supplies my family (Mr. Field, of No. 47 Warwick Street), I took the liberty to call on him, and inquired the story of this interesting little animal. He told me that he had had him for about five years; that he bought him cheap, because he then bore the character of being vicious and a jibber; and he very soon discovered that the character he bore he most richly deserved, for rather than draw the milk-cart on four legs, his impulse was to upset it by standing erect upon two. It occurred to Mr. Field that such behaviour must have been caused by bad treatment; and having less reliance on the whip than on the influence of kindness, he tried the latter, and most successfully. He began by coaxing the horse out of his sulks, by offering him a slice of bread, and sometimes a lump of sugar. The creature soon showed his gratitude for both, but plainly preferred a chestnut now and then; and thus a complete change was speedily wrought in his disposition and conduct. So far from refusing to do his work in the cart, he began to show not only that he understood the purposes for which the cart was wanted, but also that he desired to contribute his share in the service.

The plan of moving ahead in advance of the driver was entirely his own instinct, he was never taught or directed to do so. All that the driver has to do is to say over his shoulder, "Go on, Jerry!" and away he trots with the cart to the next house. But the driver told me I had not seen half the performance of Jerry, for he not only went of his own accord from house to house, but where he could reach the door he contrived to knock at it and to call up the inmates to attend to him! In order to witness this latter exploit I went the following day at the stated hour for the delivery of milk, and I saw the wise little horse trot up alone to a door in Cobourg Row, Pimlico. I saw him cautiously ap-






proach the kerbstone, taking it in front, so that the wheel of the cart might not get upon the raised foot-path; and then with his nose he raised the knocker and let it fall twice, and waited till the door was opened, when he was rewarded by a slice of bread and a pat on his glossy neck whilst he was eating it.

What I have here described may be witnessed by your readers any day in the week in London, and I am sure that Mr. Field will readily tell them at what hour Jerry makes his daily rounds with his milk-cart.

J. EMERSON TENNENT.

 Parts I. to IX., price 3d. each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had.



# Chatterbox.



"Oh! mind not me, but save yourself,  
For mother's sake, dear father!"

### "FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

**A** FATHER and his little son  
On wintry waves were sailing;  
Fast from their way the light of day  
In cloud and gloom was failing,  
And fiercely round their lonely bark  
The stormy winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hover'd near;  
They pray'd—"O Heaven, deliver!"  
But a wilder blast came howling past,  
And soon with sob and shiver  
They struggled in the icy grasp  
Of that dark, rushing river.

"Cling fast to me, my darling child,"  
An anguished voice was crying;  
While, silvery clear, o'er tempest drear,  
Rose softer tones, replying—  
"Oh, mind not me, but save yourself,  
For mother's sake, dear father:  
Leave me, and hasten to the shore,  
Or who will comfort mother?"

God bless the child! ay, He did bless  
That noble self-denial;  
And safely bore him to the shore,  
Through tempest, toil, and trial.  
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,  
Son, sire, and that dear mother,  
For whose sweet sake so much was done,  
In rapture met each other.

### FARRELL'S PATENT.

#### CHAPTER I.



**D**ON'T care," said Carr Farrell, "not the toss up of a button! I can sit here as long as you like, for that matter."

There was a row in the playground of the new school at Hurst. Everybody knows that boys like a row, and this was no exception to the rule. They would, perhaps, have preferred another name for the yard in which they were assembled,

since playground does not sound manly, but the schoolmaster called it so, and he must have known best. He was new to the place; a struggling man as yet, with a brain crammed full of information, which he expected every boy under his charge to receive gladly. Perhaps they did to a certain extent, for the master was very much in earnest, and earnestness is catching. But then he expected too much; he looked mournfully on cricket as a waste of time, and sighed a wondering sigh at each riotous outburst that hailed the close of school hours. With him, however, we have little to do, except inasmuch as he had two favourite pupils, Carr Farrel and his brother Stephen; and it was because

of this favouritism that the row before mentioned had sprung up in the school-yard. The two Farrells were very unlike each other; Carr, the eldest, being the picture of health and strength, and poor Stephen so small and sickly, that he might almost have been called deformed.

Every boy in the school allowed that Stevie was a genius, and though some of the boys couldn't help a jest now and then at his expense, yet on the whole they rather petted him. He was so small and feeble, he had so few pleasures, such as they had. He was no good at cricket, he couldn't catch a ball, and never had any innings to speak of. But if any of his school-fellows needed help in a lesson, Stephen Farrell was always able and ready and willing to give it. As for Carr, he was a sort of king in the place, and he knew it. No game was complete without him. And though not a genius like Stevie, Carr Farrell went about his lessons very much as he started at a cricket-match, throwing his heart into the thing for the time, and meaning to come out conqueror. It might have been this bold, resolute will of his, which attracted his master to him, almost as much as the genius of the younger brother did; at any rate the lads were favourites, and Carr had been praised so much on this particular evening, that when the school turned out into the yard his class-fellows carried off his books—"for a lark," as they said.

"I don't care," said Farrell senior, as he sat on the wall, kicking it with his heels, while the tallest boy passed a pole through the leathern strap that bound the books together, and hoisted them above him.

Carr just glanced at them, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"If brute force were necessary," he said, with provoking coolness, "you fellows know that not one of you would have the ghost of a chance with me; but it isn't. I can sit here till your little game is out, easily."

"A clever chap like you ought to do his task without a book," said the boy with the pole.

Just then, Carr, feeling some one pulling his arm, condescended to look down, and found that Stevie had stepped forward, rather paler than usual, and with his lips trembling.

"I'll tell you what," said the small man, "you can keep Carr's books. I've read of a chap called Quentin Matsys—"

A roar of laughter broke out from the boys.

"Not Quentin, Stevie; Shenkin, wasn't it? Of noble race was Shenkin, you know—eh?"

"Called Quentin Matsys," proceeded Stephen, pluckily; "the blacksmith of Antwerp. The fellows were jealous, and stole his file because he had to make a well-cover. So he said he'd make it without a file, and he shut himself up and—did it," finished Stephen, sturdily.

His listeners were quite ready for a second outburst of wit, but somehow it never came. Neither Carr nor Stephen knew why, but a sudden hush seemed to have fallen upon them, broken only by whispers and signs. A grin came over Carr's face, but he never looked towards the boys, and when



they were all gone he left off whistling, and saw the books placed in a little heap near him.

"Your blacksmith was a better persuader than I thought," he said, patting his brother on the back. "Now, then, let's up with the strap and go. Not you—you know I always carry the things."

The two boys passed out into the road, and turned down into the lane leading homewards; Carr with a satisfied look on his face that soon was to be strangely altered. He had many good qualities, but for all that he was proud and overbearing. Because in bodily strength, and perhaps also in solid perseverance and resolution, he had no equal amongst his schoolfellows, he had domineered over them; and had a sort of dim idea that they were like the men he would meet in the world—far down below him, himself a king amongst men. There was a time when he saw it all, but this evening he was only lingering triumphantly over the thought of this new victory, gained simply as he believed by the quiet assertion of his superior will.

When they reached the bridge, which was within a stone's throw almost of home, Carr stopped to lean over and watch the ripples on the water. It was all so beautiful in the summer evening; the warm light on the river, the green fields, and the delicate mist in the far distance, that he felt tempted to loiter longer than usual; and whatever the elder brother did, the younger seldom thought of questioning.

"It's a rare thing to be strong," said Carr, suddenly. "See how the fellows fear me! They know I wouldn't be put upon."

Stephen, working out some thought of his own, replied, "You always do the heavy work, Carr. I wish I knew whether I shall ever be of any use in the world—to work, I mean."

Carr woke up from his triumph and said grandly, "Everything is of use, of course, one way or another. As to whether you'll work or not," he added, "no, old fellow; there'll be no need. I'll do the work, like a battering-ram; carve out a fortune for us all in no time, and make our tumble-down old place a regular clipper."

"You mean to be a farmer, then?"

"Of course I do. What else? Isn't Farrell's Hurst ours? And isn't a farmer's life the very best going?"

"And I," said Stephen, twisting his fingers in and out, "am to do nothing?"

"Well—I don't say that. But we can't expect much from you. You'll stay at home, and read and amuse us all, eh? And talking about farming, it's late, and father will want me. Come along."

Carr shouldered his burden, and went on like a young giant fronting the enemies, which were so many pigmies to him; went on over the bridge; past the river with the sunlight on it; past the well-known workman's cottage, which had a curtain over its window; on to the front of the farmhouse, on whose foundation he had been building up his castle in the future. And there were blinds drawn tight over all the windows; and when he stood at the door in a sudden perplexity and dismay, it

opened; a woman's hand drew him and his brother into the entrance, and a woman's voice said, weeping—"Don't you know? Didn't they meet you? Oh, boys, boys!"

(To be continued.)

## LITTLE ALICK AND HIS MOTHER.

AND is there a mansion for me, Mother?

And is there a mansion for you?

And is there a mansion for Father dear,

And for all my brothers too?

And will there be no more sickness and pain,

And no more want or woe?

Oh, Mother, will you tell me once again?

I love to hear it so.

"There's a mansion for every one, my child,

When their work on earth is done,

Who to God the Father is reconciled

By the blood of God the Son.

For all, in whose hearts God the Holy Ghost

Hath made, like a dove, His nest,—

Yes, they all shall join the ransomed host

In the mansions of the blest."

"And what is heaven like, do you think, mother?

I suppose it is very bright!

Do you think it is like that golden star

Which you showed me one winter's night?

Or is it more like some garden rare,

With blossoms on every tree?

Do you think there will be any singing-birds there?

Any lambs frisking merrily?"

"Yes, Alick, I think all these lovely things

The new earth will adorn and bless;

And oh! how my heart within me sings

At the thought of such happiness!

But, my child, remember Who died to win

That bright home for you and me;

And ask God to make you hate the sin

That nailed Jesus to the Tree.

Pray to Him, Alick; pray to Him still

To make you His own dear child;

To bend to His your heart and will,

And make you meek and mild.

By Him, my boy, are you clothed and fed,

By Him are your sins forgiven;

Oh, thank Him still for your daily bread,

And ask Him for bread from heaven.

And then, whenever the Lord shall come,

If we should be living then,

He will take us away to that lovely home

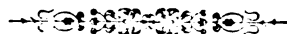
Prepared for pardoned men.

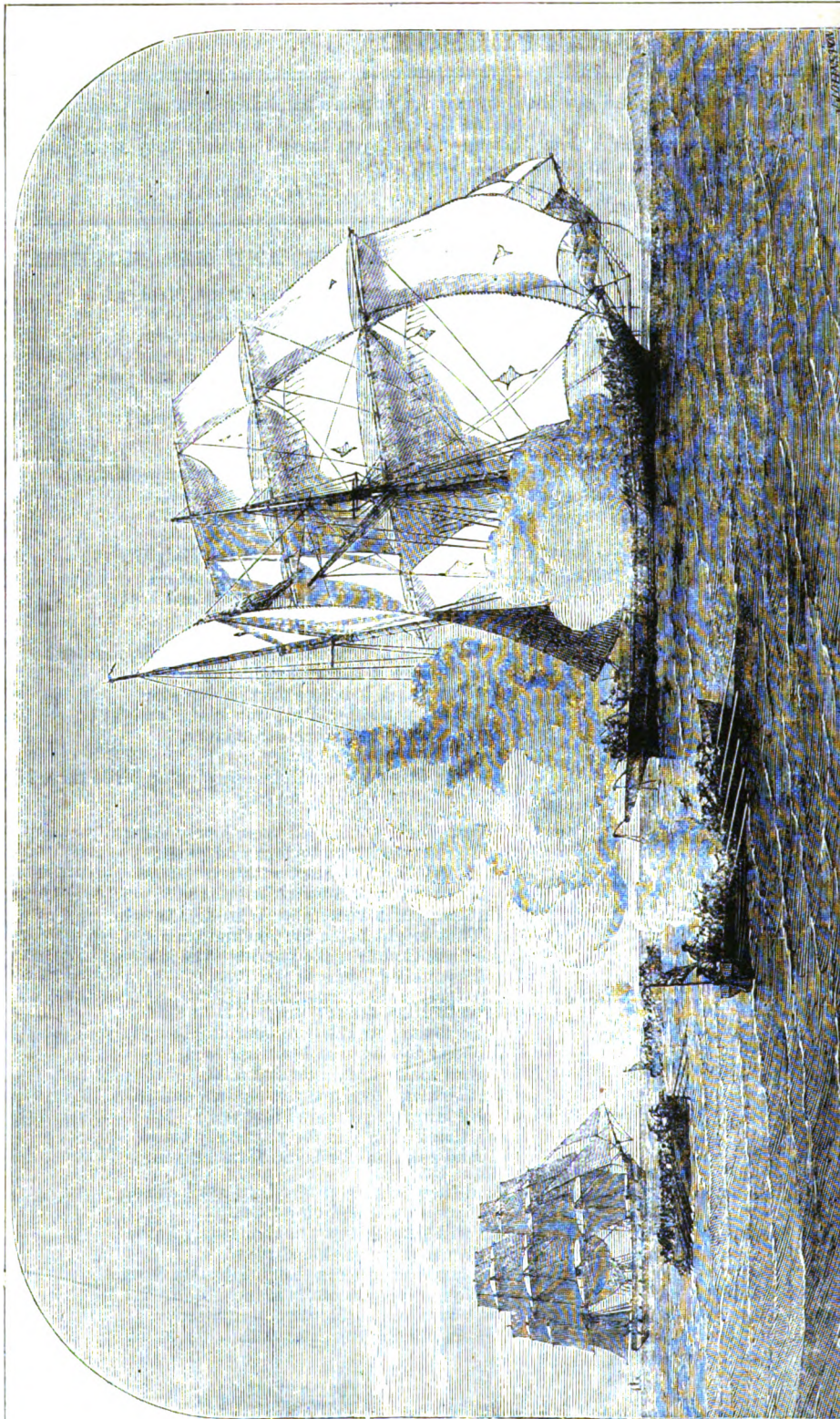
Or should we die ere that bright day dawn,

We'll sleep peacefully side by side,

And wake on the Resurrection morn,

Like our Saviour, glorified."





Boarding a Slave-Ship.

of their speedy deliverance, but lay in the agonies of thirst and sea-sickness. Yarra's nearest companion was dead with suffocation, but he himself was quite well—only dreadfully frightened at the noise of the guns.

As the English ship still approached nearer to

the slaver, the captain began to throw his slaves overboard. This was seen from the other vessel, and an order was given at once to lower the boats and board her.

This order was obeyed immediately. The boats were manned in a minute, and were on their way

## THE STORY OF YARRAH, A SLAVE.

(Continued from page 341.)

### CHAPTER III.

**T**HE poor slaves while the chase was going on were very much alarmed. They knew nothing



under charge of an officer, who picked up some of the poor slaves out of the sea. The slaver made little resistance beyond firing a gun or two at the boats, which did no damage, and the English sailors were soon on deck.

As the foremost one stepped upon the planks he received a pistol-shot in his breast. This was fired by the slave-captain, who uttered with it a curse in Portuguese, and leaped overboard and was drowned.

The crew, who were few in number, were next secured; they were mostly South Americans, and seemed careless about their fate. After this the order was given to open the hatches, and release the slaves.

When the hatches were opened, it was some time before the English sailors could enter in, from the abominable stench which rose from the place where the slaves lay.

When the place was entered, oh, what a sight was there! The living were lying side-by-side with the dead, with no more room than sufficed to put up the hand to the heated brow.

The sailors soon brought the poor slaves one by one on deck into the pure air—the living and the sick to be tended, and the dead to be cast into the sea.

While this was being done the officers walked to the stern of the ship, where a fearful discovery was made. The cover of the powder magazine had been removed, and an end of tow, which had been dipped into saltpetre and then lighted, was hanging over the bar at the top. This had been so placed by the slave-captain himself, who intended it to burn until the English were on board, when it would fall down upon the gunpowder below, and blow up the ship.

The fearful explosion was averted by one of the seamen, who rushed forward, knelt down, and turned the lighted end of the tow into his hat, and threw it overboard.

And now the released negroes—for they were slaves no longer—began gradually to recognise that these new white men were their friends, and not other slave-catchers as they thought at first. They were placed in companies, under the English sailors; and the slave-vessel was taken in tow by the ship to be conveyed to the colony of Sierra Leone.

On the day after the capture, the officers came in a body to see the prize. The number of liberated slaves—not counting the dead—was over two hundred. One or two of the black lads they picked out to be their servants. Yarrah was one of them.

He was taken to the other vessel and ordered to be well washed. They then rigged him out in a sailor's dress to wait upon the officers. As he was



The Slow Match.

arrayed in white canvas trousers and loose shirt, his black face became radiant with joy. He had not smiled for more than three months.

Yarrah was now made happy, and his new occupation pleased him. He soon began to pick up a little English, and learnt to say "Yes, massa," and "No, massa." He was promoted to wait at the officers' table, and grew so contented, that he was quite sorry when the ship arrived at Sierra Leone a few weeks afterwards, for he felt that he should now lose his kind friends. It is true he lost his friends the officers, but what new ones he gained we must put off telling till next time.

(Concluded in our next.)

### "ONLY A COBBLER."

DR. CAREY, while at dinner one day with the Governor-General of India, heard an officer ask if Dr. Carey had not once been a shoemaker.

"No, sir," replied Carey: "only a cobbler."

That was a brave reply. Few men who rise from small beginnings to prosperity have either sense or courage enough to glory in their early poverty.

I have known boys to be ashamed of their business because it was humble. Foolish shame! I would rather be an honest cobbler than a dishonest merchant. Nay, I would rather be an honest ragpicker than a wicked king. It is the character, not the business, makes the noble boy or noble man.



## FARM LADS AT KNOWLE.

*(Concluded from page 343.)*

HEY saw how short was the time for which he would need this defence, and how near the everlasting kingdom to which they trusted he was going. David's great desire was, that they should receive the Holy Communion with him, and his father was obliged to go back to his work at night, so Mr. Gray arranged to come to them after David had had a few hours' rest.

When the Confirmation Service was over he lay back so white and exhausted, that they all thought he was going. His breath came in heavy sobs, and when he tried to speak he could not. His eyes were fixed on the Bishop, who, in a few affectionate words, begged him to fix his thoughts on the Saviour, and to remember that He would be with him in the dark valley through which he was passing. And then he said,—

"You did not think of yourself, my boy, when you took the little child out of danger, but Jesus thought of you, and is perhaps doing the same thing for you—taking you out of danger from sin and temptation, and making you safe for ever with Him."

These words comforted David's mother all her life.

Bill stole up the ladder when the Bishop was gone. David looked at him, but could not speak, and the two sat hand-in-hand till the sun went down. Presently David drew Bill nearer, so that he could whisper to him.

"You'll go on the same, Bill?" he said. "You'll kneel there—in the corner? You know the prayers. And Bill, will you tell Ben I sent him my love, and ask him not to swear so? He won't be angry when I'm dead. But don't be much with him if he goes on being with all the others. Poor Bill! you'll be quite alone up here till a new boy comes. I hope he'll be kind to you."

"Oh, Davie, don't go away!" cried Bill. "I can't stop if you do."

"Yes, you can; and Mr. Gray and Betty will be ever so kind."

Again there was a silence. The sun had gone down and the loft was darkening when Mr. Gray came up as he had promised.

Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, Betty and poor Bill, joined in that first and last communion, and before the morning dawned, David was in the everlasting kingdom. And who that saw him could doubt that the everlasting arms had borne him there—that He whom he had so faithfully served in his humble way on earth, had given him now peace and safety? Mr. Gray had asked him if he were happy, and he had confidently answered "Yes." He had only one request to make,—“Would Mr. Gray look after Bill?” And most willingly the Vicar undertook the charge. Never from that day did Bill feel that he was friendless. Shy as he was, he gave his

full confidence to Mr. Gray, and at the end of his engagement with Mr. Rivers he was taken into service at the Vicarage.

When the Bishop came next year, not only was Mr. Gray able to say that Bill was a good, sober, faithful lad, but also that he had not fallen away from his steadfastness; that he was a regular communicant, and that he had become what he never expected to be—"a good scholar," so that he was trusted now and then with the charge of the "new boys' bench" in the night-school. Remembering his own fears, he was very careful not to discourage the lads who knew nothing. He often thought of David's words the first night they both sat in that school-room,—“Please, sir, he'll soon learn."

He had given the message to Ben, who had received it in silence, and gave no promise. But from time to time Bill thought he improved. At all events, he was not what he had formerly been—a nuisance to the village of Knowle. And that was something, for an idle lad may soon do more harm than years will undo.

Ben had even confessed to Bill that it was his blow which caused his terrible fall, and he could hardly believe that Bill had known this all the time, and had never revenged it. There is still, however, much room for improvement, and Bill often puts down his head in the old way to think what more David would have done for Ben if he had lived. So did the example of one good boy, poor as he was, make itself felt for years afterwards.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

## NEVER TELL A LIE.

LITTLE James was one day sent with a pitcher for some water. He accidentally dropped the pitcher, and broke it, and as it was a valuable one, he felt very sorry about it. As he stood looking sadly at the broken pieces, another lad came along and inquired what was the matter. James told him, and he said,—

"Well, go home and tell your mother that a boy threw a stone at you, and broke the pitcher."

"No, I shall go home and tell mother that I dropped it and broke it."

"But you will get whipped if you do."

"I don't care if I do get whipped. I shall tell the truth. I would rather take a thousand whippings than tell a lie to my mother."

That was the right spirit, boys. No matter what wrong thing you have done, confess it, even if you are sure of being punished. As James said, it is better to be punished a thousand times than to tell one lie.

Never tell a lie, nor even part of a lie. Many boys (and girls, too) will twist the truth, or tell a "white lie," as they call it; but that is about as bad, and a great deal more cowardly, than to tell a plump, round lie. Liars are not believed when they speak the truth. They are shunned by the good, and despised by everybody.



## THE UNCLE'S STORY.

**Y**OU promised to tell us a story, Uncle," said two little girls one day to a gentleman who was sitting by the fire in the drawing-room of Sanford Rectory.

"What shall it be about then, Katie?" said he, speaking to the younger; "about voyages, or travels, or history, or what?"

"Could you not tell us something about yourself, uncle?" said Ellen; "something that happened to you in your travels?"

"And something about two little girls," said Katie.

The little girl then jumped on her uncle's knee, and sat there while he told her this story:—

"Just about two years ago I returned from India on board a big ship, called the *Travancore*. It was not a steamer, but a large merchant-vessel, and as it had on board some valuable property belonging to your grandfather; he wrote and asked me to come by the *Travancore* instead of a steamer. There were not many passengers on board, because most persons like to travel now-a-days in steam-ships, as these go so much faster. But sometimes persons who are poor travel by trading-vessels, because they have not to pay so much for their passage. As we left Calcutta I saw the friends come to bid the last farewell to those who were starting for England. Some were smiling, and saying they should be in England first, as they were going by steamer; some were crying, because they expected never to see their friends again on earth. Then the cables were unloosed, and pocket-handkerchiefs waved from those on board to those on shore, as long as they could see each other.

Amongst the few passengers I noticed a lady dressed in deep mourning, with a pale sad face: her eyes were fixed upon the shore. But no one came to bid her good-bye—no one waved a handkerchief to her as the ship let go her ropes; yet she watched the shore with, perhaps, more longing eyes than the others did, and when she could see the city no longer she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"At her side, also dressed in deep mourning, were two little girls. One, whose name, as I afterwards found, was Ellen, was ten years old, and the other, Lucy, about seven. As soon as it grew dusk they all went down into their cabin. On the next morning the two children came on deck and walked about together very timidly, for they knew no one. I went to the eldest and said,—

"Is not your mother well this morning?"

"Ellen replied in a gentle voice,—

"She is never very well, sir; but I hope that she will be quite well before we get to England."

"You have no other friend with you, then?" I said. "Have you no nurse or servant to help your mother take care of you?"

"No, sir," replied Ellen; "we have no servants

now. Since our father died we have been too poor to have any."

"Has your father been dead long?"

"Only about two months."

"By this time we had found a low seat, and the children came and sat down by me, and were just beginning to be less afraid of me, when some one from below came and called 'Miss Stuart!' Ellen said, 'We must go down, sir, now; mother has sent for us.' But presently I saw little Lucy peeping out of the cabin. I went and said, 'Do you wish to come on deck again?'"

"She said, 'I should like to come.'"

"I then sent a message to her mother, saying that I would take care of the little girl."

"Ellen soon returned, bringing her sister, and begged I would send her down when I was tired; then, after making Lucy promise to be very good, she went back to her mother."

"I then gathered from my little friend that they were going to England to live with their aunt, who was the only relation they had, and she lived somewhere in London. The little girl asked me a great many questions about England—she wanted to know if people were very kind there, if they all loved one another, and if they were always happy. For she seemed to think that England was a place something like heaven."

"I told her, that when persons were kind and loved each other they were always happy, but when she got to England she would see for herself."

"During the voyage Lucy was often my companion as we sat on deck or in the saloon. Ellen sometimes joined us; but her mother was very ill, and Ellen was old enough to help her and be her nurse."

"Once or twice Mrs. Stuart came on deck, but she was so weak that she could scarcely walk. The last time I saw her she said,—

"Sir, you have been very kind to us, and my little Lucy has told me so much about you. May I trespass a little on your kindness and say a few words, for this may be the last opportunity?"

"I felt very sorry for the poor lady, and said,—

"I trust, madam, you will soon recover; but pray tell me how I may be of any service to you or your children, and I shall be most happy to do the best in my power."

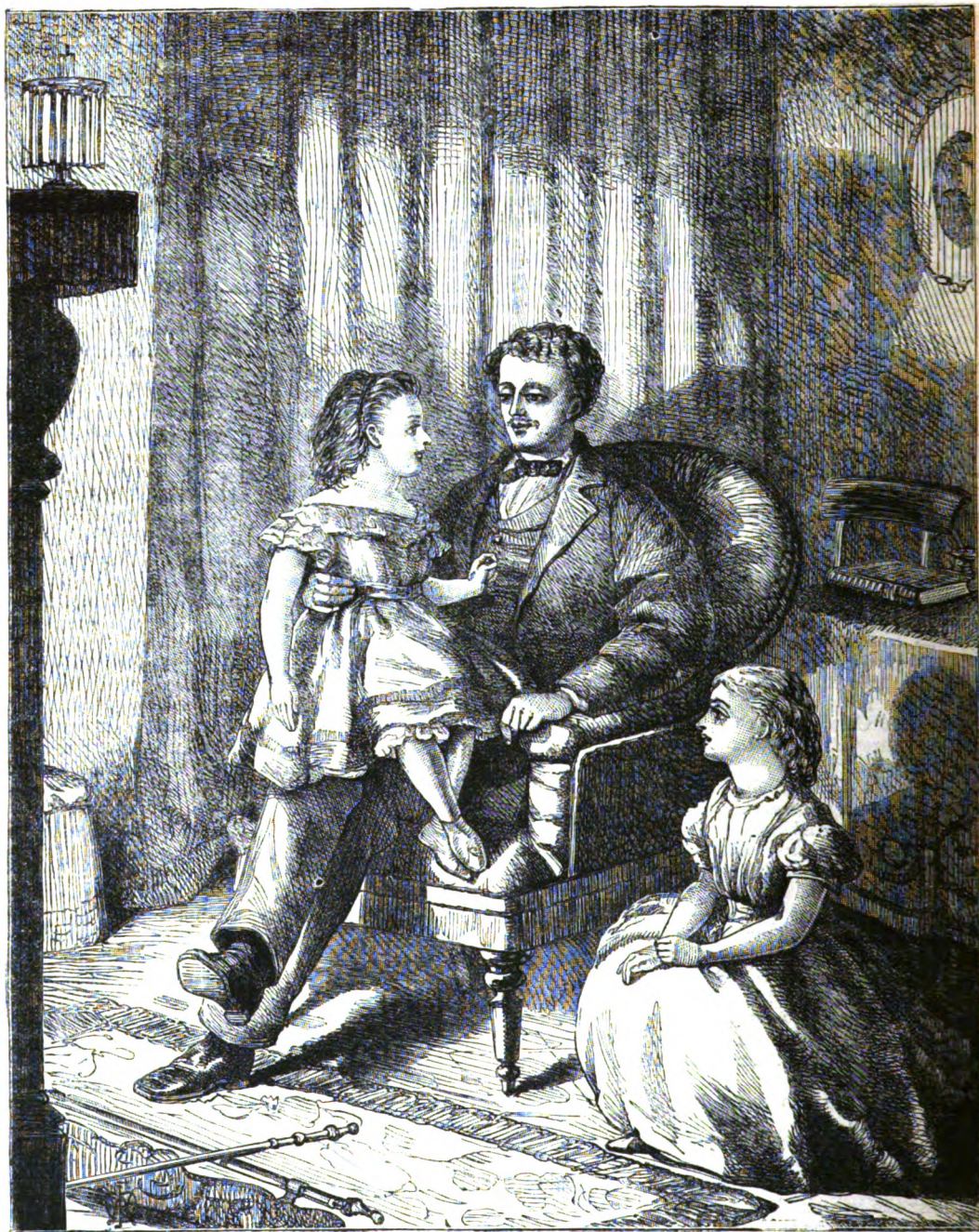
"She then told me what I had before learnt from the little girls, that she was going to take them to an aunt, her late husband's sister, but she feared she should not live to get to England. She requested that if she died I would take possession of her papers, and send her little girls to their aunt, who would provide for them and bring them up. I promised to do all I could for the dear children. Thanking me with tears in her eyes, she said,—

"Sir, you have 'visited the fatherless and the widow in their affliction,' God will reward you."

"I saw no more of her after that day. In a week she died, and she was buried at the Cape of Good Hope."

"During the rest of the voyage I became a father to the little ones, and when I arrived in London I found out their aunt, and took them to her house."





I had great difficulty in getting away from them, and they would only be consoled by my promising to come and see them as often as I could. Their aunt, who is the wife of a city merchant, invited

me to come and see them whenever I had time, and this very morning, before I started for Sanford, I saw them well and happy."

W. M.

Parts I. to IX. price Threepence each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

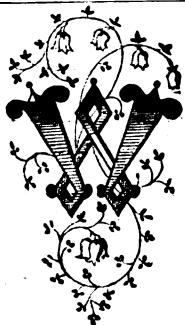


# Chatterbox.



Pussy's Request, sketched from Life by F. W. KEYL.





## PUSSY'S REQUEST.

WHEN I was painting old 'Thirteen and Four' (the horse whose picture you will see in *Chatterbox* some day), and his companions, I one day went out of the stable to get something, when the pretty wild-cat-like tabby of the groom met me at the foot of the ladder leading to the hay-loft. She rubbed her back and stiffened her tail against it as cats do when they are disposed to be friendly, but she mewed in a most significant way at the same time, and looked up in my face. I spoke to her in the usual way of addressing well-disposed cats; she mewed again, and, as I turned away, moved off with a disappointed look which I could not help noticing.

It struck me, as I looked about for the possible reason of this very meaning sort of appeal, that the ladder was so placed as to make it impossible for her to get through the hole in the door. I moved the steps to their proper position and called the cat who had been peeping round the corner evidently waiting to see whether I should at last understand her language. Daintily and diffidently she came, but no sooner did she spy the ladder in the right place than up she walked in such haste as to knock a paint-brush out of my mouth; but I doubt not all was done with a grateful purr.

More than once afterwards had I to help her in this way, as the stable-men always moved the ladder in order to go in and out of the door.

This same cat is a regular attendant at meals, and if she finds any door shut, jumps upon the handle so as to open the latch. Her mistress calls her "the Ghost" in consequence; she has had this cat for many years, and never found any difficulty in accustoming it to any change of abode. Whenever the family went, pussy followed. If cats were treated properly, and with some attention, their attachment to their owners would always be greater than to their homes.

There are hundreds of people in London who take care of empty houses; many of these people are aged and solitary, and so they prize the companionship of a cat. They often move from one residence to another, nevertheless pussy is always ready to make the new house feel like the old home by her presence.

**IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF.**—Lately a gentleman in Third Street, Philadelphia, observed a party of news-boys, who were waiting for the afternoon papers. A well-dressed lad walked up to them. They eagerly saluted him, and examined him on every side, and seemed to admire him much. Soon a little fellow, with a coat reaching to the ground and out at the elbows, began to question him thus: "Why, what are you at now?" "I'm in a store." "What do you do?" "I sweep out the store and run errands." "Well, tell me; you don't feel as jolly now as when you were in business for yourself, do you?"

## FARRELL'S PATENT.

(Continued from p. 347.)

## CHAPTER II.



CARR Farrell lay amongst the rank grass under the big elm, with his face towards the ground and his hands over it; as if not even the buttercups and daisies might bear witness to the passionate tears which he could not keep back. His father was dead. But it wasn't altogether that. Carr Farrell the elder had not been a good husband, nor a good father; and he had been a shift, improvident man: yet in those days no one would have dared to say so in his son's hearing. He was dead—that was enough. The very word seemed to wipe out from the vanished life all memories but the best and tenderest. Carr had stood beside his grave, fighting against the sorrow that he scarcely understood; feeling, as we all must feel, how much dearer than we knew was the one who is gone away; how much we have left undone; how many of the faults we were apt to lay upon him were in reality our own; how bitterly we have failed. Now, when there is no time to make amends, these things come back upon us, and we wonder what we have been about all our idle, selfish, dreaming lives, not to see them before.

I am neither priest nor schoolmaster that I should preach; but oh, you boys, who have fathers and mothers, be good to them *now*. And if the sharp reply or disobedient word rise up in your days of youth and health, only stop and think of a time when your prayers and tears shall fall upon green turf or stone cross, and you will be patient. Carr had felt this in a degree, but it was not for this altogether that he was lying amongst the buttercups and daisies sobbing. It was for the grand castle he had built up; for the glorious future in the free, beautiful country; for the life which he had meant to be so full of pleasure and so successful. For it was all over with this, now. Farrell's Hurst was mortgaged to its last inch, and the only thing open to Carr was to take the offer of his father's brother, and shut himself up in a dusky office in a manufacturing town. Bitter rebellion rose in the lad's heart. He hated the thought. He loved freedom, and field-sports, and fresh air, and — Here he sprang up from under the elm, and leaned on the top bar of a gate, looking away into the west.

"I could emigrate," he said, "if it were not for my mother and Stevie; if it were not —"

"Carr," said a voice at his elbow, "I wish I could go in your place. I do, indeed."

Carr turned and looked into Stephen's big, round eyes, which, though they had been crying too, were not hard like his own, but had a wistful light in them; and then he put his arms back on the gate, his face down upon them, and he fought his battle over again: this time he conquered.

"Stevie," he said, "they wouldn't have you, my poor fellow. You must be mother's comfort. I'll work. I've said it before. I'll put my strength

into this, as I would have done into the farm. And I'll make a fortune. What are you smiling at? I will. See if I don't!"

"I wasn't smiling at that," said Stevie; "but only I was glad to see you like yourself again."

"And who knows but that I shall invent something wonderful, and get lots of money, and buy back this old place? I shall be a great man yet, Stevie."

It was odd to see how, through all his struggles, this one thought kept uppermost—himself. The thing to be done didn't seem of so much consequence as that he, Carr Farrell, should do it; should be king elsewhere, as he had been at school. And it was with a sort of kingly air about him that he went back to the house, where his uncle waited for his answer.

"I accept your offer, sir," said Carr. Mr. Farrell's blunt "Of course you do," fell hard upon his excitement and sense of self-sacrifice. The uncle saw no self-sacrifice in it, but simply the matter-of-course acceptance of a favour.

"As for my mother and Stephen —"

"Your mother and Stephen will come too," supplied Mr. Farrell, promptly. "They must leave here, and they may as well take lodgings near us, where you can spend your evenings with them. It will keep you out of mischief. By-and-by Stephen will be able to do something for himself, with all that education. Foolish, I must say—such an expensive school!—reckless, very!"

In an instant Mrs. Farrell's hand was on Carr's impetuous lips.

"My dear boy—there. It is all settled. Patience!" she whispered; "your uncle is kind, and means for the best."

And Carr, obeying a sudden impulse, clasped the fingers that had so touched him in his own, and kissed them. She was his mother, and had ruled him often when no one else could have done it. Moreover, there came upon him now, in some sort, a sense of protectors that was sweet to the self-confident nature of the boy. He was going to work for her; she would be, by-and-by at least, if not just yet, dependent upon him. Carr felt his manhood grow upon him at the thought. Stephen was nobody—at least, only another to be taken care of. He, and he only, was the stay of the family, and must do great things. For the sake of these two, Carr thought he could even be submissive to his uncle, whose grave authority galled him.

"I should like," said the lad, hesitating, and looking at his mother, "I should like—I think—just to say good-bye to the fellows at the school."

"And your mother," added Mr. Farrell, nodding. "Quite right. Yes, I have no objection to your doing that."

Carr bit his lips. He had not spoken to his uncle at all; certainly not to ask permission from him; but he restrained himself. Now that he was positively going away, to leave his school days behind him, he was disposed to think of them regretfully. At the same time, he was going away, into the great unknown world, to make his fortune. And there was something grand in going away; it

implied power and progress; and it was with his old air of superiority that he stood amongst the companions who could not do this great thing, but must remain behind to plod on in the life which already began to appear to him dull and slow.

"Yes, you have all been good fellows, very," he said, with a little softening of his grand air. "And I thank you, and am sorry to go. But then, you see, I am going into the world to make—a name for myself, and a fortune for my mother and Stevie."

In days to come Carr remembered the speech, and hung his head. A grave voice answered it; the voice of the master, who had come in unperceived, and was looking sorrowfully at the two scholars whom he was about to lose.

"Boys," said the schoolmaster, sadly, "that same world is a dangerous place. I wish you would remember that the Great Giver of all measures His gifts to each of us in His wisdom. To one, genius; to another —"

He stopped a moment, and then put his hand on Carr's shoulder.

"My lad, there are those among us who will serve God better by working in faith and steadiness upon the trodden ways, than by an ambitious striving for what, after all, He may not have intended that they should attain. Great ambition is apt too often to neglect the smaller things that should not be left undone, and so to make of life a grand mistake and failure. It's a safe thing to take the nearest duty, and do that first. Carr, my boy, do you understand? God bless you and keep you safe, both of you."

(To be continued.)

### MAKE THE FOUNTAIN PURE.

MOTHER," said a little girl one day, "won't you tell me how I can be good inside?"

"What do you mean?" asked her mother.

"Why, I mean I don't have right feelings in my heart. Father calls me a good girl, so does aunty, and almost everybody; but I'm not good at all."

"I'm very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said Kitty; "but I know my heart is very wicked. Why, when I was dressed to ride yesterday, and the carriage came to the door, you remember father said there was no room for me. Well, I went into the house, and when you came back, aunty told you I had been very good about it. But she didn't know. I didn't say anything to her, but I went up-stairs, and though I didn't cry I thought very wicked things. Won't you tell me how I can be good inside?"

Now, there are many children, and grown people too, who are like Kitty. They keep their lips from saying bad things, but they can't keep their hearts from thinking and feeling what is bad. If we want to be good inside we must get our hearts changed. None but Jesus can do this. He says,—"A new heart will I give them, and a new spirit will I put within them." Make the fountain pure, and then the streams which flow from it will be pure also.





Liberated Slaves meeting their Friends.

**THE STORY OF YARRAH, A SLAVE.***(Concluded from page 340.)***CHAPTER IV.**

Sierra Leone is a small colony on the African coast belonging to England, which was set apart in the year 1808 as a place to receive such Africans as are rescued from the slave-ships. These liberated people are taught how to support themselves with lawful trade. At the present time Sierra Leone is one of the most important places in Africa; it has its flourishing towns and villages, and Christianity prevails all over the colony.

When the negroes were landed there out of the slave-ship, some were happy enough to find out friends and relatives who had been brought there before them. Great was the joy at such meetings. Yarrah was very happy, but he could not help feeling some grief, as no one came to welcome him.

The freemen being all landed, the slave-ship which had brought them, so that she might no longer serve for slave purposes, was set on fire. Her timbers burnt to the water, and then floated away to sea, a warning to any other slavers who might spy them.

Yarrah was placed in a school for liberated Africans, supported by the British Government, for the education of boys until they are old enough to labour for themselves.

There he, first of all, learnt English, and in the school he heard of God who made him, and of the Saviour. After some time

he became a Christian, receiving baptism at his own request.

Yarrah spent over three happy years in this school, during which time he had almost grown into a man, when he chose to be bound to a merchant, who was going to settle some hundreds of miles lower down the coast.

The chief reason for this choice, was that Yarrah thought the country to which this merchant was going could not be very far away from his own native place; and he had a longing desire to learn something about his tribe and nation, which he could not do at Sierra Leone.



Wreck of a Slave Ship.





### Night Encampment.

Now, about this time, a great demand for cotton had arisen in England and elsewhere, in consequence of the American war, and it was discovered that cotton could be grown plentifully in Africa, where it would yield large profits. It was to a cotton merchant that Yarah was engaged.

We must briefly say what Yarrab had to do. He was employed as an agent to move to and fro between the coast and the interior, bargain-

ing for cotton, purchasing it for ready money, and sending it down the coast for shipment to England. Our readers must imagine for themselves how busy he was, and how well he laboured, when we tell them that, in a twelve-month or so, he became a partner in the trade, and began to grow rich.

He had frequently, when upon his journeys into the interior, heard his own language spoken,

but all his inquiries after his own particular people had been in vain.

Having now the means at his command, he resolved to take a long journey to find out all that was possible. He took several attendants with him, and started from the coast, determining not to return until he had satisfied himself with his search. The journey was very pleasant, and at night the party would encamp, and sit round fires,

eating, talking, and making merry. Yarrah felt much thankfulness at such times, for he could not help contrasting this with another journey six years back, when he was brought in chains down to the sea to be sold as a slave; but at the same time he had sad thoughts about his poor lost father, Oboabi.

One day he spied, a long way off, the top of a mountain of peculiar shape, so strange-looking that Yarrah knew it was one he had often beheld when he was a boy. The sight of this landmark gave him great joy, for he was sure he could not be now very far off his native place.

Journeying towards this mountain, he came, in two or three days, into a still more familiar district, and next struck upon the same river which ran not very far off his father's village. His heart beat as he arrived at the very spot where he had been stolen, and where his father had been shot down. He knelt down there and gave thanks to God for his great deliverance and present prosperity. And now from here it was only a short distance to where his home had stood. He told his companions to wait behind, and he went forward through the bush to see if the fire had spared anything. He knew the very trees he passed by.

He soon came with a beating heart to where the village-wall stood, and he was amazed to find it had been rebuilt! He entered the gate, and there before him was the old place, just as if nothing had happened! The huts bore their high roofs of thatch; the goats and fowls were feeding about, and at the far end was a tall house, exactly like that which had been his father's which he last saw in flames.

He now suddenly grew so weak that he was ready to sink down. Some people came out to see who the visitor was, and he knew some of their faces. None knew him.

At length he found courage to ask a question,—

"Who was the chief of the village now?"

"Oboabi," the people replied.

"What? Who?" said Yarrah, trembling very much.

"Oboabi, our good chief. His house is yonder."

"Oboabi! How long has he been your chief? Had he ever a son? Was this Oboabi ever killed, or is it another Oboabi than the father of Yarrah, who was taken for a slave?"

"Our chief, Oboabi, has always been our chief. He had a son named Yarrah, who was stolen some years ago, and he mourns for him now."

"Oh, conduct me to your chief. Yet stay—I cannot go to him now. I must first rest here." And Yarrah sank down quite unable to proceed. His surprise had taken all his strength away.

The people ran to fetch the chief, and in a few minutes, old Oboabi—for it was indeed he—came towards the stranger. Yarrah rose up, and gazing at the old man, knew his father at once.

"Are you Oboabi who was shot by a gun when your son Yarrah was taken away?"

"I am he," said the chief; "and if you have any news of my son, speak quickly. Is he alive?"

"First of all," said Yarrah, "tell me how you recovered from the dead?"

The old man took the cloth off his shoulders which he wore, and turning round, showed a scar on his back like the mark of a healed wound.

"My wound saved me," said he, "but it cost me my boy, for I was prevented from rescuing him. They thought I was dead, and left me lying on the ground. When the slave men were gone, I came round: my friends here nursed me, and we built the village again. And now, speak and tell me quickly of my boy, Yarrah."

Yarrah came forward and fell upon Oboabi's neck, crying, "Oh, father, father, alive from the dead. I am Yarrah! I am Yarrah, your child!"

We have only a few words more to tell. After this happy recognition, the old man made a great feast for some days. When it was over, Yarrah persuaded his father to return with him to the coast and reside there.

The old man in time, through his son's instruction, became a Christian too. He lived to see Yarrah become wealthy, and the father of a family. And so it fell out that the latter end of Oboabi's days was better than the beginning.

B. W.

## THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S DOG.

THE visit of the Emperor Alexander of Russia to the French capital will be connected in his mind with another sad remembrance beside that of his attempted assassination. A piece of news could no longer be concealed from him which had reached his attendants some days previously, and which had not been told to him that his enjoyment of the festivities in Paris might not be marred. The Czar had a favourite dog, named My Lord, who never left him, was most faithfully devoted to him—an animal as sagacious as it was handsome. My Lord had free admittance to the Emperor's apartments at every time, My Lord slept in a room adjoining the royal bed-chamber, My Lord was the Emperor's regular companion in all his walks. As soon as My Lord was seen, people knew that the Emperor was not far off—it seemed as if they were inseparable. When the journey to Paris was decided on, every one asked whether My Lord would go there too, and most people thought that he would never be left behind. In previous journeys My Lord had always been among the suite, and three years ago had excited general admiration in Kissingen; and when the Emperor, contrary to all expectation, went away without his faithful companion, persons were not wanting who foretold some misfortune on account of this circumstance.

Only three days after the Emperor's departure his faithful dog died, as it seemed, of grief at being separated from his master. The sad news was sent to Paris by a telegram, which arrived just before the Emperor's life was attempted in the Bois de Boulogne.

The Emperor was deeply grieved when he heard of it, and regretted that he had not brought his faithful dumb companion with him. J. F. C.



## THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.

**D**URING the Peninsular war, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger, of which he became very fond. The horse, too, loved his master. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, used to throw this horse into a state of happy excitement.

Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being given to a young officer, he refused to fall in with his troop, and darted straight to the trumpeter's station and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master.

This good creature was restored to the trumpeter, and he carried him during several of the Peninsular campaigns, through many hairbreadth escapes.

At last the regiment to which the trumpeter belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of the retreat he was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, he lay helpless on the ground, and after some hours' suffering expired. His body was discovered many days after the battle, stretched on the grass, with his faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval it seems that the poor horse had never quitted his master's side, but stood sentinel over his body, scaring away the birds of prey, and not heeding his own wants. When he was found he was in a sadly wasted condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from lack of food, which he could not be prevailed on to touch, so that at last he had to be shot to put him out of his misery.

## THE BLIND GIRL'S THOUGHTS.



**A**PENNY for your thoughts, Mary," said Eveline Ashley to a girl about her own age, who was seated upon the door-step of a pretty cottage. Mary, who had been busy shelling peas for her mother, had just stopped from her work, and was leaning upon the side-post of the door, as if in deep thought. Mary raised her head, and her bright eyes, that had been fixed apparently upon some distant object, were now turned towards her friend.

Those eyes were bright, but yet there was a strange want of expression in them, which, perhaps, would not have been noticed by a passer-by; but Evelyn knew the cause of the vacant look in Mary's otherwise intelligent face, and did all in her power to comfort and help her. And much she needed comfort and help, for she was blind.

Not more than a year ago Mary Wright was one of the most active and merry of all the girls in Langdale, but a severe illness had taken away her sight. No wonder, poor child! she was sad and melancholy at times,—no wonder she stopped in

her little occupations, and sat fixed in thought! At first Mary had some difficulty in finding her way from place to place, and hurt herself many times before she learnt her way about the village. But in her trouble she found a very kind and compassionate friend in Eveline Ashley. This young lady was the daughter of the Squire of the village, and had been trained from her childhood to think and help her poorer neighbours.

Now up to a year ago Mary had never been ill, and being a giddy and careless girl she had rather avoided Miss Eveline, as her kindness and thoughtfulness for others were a constant rebuke to her.

"Mary," her mother would say, "I want you to take father's dinner to him in the fields to-day."

But Mary always had some excuse whenever her mother wished her to do anything.

Then Mrs. Wright would reply, with a shake of the head,—

"Ah, Mary, you will never be good for much! Look at Miss Eveline, she has no need to work, but she is always doing a kindness for some one! You will be never like her. Take her for an example, and don't grow up an idle and useless girl."

Mary would then put herself into a temper, and declare she did not want to be like Miss Eveline, and she should have to work hard enough when she grew older.

But when God sent this heavy trouble upon her, and took away her sight, Mary learned to think and feel very differently. It was in one of her thoughtful moods that Eveline found her when she said, "A penny for your thoughts, Mary!" Mary's darkened eyes were lifted up to her friend, and Eveline stooped and gently kissed the blind girl's forehead.

Mary blushed, and a tear fell upon her cheek.

"Come and walk a little way with me," said Miss Eveline, "and tell me what is the matter."

Mary got up and went into the cottage, and said,—

"Mother dear, may I go a little way with Miss Eveline?"

Mrs. Wright gladly consented, and the two girls went out together.

It was a long time before Mary could bring herself to answer her friend's question, but at last she said,—

"I was thinking, Miss Eveline, of the time when I could see, and of what my mother used to say to me. She told me I should grow up idle and useless,—and how true her words have become! Now that I should like to work, I cannot. Oh, if I had but my sight again I would never more make those idle excuses,—but it is too late!"

"Is that all, Mary?" replied her companion.

Mary hesitated, but at last said,—

"I think I cannot tell you any more, Miss Eveline: you would be angry with me, and I could not bear that now. I did not want you then, but I cannot do without you now."

"Is that all, Mary?"

"Not quite: I used to laugh at your kindness to others, and say I did not want to be like you. But,



"A penny for your thoughts, Mary."

oh, Miss Eveline, do not be angry!" continued Mary,—*"do not be angry! I do, indeed, now love you dearly! Will you forgive me, and I shall be happy?"*

Eveline's reply was in a look of tender compassion and another kiss on the brow of the blind girl. She then said again,—

"Is that *all*, Mary?"

Mary said, "That is all:" and Eveline replied,—

"That is past and gone: it is not worth thinking

about now, and I will take care that you shall not grow up an idle and useless girl!"

Eveline kept her word, and came often to see the blind girl, and taught her many useful things. And at last, through her father's influence, Eveline got Mary into a school for the blind, where she learnt so quickly that before long she was almost able to support herself, while her thoughtfulness for others and her gentle loving spirit made her the joy and sunshine of her home.

W. M.

Parts I. to X. price Threepence each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.



# Chatterbox.





### THE MOTHERLESS.

THE Motherless! bend quietly  
Over that little bed,  
And draw the curtains lovingly  
Around that infant head;  
And smooth the pillow tenderly,  
The cheek with kisses press,  
Then bear her on the heart in prayer,  
For she is motherless!

The Motherless! when Christmas  
Hath piled the yule-log high,  
And clustering faces smile around  
The glad hearth merrily;  
When for the kindly gift you have  
The fond and warm caress,  
Forget not then the lonely one,  
For she is motherless!

The Motherless! when illness  
Hath blanched the dimpled cheek,  
When on the couch of languishing  
That little one lies weak;  
Then pray that God be near her,  
To strengthen and to bless,  
And heed her tale of suffering,  
For she is motherless!

The Motherless! when evening  
With the kind "Good-night" goes round,  
Breathe in her ear all soothingly  
The fond parental sound;  
Tell her that e'en a mother's love  
May learn forgetfulness,  
And speak of the Unchangeable  
To her, the motherless!

MRS. HENRY LYNCH.

### FARRELL'S PATENT.

(Continued from p. 355.)

#### CHAPTER III.

YOU are pale, mother," said Carr, looking at the fingers which had grown too white and delicate for the fingers of a farmer's wife. "These close streets do not agree with you; and you work too hard at that stitching. There can be no need. Where's Stephen?"

"Gone out, Carr. He has been busy all day."

"Busy!" echoed Carr, shaking his head and smiling. "Poor Stevie! His books and plans amuse him, I suppose."

Mrs. Farrell looked at her eldest son for a moment, and then said gently, "Stephen is very clever, Carr."

"Oh, yes, I know. A genius, poor Stevie is."

But Carr said it with a tone of pity. He never thought of Stephen except as one to be taken care of.

"He has got a paper into a magazine," persisted Mrs. Farrell.

"Has he? Did they pay him for it?"

"No. But he may get pay by-and-by—for the next, perhaps. I don't understand such things, but he says so. It's something about a new plough."

Carr made an impatient movement. "If all this amuses Stevie, mother, it's all very well. But you don't suppose he knows anything about farming?"

"Carr," said Mrs. Farrell, not answering his question, "do you like your work?"

"Well—it's slow, mother; that's the fact. I want to get on. I want to have your pale face

back in the country. But I think I shall succeed. I think I see a way——"

His mother, with an old movement, put her finger on his lips.

"Carr, my dear boy, God has been very good to me, and I am happy. He has given me two good sons. I own I was a little afraid of the town for you and Stevie. Because I know that it is too common for lads in large towns to fall back from good old ways; to begin to think they need not be so strict about going to church, and—other things. But I am thankful that this has not been the case with you and Stevie. I hope it never will be."

"I hope not, mother."

Carr spoke gravely. He did hope it; but at the same time he remembered, with a pang of self-reproach, how often the great scheme which had begun to work in his brain shut out from him all memory of where he was, all sound of prayer or praise, and left only the whirl of machinery, the working of big pistons, and cranks, and cog-wheels. He did not tell his mother this. He comforted himself with the thought, that when his scheme had succeeded all would come right—as it must succeed, of course. It would be the great turning-point of his life; it *could* not fail.

So day after day Carr climbed into his seat at the desk, and wrote and posted up accounts while his brain was full of other things. It was full, as I have said before, of the working of pistons and cog-wheels; of a part of the machinery which he had once heard his uncle call a "clumsy contrivance." The sentence, spoken in a moment of impatience, came like a flash of light to Carr. Here was his chance. He went and stood before the "clumsy contrivance" with his heart in his eyes, watching it. He was ignorant. He saw nothing but the piston bobbing up and down, and the little wheels climbing round each other; it did not look clumsy to him. Dismayed, but not beaten, he went back again to his desk. And here day after day he grew to be less and less useful. He made mistakes; he was idle; he drew upon himself his uncle's displeasure, and when he was spoken to, he answered sharply: for, in truth, he could not work. Fingers, and brain, and heart, were occupied with the clumsy contrivance to replace which he was going to invent something that should be called "Farrell's Patent."

"I'll do it!" said Carr. "What does it matter about this pitiful desk work? Anybody with fingers could do that; but anybody couldn't invent a Farrell's patent."

He dwelt on the words till they were never out of his thoughts, night or day; in his dreams the thing haunted him. He would not have cared for that, only the mischief of it was, that the invention always escaped him in these dreams. It was for ever on the point of being complete, but yet always got away from him.

"I don't know what to make of Carr," said Mr. Farrell to Carr's mother one day. "At first he was a good lad, and business-like. And he could be as good a clerk as I'd wish to have if he liked; but he's changed. He does nothing but moon

about amongst the men, and draw patterns instead of going on steadily at the desk. I wish you'd speak to him."

And Mrs. Farrell did speak, and Carr, for almost the first time in his life, answered her sharply. He was bitterly repentant afterwards, but then we know that a word once uttered can never be taken back again.

"It's my opinion," said Stephen, bending over him, "that you're ill, old fellow, and want a holiday. There's nothing like change. Say so, and I'm sure my uncle would give it."

Carr drummed on the table impatiently at this speech, and did not at once answer. It seemed to him that these people for whom he was going to do such great things were unreasonable and exacting. Well, they would find some day that there are higher achievements for such as he was than mere book-keeping.

"I'm not ill, and I wouldn't have a holiday for all the world. By-and-by," he said, looking round with a certain triumph in his tone, "you'll know what it's all about, and then perhaps Mr. Farrell will be—proud of me," he was going to say, but he stopped himself.

His mother saw the sparkle in his eye and the red on his cheek, and she said to herself, "He has always been a good boy to me; I won't tease him now."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Carr Farrell was going home from the office. He stopped a little before the familiar door and held his hand on the iron railings, as though in his disappointment he thought they had no business to stand there, upright as usual, mocking him. There were no blinds over the windows this time, but it occurred to Carr, grimly, that there might have been. He had kept all his struggles to himself. He had been even jealously avoiding the workmen and clerks lately, for fear they should find out what was in his head, and now—

Carr had a little box under his arm, and as he still kept his left hand on the railings he held this up in the right, and looked at it.

Then he mounted the stairs two at a time, and came full upon Stephen sitting at a table which was all covered with slips of paper and notes, and curious little architectural-looking drawings. Carr glanced at this with more than his usual pity and contempt. It seemed to him now such child's play.

He never said a word, but went straight up to the fire, took something out of his little box, and began breaking the latter into slips, which he deliberately stuck like spills between the bars of the grate. When he had finished the box, he put out his hand for what it had contained; but Stephen was before him; quiet, and yet with a sort of authority that Carr, in his astonishment, could not resist.

"I say, Carr," said Stephen, "what are you about?"

Carr pointed to the half-burnt spills, and laughed. "There goes a man's ambition—the one hope of his life: that's all, Stevie. It isn't much, is it?"

But Stephen was already busy with the little model that he had saved, and did not answer. After

a while Carr, looking round, saw his broad forehead all puckered up and bent, and he woke up to a faint glow of the hope which he had once placed in the poor little toy.

"You see," he said quickly, "you've got it wrong. This is the way it should work."

And then he explained all about the "clumsy contrivance," and his long, weary search after some invention to replace it.

"But it's a failure after all," groaned Carr. "Fancy that! Fancy *me* having to say that!"

"I don't know," hesitated Stephen. "It's hard, of course; but it hasn't been good for you. You've got pale and thin, Carr. You look ill."

"Ill! Of course I do! I *am* ill. Sick with disgust and disappointment."

"I don't think I would advise you to try again."

"You advise!" repeated Carr in his irritation. "I should like to know what you know about it. Stick to your bits of magazine-writing, and your . . . Hallo, Stevie! it strikes me I'm being a regular bear. I don't mean it, indeed, but I'm done up, and you mustn't try me now with what of course you can't understand."

"I won't," said Stephen, gravely.

"You see I couldn't try again, because it would be useless. I've come to the end of my tether; that's the amazing part of it. Of course I don't expect you to understand, but the blankness, when a fellow finds that he has turned over all his ideas, and has positively got no more, is terrible. To know that the thing could be done, and yet to find that you can't do it, is the most wonderful part of the affair. Haven't you done with that toy yet?"

"Carr," said Stephen, "it makes me curious. Will you let me see this 'clumsy contrivance'?"

"To be sure, if you like. You're only to ask the foreman to show you over the works."

"And I may keep the little model?"

"Yes, only keep it out of my sight. I must strike another trail, that's all. Here's mother. Not a word to her; I couldn't bear it."

So Stephen Farrell went to see the piece of machinery which had caused Carr's trouble; went to see it more than once; studied it; was busier than ever over his diagrams. And one night he said to Carr as they were going up to bed,—"Old fellow, you wouldn't be vexed if I were to succeed where you failed—eh?"

Carr looked at him perplexed for a minute, and then broke into a laugh.

"You going to set the Thames on fire, Stevie? What will happen next?"

That was all the answer he gave his brother. For himself, he was restless and irritable, and did his work no better than of late. He was always pondering over his failure—a word which used to seem impossible to him; always thinking over some new scheme, from which, however, he would turn restlessly to the invention that he saw to be possible, but was obliged to confess not possible for him. This was what he found so hard to understand. Poor Carr had his lesson of humility before him, but he was only beginning to learn it.

(To be concluded in our next.)







## THE EAGLE AND THE BABY.

UP among the heather-covered hills, in the Highlands of Scotland, a shepherd lived with his wife and two children—one named Nancy, about eight years old; the other a baby only two months old. Nancy often took care of her little brother while her mother went to a village about three miles away, to buy tea and sugar; but, generally speaking, the baby went with her. One day she had so much shopping to do, and would have so many parcels to bring home, that she made up her mind not to take him, so she lifted the cradle into a sunny place outside the cottage, and, telling Nancy not to leave him for a single minute, she set off with her basket.

Nancy was proud of being trusted with the care of her little brother, and began singing in the way she heard her mother do; so baby awoke, and, seeing Nancy, laughed, and kicked his fat legs, until, growing tired, he went to sleep again.

Nancy knelt in the little blankets over his feet, and, thinking she would like to walk about a little, got up, and began looking about her.

The shepherd's cottage was in a lone'y place, and not far off were great cliffs, where ravens and eagles built their nests; and these eagles were strong and fierce, often carrying off young lambs, to feed their own little ones. Nancy saw one flying slowly round in great circles, as they do when looking out for something to pounce upon and carry away. She watched the great bird for a good while, wondering if it was going to steal any of her father's lambs; and then, getting tired of that, and feeling hungry, she went into the cottage to get some bread. There she saw her mother's cap; so she put it on, and began pretending she was her mother, getting so much amused by her play that she quite forgot how quickly the time passed, or that she had left her baby brother so long; indeed, I am afraid she forgot all about him until she heard a loud scream, and, knowing it to be her mother's voice, she run out of the cottage quite frightened and ashamed. The first thing she saw was the eagle, just rising from the cradle, and holding her poor little brother fast in its great claws; and there was her mother rushing up the hill, screaming to frighten the bird.

Of course Nancy began to scream too; but the eagle did not drop the baby; he only rose higher and higher, wheeling round and round, until getting far up in the air, he flew straight away in the direction of the cliffs, where his nest was, and where his hungry little ones were waiting for their dinner.

The poor mother kept running on, with her eyes fixed upon the eagle, thinking only of her poor babe.

As she was running up the hill she met a party of gentlemen shooting, and, thinking they could help her, she told them what had happened. They were all very sorry for her, but did not think they could do anything, till one youth said he would try to reach the nest if they would get ropes; so while some ran to the nearest house for ropes, the others went to the top of the cliffs, where, looking over, they could see two eagles hovering about; and,

as neither of them had the baby in its claws, they guessed that it was laid in the nest, and would, perhaps, be safe.

When the ropes arrived, and the brave youth made them tie him firmly to one, and began to creep down the face of the cliff, his friends tried hard to prevent him, telling him he would be sure to be killed; but he looked at the poor weeping woman, and thought of his own dear mother who was dead; and then, saying to himself, "Almighty God, help me to save the poor woman's baby," he went boldly down, holding on by bits of grass or fern, and resting upon the rope. At last he reached a ledge, and sat down to take a little rest. The eagles came sweeping past, screaming angrily at him, and once or twice nearly striking him with their great strong wings. Looking over the ledge on which he sat, he could see the eagle's nest, a long way below, and in it lay the dear little baby, wide awake, and playing with the young eagles. When he saw this he shouted to tell the mother that he saw the baby, and then he began to descend the cliff again.

When he reached the nest he took up the baby, and tying it round him with a plaid, he gave the signal to pull up. But if coming down was difficult, going up with the baby was far more so; and when he got within a few yards of the top, he fainted, and was drawn over the edge of the cliff more dead than alive. You may believe how thankful the poor mother was, and how all the people honoured the brave young gentleman who had risked his life for the shepherd's baby.

## SAFE TO OBEY.

A SCREAM, a whistle, a red flag waved,—  
A jerk and a sudden stop! We're saved!  
Thank God, my child, Whose gracious power  
Preserved thy father's life that hour!

I tell my darling child the tale,  
Not that his tender heart may quail,  
And the glowing cheek I kiss grow white,  
At thought of the sad and sickening sight;

But that my little one may learn  
What terrible risks they run who spurn  
The loving hands which God ordains  
To hold in their youth the guiding reins.

They broke away from their driver's hand,  
They would not obey when he bid them "stand;"  
A whistle—a scream—we hold our breath!  
The train rushes on!—they are crushed to death!

We're saved, thank God! but there they lie;  
Poor creatures, a horrible death to die!  
Mangled to pieces beneath the train—  
Well, now all's over—they're past all pain!

"But be not ye like horse or mule,"  
Refuse not blessed parental rule:  
We never are safe but in God's own way,  
And happy the child who has learned to obey.  
F. W. H.

### A VOYAGE IN A BALLOON.

**A**BOUT eight years ago, in the State of Illinois, a little girl and boy made a voyage all alone in a balloon.

About seventeen miles from where they lived a fair is held every year. A gentleman went to this fair with a balloon, to let the people see him go up in it; but he was ill, and could not do it, so he invited another gentleman, Mr. Samuel Wilson, to take his place.

Mr. Wilson went up about two miles high in the balloon, remained up some time, and after sailing through the air about seventeen miles, came down upon the farm of a Mr. Harvey.

The grappling-iron caught in a small tree, and Mr. Harvey and his son helped Mr. Wilson get the balloon down. This balloon seemed to be a great wonder to Mr. Harvey, his family, and the neighbours, who all gathered around it, having never seen one before. It was nearly dark; but they asked a great many questions about it, and wished they could make a trip in it. Mr. Wilson fastened the anchor to the fence, and Mr. Harvey got into the car; and his son and some of the neighbours let him up a few feet, holding on to the rope. Mr. Wilson charged them to be careful and not let the rope slip, or the balloon might carry them off.

When Mr. Harvey was satisfied, the children wished to try it, or at least to sit in it, and see what it was like. He put the three youngest in the car of the balloon. After sitting there a few moments, Mr. Harvey lifted his oldest daughter out. The other children, Martha, eight, and David, three years old, were so light, when she was lifted out, that the balloon jerked away from the fence, and sailed up into the air.

The children screamed out, "Mother! mother! take us down!" But they were out of reach, and soon they looked as if they had gone up among the clouds. All who were looking on were frightened and amazed. The poor father and mother were half distracted. Mr. Wilson said all he could to comfort them; telling them that the balloon was in such a state that he did not think it would stay up more than two hours, or go more than twenty miles away, as the evening was so still, and there was no wind; and that the ropes around the car or basket were so many, and so close together, he did not think the children would fall out.

Men were sent on horseback in every direction. Very few who were at the fair slept much that night for thinking of the little children sailing away by themselves, nobody knew where; and their poor father and mother, so frightened about them, thinking perhaps they would fall out of the car, or come down in the woods where they never would be found, or maybe float through the air to the Mississippi River, and come down in the water, and be drowned!

It was Friday evening when the children started on their unexpected voyage. The next morning, eighteen miles from Mr. Harvey's, a Mr. Atchison got up early and went out. Not far from his house, entangled in a tree, he saw a queer-looking thing.

Going as near to it as he could, he heard a girl's voice, calling,—

"Pull us down! please pull us down! do it easy—David's asleep!"

Of course he was very much surprised to see that great balloon entangled in the tree in which the anchor had caught, and to hear a child's voice.

Mr. Atchison got help and took the children down. Little David was asleep, with Martha's pinafore over him. "David said he was cold, when we were up in the sky, and I took my pinafore off and put it over him, and he put his head in my lap and went to sleep," said little Martha.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey received the glad news that the children were safe at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the little ones were carried home about eight o'clock in the evening.

Such rejoicing! Father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all the neighbours, were so glad, they could not kiss them enough, or ask them questions enough about it. Martha said, "David was asleep almost all the time we were in the balloon."

Boys and girls, when you tell them a story, always ask, "Is it true?" So let me inform you, my young friends, this is a true story, as a great many people in Illinois can tell you; for there was quite an excitement about it at the time, particularly before the people heard what had happened to the children.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

### TRUE STORIES OF DOGS.

**A**SHEPHERD, subject to periodical attacks of illness, was in the habit of going to a neighbouring sea-port town for a remedy which he procured at a chemist's. The chemist hearing on one occasion that the shepherd was confined to his bed, walked to his residence in the country. The poor man looked very ill, and, at his feet, on the bed, lay his dog, having the appearance of being ill too, and was also very thin. The chemist said to the shepherd's wife,—

"Why do you starve your dog?"

"Not I," replied the woman, "but he will not eat when his master is ill. As soon as his master gets the turn for the better, the dog begins to eat; indeed he sometimes knows before we do, that his master is getting better, and makes little signs which cannot be mistaken."

A clergyman had two small terrier dogs, of which he was very fond, as the dogs were of him. The clergyman died, and the dogs appeared greatly distressed at not seeing their master. They were constantly seen in the carpenter's shop where the coffin was being made, having, it was supposed, watched the carpenter who had been in the room of the deceased. On the day of the funeral the dogs were shut up, as it was feared they would be troublesome. The next morning they were seen from a window of the Parsonage, at the grave, both on their hind-legs, holding up the fore-paws in the attitude of begging, as they had been in the habit of doing when they wanted their master to do anything for them.

## OUR ROSIE.

A HAPPY little maiden is our bright-eyed, blushing  
Rose;  
Sheltered in home's sweet bower from every wind that  
blows;  
Fair as her pretty namesake that in the garden grows.

Sunny in temper, gentle, pleasant in word and deed;  
So ready to the wishes of others to accede;  
So glad if she can render some help in time of need.


She flings love's richest fragrance around her day by  
day,  
Filling our hearts with gladness, and cheering life's  
rough way:  
We prize our little Rosebud, and well indeed we may.

And yet she is not perfect, for if the truth were told,  
*Pride*, like sharp thorns that nestle where rosy leaves  
enfold,  
Twines round our flower and makes it less lovely to  
behold.

Not often—nay, but seldom, does she such feelings  
show,  
But then we're never certain she'll keep them back, you  
know;  
And so we wish that Rosie would let these thorn-points  
go.

And with that best of virtues her character adorn—  
*Humility*, the noblest of graces heaven-born—  
Then we would call our darling the Rose without a  
thorn.

## WHEN TO SAY "NO!"



JOHN HARRISS, Captain Thompson's groom, was busy during part of his dinner-hour reading a country newspaper; Lion, the Newfoundland dog, was asleep in his kennel; whilst Harry Thompson, a curly-headed boy with a whip in his hand, was lying on the ground listening to John, who was reading the news aloud; Growler, a savage-looking bulldog, was sitting quietly on his haunches, apparently listening too. After John had been reading some minutes he suddenly gave a start, and his face was full of alarm and anxiety.

"What is the matter, John?" said his young master. John waited some moments without replying, and at last said:—

"It is a very serious business, Master Harry; it is about my brother Tom: he seems to have got into trouble. Poor fellow! I was afraid he would some day; he never knew his own mind. There never was a more good-natured lad than Tom, he would do anything for anybody; he could never say 'No!' when his companions asked him to serve them in any way."

John was right. His brother could never say 'No!' and this was the cause of his present trouble.

Tom had a very good situation at York, and might have done well, but he did not know how to choose his companions. He fell in with a set of lazy, good-for-nothing youths, who did as little work as possible, and spent their Sundays in mischief. Some of his companions had been in the habit of robbing an orchard at a time when the owners were out, and had got off with their pockets full of apples more than once. Tom had been asked on this Sunday to join them. At first he refused, because the thought of stealing was hateful to a boy who had been brought up by such good parents as his were. But one of the lads, a cunning fellow, well practised in deceit, persuaded Tom, that although it was wrong to steal many things, yet taking a few apples off a tree was only a boyish freak, and no one thought anything of it. He had taken fruit dozens of times, he said, and no harm had happened to him.

When Tom still hung back, this lad turned to his companions and said,—“Never mind, lads, we will leave this baby behind; he has not left go of his mother's apron-strings yet, and if he fell down in getting over the wall he might hurt himself, and then he would cry.”

This little speech was uttered in so whining a tone that all the boys began to laugh at Tom. Now, if Thomas Harriss was afraid of anything it was ridicule; he could not bear to be thought a coward. He did not know that it is a far braver thing to do right than wrong—to brave ridicule than to give in; so he instantly fired up and said, “Who dares call me a coward? I am not afraid of a wall, or a policeman either.” His companions then applauded him, and called him a good fellow, and Tom, who at first was unwilling to go, was foremost of all.

Now, the persons who had lost these apples began to suspect some foul play, and on Saturday they went to the chief of the police, and begged him to send an officer to stay and watch for the thieves. Early the next morning the officer came, and took his station in a summerhouse which was well concealed. He remained there some time, but at last he heard a noise; he looked and saw a piece of wood strike the tree and several apples fall; this happened several times: then he saw a boy jump over the wall, come under the tree and pick up the fallen fruit. This lad was none other than Tom; but at the moment he was about to put these apples into his pocket he felt a strong hand upon his shoulder, and found himself collared by a constable. So the unhappy lad was carried off to prison, whilst his companions scampered off as fast as their legs could carry them. It was of no use telling the policeman he had never stolen anything before, that he had been persuaded against his will. Of course he was not believed, and the owner of the orchard having lost so many apples was determined to prosecute, and thought, from the boldness of the lad, that he was the leader; so Tom was sent to prison, and he had the disgrace of appearing in the police report of the newspaper. And it was this which so startled and grieved John Harriss when he saw it. But he was sorry for his weak brother,





and requested his master's leave to go and see him in prison, and he brought back the account I have just written. Tom was not long in prison, but was there quite long enough to reflect upon his folly.

I cannot tell how Tom Harriss got on afterwards, or what effect the punishment had upon him, but it made a great impression upon Harry Thompson; he had always been very fond of applause, and did many things he had reason to be sorry for in order

that his companions might praise him. After this, however, he learnt to say "No!" and this good habit grew with his growth. It made him respected at school, although at first he had much ridicule to brave. Afterwards, when he entered the army, it helped to increase his firmness. He rose to a high position, and among his brother-officers he was frequently spoken of as the man who knew when to say "No!"

W. M.

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# Chatterbox.



"Right from Heaven."



### "RIGHT FROM HEAVEN."

**I**N a miserable cottage at the bottom of a hill, two children were crouching over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without, a fearful tempest, against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak around him, as he stood in the doorway of the miserable hut. He dared not enter, for fear they would ask him to pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

"So am I. I have hunted for a potato-paring, and can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes, the old tree has blown down. God took care that it did not fall on the house. If it had it would have killed us."

"If He could do that, couldn't He send us bread?"

"Let's pray 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some bread come to them, a human feeling stole into his heart; God sent some angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him several days; but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and listened to the eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" asked the younger.

"Yes; I mean to love God always for giving us bread when we asked Him."

"We'll ask Him every day, won't we? Why, I never thought God was so good! Did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never knew it before."

"Let's ask Him to give father work to do all the time, so we never need be hungry again. He'll do it, I am sure."

The storm passed on; the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren. In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given a cottage to the poor labouring man. And the little children always had a solemn and yet happy feeling when at their morning prayers they came to those beautiful words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

**A POSER.**—A country lad, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" asked his master.

"I really don't know, sir," replied the boy; "but what bothers me most is that the pair down-stairs is just like them."

### FARRELL'S PATENT.

(Concluded from p. 363.)

#### CHAPTER V.

**O**NLY beginning, and not willingly, but with much rebellion, to learn the lesson, Carr fell back into a listlessness and apathy that sorely tried his uncle. The trouble had been sent to him, but he did not so accept it. He was rather angry and indignant when he thought about it; but certainly not ready to give his mind to the duties which lay waiting for him, and which he had so long neglected. He was sitting moping over the fire one night as usual, when Stephen came up the stairs with a step very different from his usual slow, somewhat painful one; for Stephen was still small, feeble, and almost deformed.

"Mother!" he said, opening the door. "Oh, she's not here?"

Carr never moved, nor looked round, but as if he were impatient at being disturbed. Stephen fidgeted a little with the papers on the table, and then came forward to the fire.

"Carr!"

"Well?"

"You are not angry with me about anything?"

"Angry!" repeated Carr. "And with you? No, of course not. How could you help it?"

Stephen might have asked what it was he could not help, but he did not. As he stood there in a sort of hesitating way, very different to his usual calm settling down to work, Carr turned and looked at him.

"What's the matter, Stevie? What made you think I was angry?"

"Nothing. I don't know—I can hardly tell—whether you will be glad or sorry. But, Carr, I have done it!"

Carr stared at him for a moment, stupidly.

"Done what?"

"I have found out about the 'clumsy contrivance,' and made your little model perfect. Don't look at me so, Carr. I would rather a hundred times it had been you, but I couldn't help it, you know."

Carr, putting both arms up behind his head, continued to look at poor pale Stevie, about whom he had always thought with a sort of kindly compassion.

"You mean to say that you—you have—invented—Farrell's Patent?" he said at last, bringing the words out in jerks.

Stephen brightened up at the last two.

"That's it exactly. Old fellow, now I am glad. But I knew you would take it kindly, as you do everything. It's to be called Farrell's Patent. Do you see? I'm to have a large sum of money for it. Carr, you are glad, are you not?"

Carr had leaned forward and covered his face with his hands, and he did not speak.

"Carr," repeated Stephen, "it's our joint invention, you know, not mine. I never could have done it but for you."

Then Carr rose up, and put the lad's hand away from his shoulder, but not roughly.



"Let me go now," he said.

No one knew much about the struggle that went on in his heart all that long hour during which he was shut up in his own room, but it was very hard and bitter. He had time to look back all along his life, and see what had been hidden before; his own pride and self-conceit, his selfish, wilful neglect of the duties set plainly before him; the contempt with which he felt he had treated his young brother. And now, straight upon the failure of his own boasted powers, sprang up the success of the weakly lad whom he had, in fact, rather despised for being that pitiful thing—a genius.

Carr fought hard. Nay, more. In this hour of his humiliation and overthrow—for it was all that to him—he asked humbly enough for strength where of late, perhaps, he had too often neglected to ask it on his knees.

It was with a white, worn face, but still, after all, a face more hopeful in the widow's eyes than he had shown to her lately, that Carr at last went back to these two, whom he never could have borne to witness his trouble.

"Mother," he said, pointing to Stephen, "aren't you proud of him?"

Mrs. Farrell looked from one to the other and answered, "Thankful for both my sons, Carr."

"That's good of you," said Carr, cheerfully. "But Stevie's the one to be proud of."

"I never could have done it but for you," repeated Stephen.

Carr laughed.

"That won't do now, you know. And so, mother," he added, "Stevie is to be the one after all to buy back the old place; aye, and farm it, too, and make all sorts of wonderful improvements. And I'll go back to the desk, where I ought to have kept my thoughts instead of letting them wander away to grand impossibilities. I'm *not* a genius. It's odd, but when our old schoolmaster at Hurst hinted as much, I only thought how little he knew about it."

Carr laughed again as he said this, glancing at Stephen with an admiring look that was quite new to him.

"There's another odd thing, too," said Carr; "what a lot of hard rubs it takes to make a fellow find his own level! I've been proud and stuck-up, but I think that's over. I hope it is. Stevie, you asked me just now if I were glad about Farrell's Patent. I couldn't say 'Yes,' honestly then; I can now. Yes, I am glad."

Looking down again at the warm light on the ripples, at the green meadows and the misty distance,—from this the two brothers suddenly, by a common impulse, turned to look into each other's face with a smile. Carr was the first to speak.

"How it reminds one of that day! And yet, how much has happened since then!"

Stephen only answered quietly,—"*Yes.*"

"You remember all my fine plans, don't you? And what splendid things I was going to do! It's my belief, Stevie, that I thought then there was nobody in all the world so clever as I was myself. I was terribly overbearing in those days."

"You were always very good to me, I know that."

"Good to you!" said Carr. "Yes, I thought you a poor little chap to be pitied; you were of no particular account in your generation, and certainly not worth thinking of at all beside such a grand man as myself."

"Well," said Stephen, "I wasn't."

"And now," proceeded Carr, "it's you that have bought back Farrell's Hurst, and made a home for the dear old mother. And I, the magnificent Carr, am a poor clerk; your visitor for a day or two. Odd, isn't it?"

"But, Carr, you needn't be only a visitor; you could come and join me if you would."

Carr shook his head.

"No, lad; I think not. My uncle says I am a good clerk. He is satisfied, and has raised my salary. I'm saving out of it."

"And you like the life?"

"It's a man's duty," said Carr, "to like what is put before him, and be thankful for it. Look here, Stephen: I've always laid too much stress on what I liked, or did not like, and I have thought myself above my work. I believe I am not wrong now; you shall judge. My uncle took me out of kindness, as you know, when, but for him, we should all have been at a loss what to do. Well, now I am of use to him; very great use, he says himself. I have learnt to know his way of business, and he depends upon me to do much which a stranger could not do, and would not be trusted with. What do you think about it?"

Years ago it would have been a strange thing to hear Carr ask his brother's opinion on any subject; but Stephen did not stop to think about that.

"I think," he said, gravely, "that you are right; you should stay with him."

"As to liking," proceeded Carr: "who wouldn't like to breathe such air as this, and live amongst such glorious woods and fields? But everybody can't do it, you know. If my way is clear to go back, as I think it is, I think I'd better say I prefer the smell of oil and smoke, and the clatter of wheels, and my high stool; hadn't I?"

"And some day," said Stephen, "you may be a partner."

"I fancy I've done with ambition, Stevie."

Carr leaned over the bridge and pointed towards the village.

"There's the school," he said. "It has been good for me to come here, because I see all my life and the blurs in it so clearly when I look at that. Ambition may be good in some ways, but not when it only means, 'I—myself—how great a man I can be!'"

"You are hard upon yourself, Carr."

"That's what no one else has been, then. No, Stevie, lad, the schoolmaster was right. There's many a man who will better serve God by working steadily in trodden ways than by hankering after what he isn't fit for, and thinking he will do some great thing. Humility is a grand lesson. It has taken me long to learn even that much. It's a safe thing to take the nearest duty and do that first—not as unto men, you know. And now for a glorious two-days' holiday at Farrell's Hurst! Let us go, old fellow. I see the mother looking out for us!"



A Mica Mine.



## A MICA MINE IN BEHAR.

WHERE is Behar, and what is mica? How many readers of *Chatterbox* know?

Behar is in India, a long way off; but mica may be seen much closer to us: viz. in every piece of granite, whether the granite be in the shape of a building or a paving-stone. If you pick up a lump of granite out of the road, or on the sea-shore, or look at it on London Bridge, or anywhere else, you will see it is full of small grains of different colours, some of which sparkle. These grains are known by the names of quartz, felspar, and mica. The shining black spots in granite are mica. But the mica in granite is very hard; too hard to be of any use if it could be separated from the other grains. In Behar, however, it is found by itself, in such large quantities as to be worth the expense of sinking mines to obtain it.

The mode of opening a mine is as follows:—When it has been ascertained that mica lies beneath the surface, a party of natives sink a row of pits, each about three feet across and a few feet apart. The Behar people, not being so experienced as our miners at home, sink their shafts only forty feet deep: when they have got a little mica, instead of going deeper, where the mineral is abundant, they forsake the works, and dig new pits.

The mica is detached by small picks, and brought up in a bucket attached to a rope; which one or two men, who remain at the pit's mouth for the purpose, haul up with their hands, as seen in the picture. The mica is then examined, the different kinds being placed in separate heaps.

The best kind, which is firm and dry, is used by all the native artists of India for painting. It gives what is called "body-colour." The paintings these artists produce, though defective in drawing, are always very brilliant in colour. The toy-makers of India also use this best quality for adorning their toys. Indian fans, umbrellas, and lamps, are also ornamented with it.

The inferior kinds are pounded, and used for cheap pottery, for plastering houses, and, strange to say, for sprinkling over people's garments at heathen festivals. For this purpose the mica is made very thin, and sprinkled about with a brush. When the drops get dry, the clothes sparkle by torch-light as if they were spangled. Great quantities of mica are used in this way at the idol festivals of India.

The Behar workmen not only obtain mica, but frequently find beautiful precious stones and crystals. In the beds of the torrents bushels of garnets may be gathered, but they are considered too small to be worth cutting and polishing, and are left to be washed away by the next rains.

The owners of the mines make a considerable property out of their mica. The labourers are a class of people called *Bheels*, nearly wild, but hard-working when they are set to work. Their wages consist of eighty pounds of rice per month to each man, and a piece of cloth—the whole valued at two shillings!

B. W.

## TWICE FOUND.



It was an evening in early summer. Folk in the country were standing at their cottage doors, chatting to their neighbours about their children or their gardens; talking of Farmer Jones' hay-fields, or Widow Smith's early peas. Some were busy with the hoe or spade in their own little plots of ground; others were resting with their youngest-born on their knees; children were playing on the village-green; merry voices and shouts of laughter mingled with the sounds of cricket-bat and ball. And folk in London were enjoying that summer evening, too—for evening in summer is a pleasant time in London as well as in the country—in the streets and parks, as well as in the green lanes and fields. Then weary men and women can come out to gain fresh life; they can leave the dingy courts and alleys for a time, and find pure air in some of the open spaces provided for them.

St. James's and the Green Parks were swarming on this particular summer evening. Boys and girls of all sizes and ages were running, tumbling, and shouting, going home all the better for that evening's airing. Men were stretched full-length on the cool grass. Women were lolling in all postures on the seats, some with babies, some with bundles: all tired with the day's work.

Slowly entering from Hyde Park there came a group of persons, a family who had come out together to enjoy the evening. There was the father, evidently one who earned his living in some in-door occupation—his pallid looks and stooping shoulders told you that; his wife walked by him in her Sunday gown and green plaid shawl. By their side was a slight, overgrown girl, carrying a baby, whose jumps and capers threatened to upset his young nurse; and, now before, now behind them, ran a boy of seven or eight, kicking a ball as he went. The party was made up of just such persons as you may see in the park any summer evening about twilight, but it is not often that you meet them as a family in the week-day. Now William Watson and his wife were not in the habit, any more than their neighbours, of going out with their children in the evening. Why was it that on this Wednesday evening they had made themselves clean and tidy, and had left their poor crippled boy in the charge of a neighbour, that they themselves might come to sit in Hyde Park, while Johnny fished, and baby sprawled on the grass, and Emma looked after both?

The fact was, they were too restlessly happy to be still; they could not stay quietly in their one small room; they longed that evening for more air than they could get in the confined court.

"Wife!" said Watson, "I feel as if the walls would fall in and choke me; I must go out! Come, make yourself tidy, put on your shawl and bonnet, and, for once, let's go out with the children. We shall be all the fresher to meet our Billy."

Ah, there was the answer; they were expecting



their Billy home from the seas. His vessel had arrived at Liverpool, and he was coming to them that night, and they had turned out into the quiet of the summer evening to calm the fever of their joyful expectation.

In order to understand who "our Billy," or, as the neighbours called him, "Watson's Bill," is, we must leave them for a time, and go back many years in their history.

#### CHAPTER II.

Between eighteen and nineteen years ago, William Watson, then a young man, had taken home his bride to a back attic, in a street "over the water," as Londoners call the Surrey side of the Thames. He was a journeyman tailor, very little known, and, therefore, often with very little work. He was steady and honest, but ignorant, and, like a foolish young fellow, instead of waiting till he could bring his wife to a tidy, comfortable home, he persuaded her to marry him at once, saying, "Two can earn more than one; we'll get a home about us quicker if we both try together." Betsey Cox was out of place then, and her savings were dwindling away sadly, for she was an orphan, and had to provide for herself; so Watson had little difficulty in making her believe it would be best for them to marry. Thus the foolish young couple began life together in that back street. It must be said in justice to them, however, that, if they had only a small bedstead, a table, and one chair in their room, at least they had a real love for each other; and though on cold days there might be only a handful of coals in the grate, Betsey had a cheerful smile for her husband, and love and cheerfulness help to make up for many a want. Then Betsey had been thrifty with her clothes, and the plaid shawl which Will had given her (it was his mother's once) made her look quite respectable when they went out on Sundays. She was clever, too, with her needle, and soon learned the light work in her husband's trade, and they thought they should really be very comfortable soon. Betsey had heard nothing then of the handy Savings' banks or Post Office banks that there are now-a-days, but she reached a cracked tea-cup from the little corner cupboard.

"Will," she said, "if we can keep from spending any halfpence, let's put them in here; I may be ill, you know, or you may not get work, and then we shall be glad of something laid by."

So this cracked tea-cup received its halfpenny whenever it could be spared; and nothing short of absolute starvation would have tempted Will or Betsey to touch the little hoard. But in spite of all their hopes their life was a hard struggle—such a struggle as many a man and woman is making now in hundreds of little rooms, where no one knows of it but themselves and He from whom no secrets are hid. Many bring their difficulties on themselves by wrong-doing, and reap the bitter fruits of sin; many cause their own troubles by ignorance and foolishness, and, as our young couple did, by a too-hasty marriage.

#### CHAPTER III.

William Watson, I have said, though honest, was no scholar; his wife could read and write a little,

and had once attended a Sunday-school for a year. There she had begun the habit of going to church; a habit she still kept up, and persuaded her husband to do the same. They plodded away industriously at the needle whenever they could get work, and when that failed, Betsey would go out charring, or turn her hand to washing, and so they managed to keep the wolf from the door. But the tea-cup did not get full, and winter was coming; what could they do? One cold, blowy Saturday night, Betsey went out to do her week's marketing. She held tightly in her hand the little sum which was her all; it had been a bad week, and, after putting by the money for the rent, 2s. 7½d. was all she had: count it whichever way she would, she could not make it more. Poor Betsey! she knew she had no coals in her cupboard, no candles in her box, no bread, no tea. How could she supply all these wants, and yet have a piece of meat for her husband's Sunday dinner? And so she threaded her way up and down the crowded out door market, eagerly looking for the cheapest bit of meat she could see, and yet hardly daring to spend her money upon it. This was to be an eventful evening to her, little as she expected it. She was standing at a corner stall, bargaining over some small piece of meat, which she thought would do to carry home, when dashing round the corner came a cab, recklessly driven by a drunken driver. She was protected from the wheels, but behind her stood a young woman with a baby in her arms, waiting for Betsey's bargain to be over that she might be served. The poor woman in her terror lost her presence of mind, and, flinging the baby into Betsey's arms, ran wildly across the road. She was knocked down, receiving a blow on the head, while the wheel went over her ankle, and she was taken up insensible. With difficulty Betsey pressed through the crowd immediately surrounding her, to try if the sight of the baby would awaken any degree of consciousness. In vain; a few feeble moans were all the signs of life she gave. She was conveyed to the nearest hospital, with the frightened Betsey by her side. In spite of all that could be done for her, the poor thing only lingered through the night, and her spirit passed away without knowing that her babe had found a friend who would not desert him. No one knew who she was. It was discovered that she had only two days before taken a kitchen not far from the market, saying that her husband was a sailor and on a voyage, and that she should live there and get what work she might. She gave her name as Smith, and said if the place suited her she should send for her furniture from a friend in the north, who was keeping it. The only possession she seemed to have was a Bible, with part of a name in it, which, however, did not begin with S. In fact, people did not seem sure that she knew much about where her husband was, but whether he really had deserted her no one could find out. Betsey, bewildered and shocked, and blaming herself as partly the cause of the accident, refused to give up the baby, saying that the child should not go to the workhouse so long as she had a crust of bread for herself.

(To be continued.)

## A CONCERT IN A WOODEN SHOE.



**I**T was late in the autumn of 1832. In a Villa at Paris, with several other invalids, lodged the renowned Paganini, who was seriously ill. The patients lived there much as they liked, still it was always noticed if any one did not appear for a long time in the saloon. The great musician was seldom seen, but the ill-natured remarks of the other lodgers did not trouble him

in the least; he would not be drawn out of his solitude, and hardly saw any one but Nicette, a harmless, merry country girl, who waited upon him, and often cheered him up in hours of sadness.

One morning Nicette appeared with weeping eyes; and waited on the musician without saying a word. Paganini, who was carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed this, and said,—

“What’s the matter, child? Why have you been crying? Has any misfortune happened to you?”

“Alas! yes, sir.”

“Speak, speak; what is it?”

She was silent. Paganini fixed his eyes on the troubled countenance of the girl.

“Now, out with it!” said he. “I see it all clearly enough. After he had made you a thousand promises he has forsaken you. Is it not so?”

“Alas! poor fellow! he has, indeed, forsaken me: but he is quite innocent.”

“How has that happened?”

“He has drawn a bad number in the conscription, and must go off for a soldier. I shall never see him again!” sobbed the poor girl.

“But, Nicette, can’t you buy a substitute for him?”

“Monsieur is joking! How could I get such a large sum?”

“Is it, then, so very much?”

“It is very high this year, for there is a report that a war will soon break out. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price.”

The musician did not reply; but when Nicette left the room he took out his pocket-book, and wrote in an empty leaf,—“Mém.: To think what can be done for poor Nicette.”

In winter Paganini got much better, and every now and then passed his evenings in the saloon, but scarcely ever speaking, and taking no notice of the remarks upon his moroseness, which were purposely uttered close to his ear. Thus the Christmas festival approached, at which season there is a curious custom in France, especially among young people. A wooden shoe is placed in the corner of the hearth, that the generous fairy who comes down the chimney may fill it with sweetmeats and other presents. In a single year the tradespeople of Paris make two millions of francs by this wooden shoe. On the afternoon of 25th December, Paganini sat, as was his custom, on the sofa in the saloon, sipping his sugar and water, when an unusual noise was heard below. Imme-

diately after Nicette came in, and said that a box had just arrived addressed to Signor Paganini. The musician replied that he expected nothing of the kind, but desired that it should be brought up to him. The box appeared forthwith, and he proceeded to open it. The first thing which the musician’s hand pulled out was a packet, in strong brown paper, sealed several times. One covering disappeared after another, the parcel became smaller and smaller. At last the curious eyes of about twenty persons present beheld a gigantic wooden shoe, cut out of ash, and almost large enough to put a child inside it. All laughed aloud.

“A wooden shoe!” said Paganini, smiling. “I cannot fancy from whom it comes. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me with a child, who always receives presents and never gives any. Well, for my part who knows whether this shoe may not earn its weight in gold?”

With these words the musician left the saloon, taking the box and the wooden shoe with him.

For three days nothing was seen of him. The most inquisitive only learned that from morning till evening he was busy working with carpenters’ tools. And, in fact, during this time the musician’s wonderfully clever hand had created a perfect, well-sounding instrument, out of the awkward-looking wooden shoe. He had stretched a few silver strings across it. The next day it was announced that Paganini would, on New-year’s Eve, give a concert in the large room of the Villa where he boarded. The great master gave notice that he would play ten pieces—five on a violin and five on a wooden shoe. The ticket cost twenty francs. Only one hundred were issued; they were instantly purchased by persons of the highest rank. On the appointed evening the room was filled long before the time. Every one was curious to know what was meant by the music of the wooden shoe.

At last Paganini appeared, smiling cheerfully; he bowed, and began to play more beautifully than ever, to the delight of his hearers, on his old violin. And now he took up the shoe which he had made into a violin, but which still had somewhat of its former shape, and began one of those fantasias which never failed to charm his whole audience. Is it music? Is it poetry? One seems to behold the departure of the recruit; to hear the sobs of his intended bride, that follows his noisy life in the camp, his deeds in the battle; finally, his return. Triumph—rejoicings—marriage-bells ring out merrily at the end. Applause followed this performance, which seemed as if it would never end, and in which even the ill-natured ladies are forced to join: the musician is covered almost with bouquets that are thrown on the platform. But there is weeping in the corner of the room. It was poor Nicette, thinking about the departure of her recruit.

“Here, Nicette,” said Paganini, when the company had left the room, “are two thousand francs, five hundred more than you require, to purchase a substitute, in exchange for whom your betrothed can come back. That you may be able to begin your housekeeping at once, take this shoe-violin,





"What's the matter, child?"

or this violin-shoe, and sell it for as much as you can get."

Nicette did so, and received from a wealthy col-

lector of curiosities six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe! It is said to be now in possession of an English nobleman.

J. F. C.

Parts I. to X., price 3d. each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had.



# Chatterbox.



"A bit for Poll."—Sketched from Life by F. W. KEVL.



## CLEVER PARROTS.

**T**HERE is hardly a reader of *Chatterbox* who does not remember among his acquaintance some parrot or other, and who would not be able to tell some anecdote, which would show its cleverness. That handsome bird, the grey parrot, with a red tail, is most commonly met with, because he is the most easily taught, and the most intelligent of all, while his hardness renders him able to bear the changes and chances of parrot life, which seems to me generally to begin in all the glory of a polished brass cage and stand in the drawing-room, followed by a transfer to the nursery much to the damage of parrot, cage, and stand, and to finish in a damp corner of the scullery after a vain attempt to gain a footing in the servants' hall.

But it is not so with all, and many attain a ripe old age under more favourable circumstances, and the only enemies they have to encounter are illnesses brought on by too good living. Many parrots owe their success in life to their own talents, like human beings, and as with human beings, talent is not always equally distributed. In the same nest you may find a stupid parrot that nobody can teach and a clever one that will pick up whole sentences, and with whom one may almost keep up a conversation.

Parrots very often pick up a word that is uttered under particular circumstances, and in one case a murder was thereby discovered. I cannot now get at the date, but many years ago there lived at Nuremberg, in the house of a shoemaker, an old miser; feeling lonely he thought the society of a parrot would be the safest and cheapest, so he bought one thinking the first expense, though somewhat considerable, would soon repay itself by the small cost of the animal's keep.

The shoemaker, whose name was Schnopp, and his wife, often talked of the wealth of the old miser: being very poor, they first began to wish for it, and then to think how they might get possession of it: one evil thought led to another, and at last they made a plan to take the old man's life.

It was on a Sunday morning when every one was at church, that they committed the deed. The old man when attacked shrieked "Murder."

When all was quiet and the guilty couple felt able to look round at each other, they thought at all events there is no witness. All of a sudden they were scared by a voice shrieking "Murder," and then only they saw the parrot whom they had entirely forgotten, beating his wings against the cage and repeating the dreadful sound in the very voice of their victim. The guilty husband rushed at the cage, and as he opened the door the bird escaped, and flew against the window so violently that he broke a pane of glass and escaped.

The quiet citizens were scared by the parrot's voice. At first people believed it was a ghost, but they soon found it was the parrot who was hovering about the well in the market-place, and they saw that it was the miser's bird; search was made and though Schnopp and his wife had concealed the

body in the cellar, their guilt was discovered, and they were both condemned to death.

I knew one parrot who was said to have lived sixty years in one family through various successions of servants in the hall. The only thing it ever said was the phrase, "What do you make a row for?" which had probably often been addressed to him, with the accompaniment of a dish-cloth being flapped at him.

Another one who lived in the neighbourhood of Red-Hill would make remarks while the family were playing croquet, he looking on from the verandah where his cage hung. He would say, "That's a good one" if a ball was well hit, or, "Go it again," and so on. One day when he saw his master run up a ladder quickly, he cried out to the surprise of every one, "That's the way you do it!"

Although the expression "parrot-learning" has become proverbial, these birds often apply sentences or words very sensibly. For instance, a parrot belonging to a friend of mine was frightened one day by a large strange black cat, who sat itself on the top of his cage. The cook was suddenly startled by hearing her name called; she knew that both her master and mistress were out, and thinking of the parrot she ran to where he hung, and found him in his trouble. As this parrot was in the habit of saying many words, and calling both his master and mistress by name, he must have called the cook on purpose. He had most likely seen his mistress with bonnet and shawl on, and having learnt the regular hour of his master's return from office, knew he could not be at home. He used to hear his master's whistle long before a human ear could have done so, and gave him as joyful a greeting as any dog could have done. Like most parrots he disliked strangers and would sit sulking in his cage till he saw them move to go, when he would chuckle and laugh, and bobbing himself up and down would say "Good night, good night," and in the greatest hurry repeat, "Some like coffee, some like tea."

I could tell a great deal more about him, how he would sit for hours on his master's knee or shoulder, how he knew when to be playful, and when he might be allowed to take his master's spectacles from his eyes and try to hide them, so that my friend should leave off reading, and play with him; and how he at last died from being over indulged with tit-bits.

Polly, the subject of our illustration, never makes a mistake about breakfast, dinner, or tea, and when holding out her cup says, "A bit for Poll, good for Poll;" if not attended to she will add "Will you?" If the bell rings she will often say "Post!" she never confuses the sentences in their meaning, for instance, if strangers are there she will say, "Go away, will you?" this she sometimes says also when she is doing anything wrong, and adds:—"Poll go in! go in! go in!" of her own accord,—other sentences are: "Come along," "How do you do?" "Scratch poor Polly's poll." She calls the cats: "Poor pussy—mew," and Mary (the servant) she speaks to as "Cookey." Sometimes she will repeat a whole string of sentences, but generally she only uses them singly, and as if understanding the sense.

## TWICE FOUND.

*(Continued from p. 374.)*

AN hour later she was in her room, telling her husband the story of the accident; how she knew she should have been knocked down if it had not been that the poor woman was there.

"Oh, Will! I feel as if she gave her baby to me; and now she is dead I cannot give it up: it would be breaking my word to the dead."

Will seemed inclined to take a more practical view of the case.

"Betsey," he said, "we can hardly feed ourselves; we may have children of our own by-and-by: we must feed *them* when they come, but God knows we can ill spare anything for a child that is not ours."

"I know it, Will; I know you don't get all you ought to have, but I'll work harder—you shan't go without anything you've been used to—but I can't—don't ask me, Will—for I *can't* give this baby to the workhouse."

"But, Betsey, think, the poor babe will be better off there; he'll get more than we can give him, and be well looked after."

"Maybe he would, Will, but he won't get the love I'll give him; he won't know anything about his poor mother, and maybe some day or other you or I may find his father; and, do you know, Will,"—and here Betsey lowered her voice, as if half afraid of saying it—"I can't tell what it is, but I seem as if something kept saying to me, 'Take this child, and nurse it for me.' I don't know whether the words are in the Bible, perhaps I read them there at the Sunday-school, but I do think it means that I should keep the baby—perhaps God sent it to me, and then He will help me to feed it. Do let me keep it, Will!"

Watson could not resist this appeal. He was not a hard-hearted man, indeed he had himself a great love for children, and it was only the knowledge of their poverty that made him hold out so long; but having once given in, he resolved that he would never reproach his warm-hearted Betsey for having added another mouth to the household.

The child seemed about seven or eight months old. He had been well cared for in the way of cleanliness, though, poor baby, he had evidently begun early to know what want was. William and Betsey determined to take it the very next Sunday to be christened, for they said, "We don't know if the child has ever been baptized, and better have it done twice than not at all." As by that time the story had spread amongst the neighbours, the child was soon equipped in borrowed garments, and the next Sunday afternoon found them on their way to church. The boy was baptized "William," and it was settled he should be known by the name of Bill. When they got into the vestry, Watson told the story of little Bill and his mother to the clergyman, and it was good to see how his eyes sparkled as he told of his Betsey's eagerness to give the orphan a home.

"Please God, sir, the child shall not want so long as we can keep him; I've promised my wife we'll

look upon it as our own, and I'm not a man to break my word."

The clergyman was interested in the story, and though he might have thought they were taking a burden they could hardly bear, he did not say so. He took down their name and address, promised to visit them himself, and as they left the vestry he gave Betsey a substantial proof of his interest, adding, "God bless you, my good woman! may He help you to train this poor motherless child, that by the aid of His Holy Spirit he may keep the vows you have made for him to-day."

## CHAPTER IV.

Six months passed away—the dreary months of winter—winter in a London by-street, and a back attic in that street. Many know what this means; many could tell you tales of long, cheerless days, with only a spark of fire in the grate; mother and children crouching to catch what warmth they can, keeping back the last handful of coal to make a blaze as "father" comes in; many a pinched face in those streets speak of scanty breakfasts and scanty suppers; many a chilblained little foot is suffering for want of shoes, and there is no money at home to get any.

How many, if you ask them in the warm spring-time how the winter had sped, would tell you they know not how they weathered it, but it had passed. Ah! God helped them through the hard time, and He will help them again, if only they will trust Him, and *do their best for themselves*.

I think William and Betsey Watson would have been of this number, for truly to them the winter had been a "hard time." For some weeks Watson had had no work, and then his brave, loving wife exerted herself to the utmost; but all she could earn was barely enough to pay the rent. The cracked tea-cup was empty; everything they could spare had gone to the pawnbroker's—ay, even the green plaid shawl, and Watson and his wife were beginning to despair. How should they find food for themselves and little Bill next week? With heavy hearts they lighted their one farthing candle. "Let's have supper: we've got a bit of bread for each, and a drop of milk for baby, and then God knows where we'll get any more." Courage, William and Betsey! don't give up yet: there is even now help for you.

Not a mile away, in a small, but comfortable room, an earnest dialogue is going on. The speakers are a benevolent middle-aged clergyman and a bright young girl. They were Mr. Grey and his daughter. Mr. Grey was the clergyman who had baptized little Bill, and spoken so kindly to Betsey. Miss Grey had been called away from town the week following the baptism, and had only to-day returned. Her father was telling her the story of the orphan, and the kind people who had adopted it; and now father and daughter were devising means to help them, for they felt sure they must have had great difficulty in getting on.

*(To be continued.)*





"Bo peep."



**BO-PEEP.**

**O**H, the guileless pranks of childhood!—oh, the careless baby-play!  
Is there anything in nature half so graceful or so gay?

Not the white lamb's frolic gambols, not the morn-  
ing's smiling beam,

Not the young birds' warbled joyaunce, not the  
laugh of limpid stream,

Speak of such unblighted gladness, breathe such  
sweet infectious mirth,

As the merry din of baby-games upon the household  
hearth.

Little ruler of the household, thou whose pretty  
despot sway,

Father, mother, elder children must submit to and  
obey;

Stretching dimpled arm for sceptre over subjects  
leal though few.

Never monarch from his people won devotedness so  
true.

Every freak of thine is humoured, every whim the  
house controls,

Thou hast laid thy happy empire in the realms of  
loving souls.

What a riot in the cottage!—elfin laughter, ringing  
shout;

E'en as if a tribe of fairies there were holding gayest  
rout:

Mother's laugh, not lowest, mingling with the burst  
of noisy glee;

Little brother's half-conned lesson lying idly on his  
knee,

While he joins the noisy concert, till the growing  
tumult swells

To a wild, uproarious clamour, like the clash of  
merry bells.

Oh, 'tis baby in its frolic at its favourite game of all,  
With its chubby, cherub sister, that has so bewitched  
them all;

Crowing, stretching, springing forward, with a shout  
and with a leap,

As the other, from the curtain, slily sudden cries,  
"Bo-peep!"

Healthy, happy, dimpled darlings, in the height of  
baby bliss,

Be your future's dearest pleasures pure and innocent  
as this!

Proud and happy-hearted mother! what a world of  
wealth is thine,

In these precious human treasures that about thy  
fond heart twine!

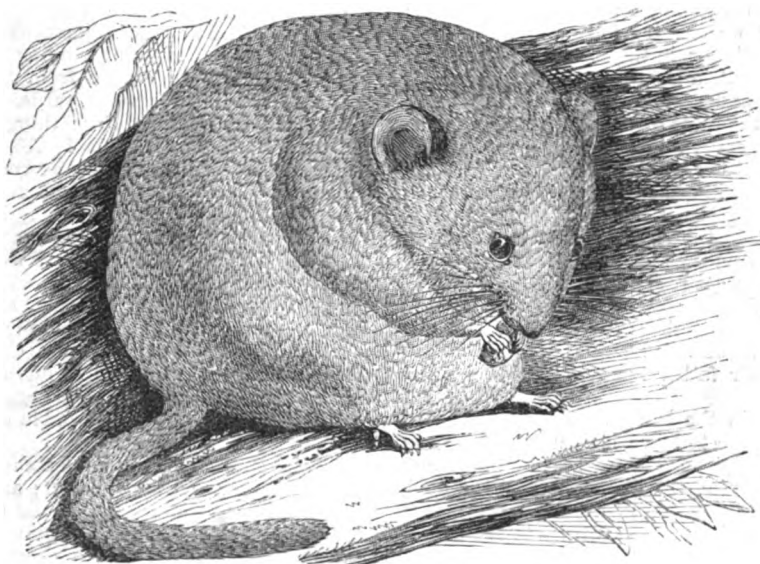
Thou hast nursed them into vigour, may they ever  
be thy joy,

And return thy love in blessing without shadow of  
annoy.

Little merry band, love-linkèd, may there ever with  
ye bide

These fair forms of love and gladness that can charm  
all care aside.

R. W.



The Dormouse.

**THE CAPTIVE SET FREE.**

By H. G. Adams.

**O**H, Jim! come here, Jim! and see what a beau-  
tiful little creature Mary's mother has brought

us! What a sleek, shiny coat it has! and what a  
long tail, and little pointed ears, and eyes like black  
beads! and such whiskers! like our cat's, only  
smaller, of course, because it is a much smaller  
animal altogether."

"What is it, Willie? Why, it's a mouse! but such a mouse as I never saw before: very different in colour from the sharp little grey fellows that peep up out of the holes, and scamper across the kitchen, when puss happens to be out of the way; and very different, too, from those white ones which the Italian boy brought into the front garden the other day. Why, it has a coat like a squirrel's, and a black snout! It must surely be a dormouse."

"A dormouse?" said Lucy, who at this moment joined her brothers. "Oh, what fun it will be to see him crack and nibble the nuts, and roll himself up, and go to sleep in the comfortable nest which we will make for him of wool and soft hay! Willie, you run and find a box in the play-room, while I go and ask mother for some wadding: that will be just the thing. Will it eat cheese, I wonder, like other mice, and bread, and tallow-candle? Let's try it with some of the fowls' barley. Poor thing! how it pants and trembles, and tries to hide itself in the corner of the basket. I declare it will not eat a bit, and seems quite restless and unhappy. Where did you catch it, Mrs. Dalton?"

"Yes," said Willie, "do tell us?"

"I happened to find the nest in Cobham Wood," Mrs. Dalton replied, "and thinking you would like to have so pretty a creature I took it; and here it is for you to keep: only you must take great care of it, and feed it well, and mind the cat does not get near it, for she would make no more bones of this than she would of a common mouse; you may depend upon that, Master Willie! In the winter time, if it has a snug place to go into, it will roll itself up like a ball, and go to sleep for months; and that's why we country folks call these little animals 'sleepers.' But in the summer and autumn it likes to run about in the sunshine, to gather nuts and other food, and sport and play with its companions among the roots of the tall trees, where its mossy bed is generally found."

At this moment the children's father entered the room, and after looking at the captive mouse with pity, and thanking Mrs. Dalton for thinking of his little ones, he told the children that he meant to take them for a country walk this fine summer day, so they had better get ready at once.

"But what shall we do with the dormouse?" they all cried out together: "where shall we put it, so that it will be safe?"

To which their father answered, with a quiet smile,—

"Let it stay in the basket, which Mrs. Dalton will be good enough to leave here until she comes again. You have given it some bread-crumbs and barley, I see, so that it will not be without food, although I don't think it will eat much while it is kept in a prison, which is so contrary to the nature of a wild creature."

The children got ready for their walk, and were much surprised to see their papa take up the basket with a smile, and carry it out of doors, saying,— "I do not see why our poor captive should not share in the pleasure which we hope for in this ramble; so I will take charge of the gaol, and be sure the prisoner does not escape."

The children gaily set out with their kind father. They went over the meadow, now golden with buttercups, and along by the side of the stream, that sparkled so brightly in the sunshine, and was bordered with tall grasses, from amidst which the little blue forget-me-not peeped out so prettily; and their father told them the story of the knight, who, stooping over a rapid river to reach a fine cluster of these blossoms to present to his lady, fell in, and was borne away by the current, holding up the flowers, and uttering these last words—"Forget-me-not!" and so it was said to have got its name.

This name has been applied to several of our wild flowers, but more especially to the little blue *speculwell*—or "cat's eye," the country people often call it, and the meadow scorpion-grass, which has blossoms much like those of the water scorpion-grass, the true forget-me-not, only smaller. This little plant is never found except in moist places.

By-and-by they crossed the little rustic bridge by the mill-pond, which was covered over with duck-weed, and above which the gnats, or "midges," as people often call them, danced merrily in the sunshine; and beneath which the speckled trout glided to and fro, and the minnows, in shoals, darted here and there, startled by every shadow thrown upon the water by the waving boughs. Then they went over some more fields, and down a lane, whose banks beneath the hedges were gay with many-coloured blossoms.

So on they went until they came to the borders of a wood, where the wild hyacinths grew so thickly, that if you stooped down and looked along the surface it was as if a purple carpet had been spread all over it. And there were great oaks with battered stems, and roots that went winding away, like serpents struggling to escape from the earth, and branches stretching several yards. And, *whisk!* what was that reddish-brown thing with a bushy tail turned up over its back? A squirrel! oh, he loves the oak, for it gives him acorns for food, and plenty of shelter. Never put him in a cage, to twirl round and round; this is cruel. Let him enjoy the free, wild life that he loves so well, all among the leafy boughs. *Whirr!* there went a pheasant up from the corner of the brook, with its long tail-feathers of purple, and crimson, and gold. And hark to the soft *coo* of the wood-pigeon; and from afar like an echo comes the cry, *Cuckoo! cuckoo!* telling of that strange bird so often heard, but so seldom seen, which lays a single egg in the nest of another bird, who has the trouble of hatching and bringing up the stranger.

All these were pleasant subjects for talk between the kind father and his children; and now as they sat in the woods, and watched the sunbeams play at bo-peep with the shifting shadows of the waving branches, Mr. Wilson told a short story about a certain prisoner, who, after having been long used to a free and happy life in the fields and woodlands, found himself confined in a close, narrow place, where he could not have a good run to stretch his limbs, and hunt for the food which was most natural and pleasant to him: where he could not see or speak to his friends and relatives, nor enjoy



himself at all, being in constant fear and terror from his jailors, who were a race of giants. "Now, suppose," continued Mr. Wilson, with that sly twinkle in his eye and quiet smile upon his lips which his children delighted to see—"suppose either of you had power to set free this poor trembling captive, and restore him to his native woods, would you not do so?" "Yes," exclaimed Willie, starting up and running to the basket, which was beside his father, who had carried it all the time very carefully; "Yes, I am sure we should." But Jim was too quick for him: he had already reached the basket and opened the lid, so that the dormouse could make its escape; which it quickly did, and scampered away as fast as its legs would carry it, no doubt to tell its friends of its wonderful adventures among the giants, who stood up on their hind-legs, and did all sorts of clever things with their fore-paws.

So the children returned home, happy in feeling that they had done a good deed, and Mr. Wilson told them on the way this short history of the dormouse and its relatives. This animal, which is not uncommon in the English woods, and is found in many other parts of Europe, seems to be more nearly akin to the squirrel than to the common mouse, for it lives very much among the trees, leaping from branch to branch, and so passing from place to place easily and very quickly. Then, again, it carries its food, which consists of fruits, seeds, acorns, nuts, haws, corn, and such-like, to its mouth with its fore-paws. It also *hibernates*, that is, sleeps through the winter, and stores up food against the time of scarcity. This food, however, is not put into its nest, which is about six inches round, and composed of grass and leaves, with the entrance at the top, but the food is hid in different places near it. The dormouse seldom comes out of his snug retreat to feast in the winter, unless some very mild day should break his slumbers, and wake his appetite at the same time. But in the early spring, when there are no nuts in the woods, no grain in the fields, no berries in the hedges, he opens his storehouses, and so escapes the danger of starvation. The dormouse is not often seen abroad in the daytime; he is what is called a *nocturnal* animal, that is, one that comes forth in the night. If Mrs. Dalton had searched she could, no doubt, have found other nests near at hand, for our sleeper is what is called *gregarious*, that is, fond of the company of his fellows. Its length is about five inches; the tail, which is included in this, being as long as the body. The fur does not get its reddish-brown tint until the creature is nearly a year old; when young, it is in colour much like the common mouse. For its size, it has a very large head: its ears are broad and open, and the black eyes are somewhat prominent, or, as Willie would say, a stick-out: the tail is thickly covered with hair. The family of three or four little dornice generally appear about the end of spring; like kittens, they are born blind, but are able to see in a few days, and in a few weeks can shift for themselves.

### CLEVER HORSES.

A HUNTER named Joe, belonging to a friend of mine, had this curious fancy which, I think, is worth the telling: he could not bear a drunkard near him. One day the groom had been indulging too freely in strong drink, and came into the stable to feed and water Joe. The horse knew better than to trust himself to be groomed by a man who had had too much beer: so he turned quickly round, and, as the groom was stooping down, picked him up with his teeth, held him by his clothes, and seemed to think of flinging him sharply on one side. The man, however, was thoroughly frightened into soberness, and kept himself as quietly as he could, and managed to get away from the angry horse with nothing worse than torn clothes and a good shaking. I don't think that he ever ventured into the stable again just after a visit to the ale-house. It is a pity that every village 'Public' has not its 'Joe.'

My friend had another horse about which I have something curious to tell you. Prince was a black Belgian. The groom took it into his head to teach this horse to kneel before he had his feed of corn. It was a strange lesson for a horse to learn; but, though it was unsuitable, Prince learnt it, and was made to practise it every day. I suppose the horse found it difficult to kneel on both his knees. Perhaps he thought the ground cold and hard, and the attitude tiring and uncomfortable, as most likely it was to him. Perhaps he thought it beneath the dignity of a well-trained and well-bred horse; so he would often drop on one knee instead of upon both. Whenever this happened, the groom's remark was, "What, idle Prince! kneel on one knee to say your prayers!" and then at once the obedient animal knelt on both his knees. Ah, how he did enjoy his corn! which, indeed, I think he richly deserved for his ready compliance with his master's wishes. What will my friends, who sit in church during prayers, or else 'make believe' to kneel, say to this?

W. A. S.

### BLUE AND YELLOW.

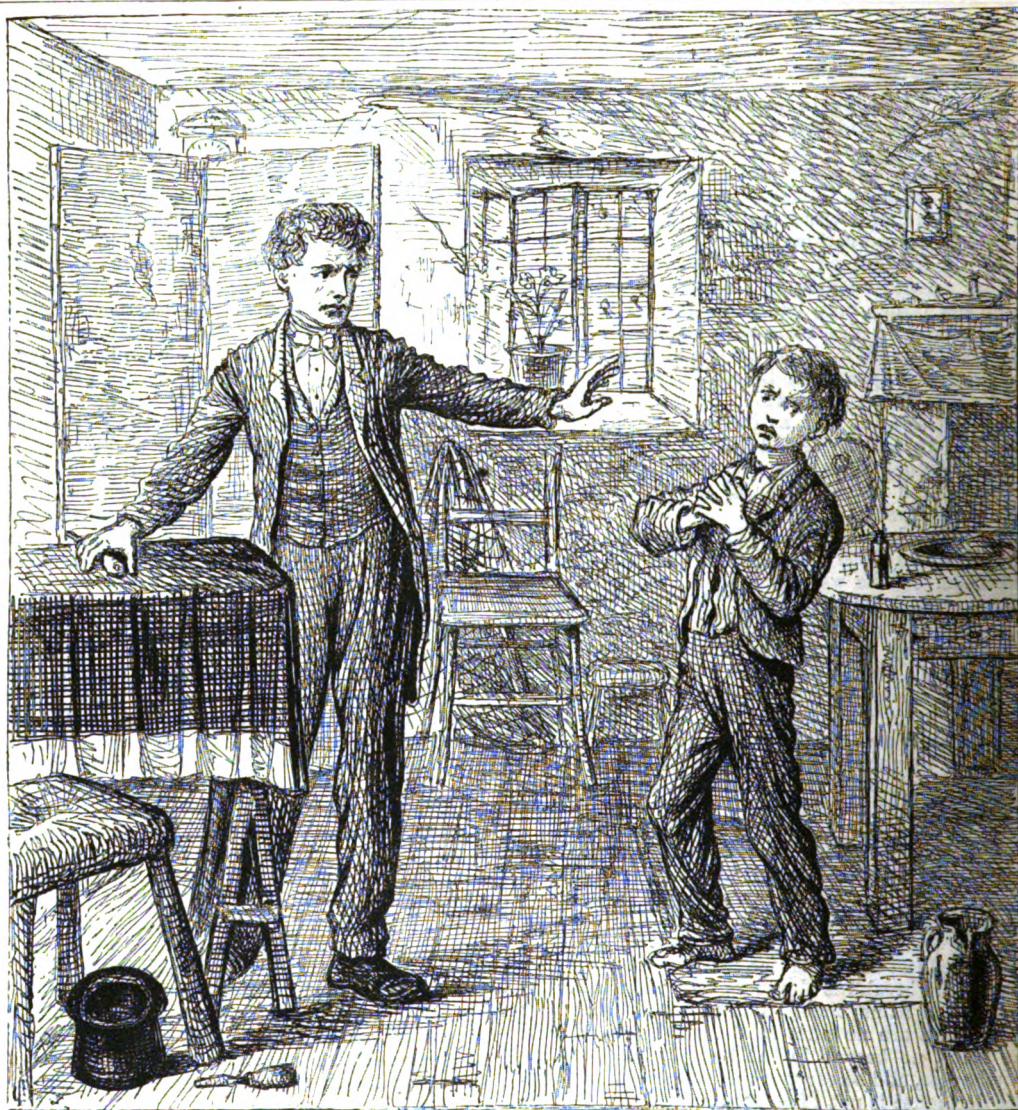
IN a pretty summerhouse on a hill were two windows, one of blue glass, the other of yellow. Two persons entered the place, and looked at the view from the different windows.

"Oh!" cried he who looked through the yellow glass, "what a glorious summer is this! How everything is bright with sunshine!"

"Why, all seems winter to my eyes," said the other, who was looking through the blue glass. "I'm sure there is snow on the ground and frost on every leaf. I see no sunshine at all!"

A cheerful temper is like the yellow glass that makes everything look bright. A peevish temper is like the blue glass, which turns summer itself into winter.





## A NOBLE REVENGE.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine one. No flowers on its top, no lining of white satin for the pale brow. The sufferer from cruel poverty had found rest and peace.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the lid.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy."

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the helpless orphan, as he gazed into that rough face, and tears streamed down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh; it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once, let me see my mother only once."

Quickly the hard-hearted monster struck him. The boy stood panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes flashed, his lips sprang apart; he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "When I'm a man, I'll kill you for that."

\* \* \* \* \*

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until with his lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve from his face, a young man stepped forward with firm tread and kindling eyes, to plead for the erring and friendless prisoner at the bar. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence.

The eloquence of the pleader convinced the jury. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir! I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, coldly.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me?"

"Man, I will refresh your memory:—twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that poor miserable boy."



# Chatterbox.





## THE WOLF.

**T**HINK of the lamb in the fields of May,  
 Cropping the dewy flowers for play;  
 Think of the sunshine warm and clear;  
 Of the bending corn in golden ear;  
 Of little children singing low  
 Through flowery meadows as they go;  
 Of the pebbly waters gliding by,  
 Of the wood-birds' peaceful sylvan cry,  
 Then turn thy thoughts to a land of snow  
 Where the cutting icy wind doth blow—  
 A dreary land of mountains cold,  
 Where ice-crag splintered, hoar, and old,  
 Jagged with woods of storm-beat pines,  
 Where a cold moon gleams, a cold sun shines;  
 And all through this dismal land we'll go  
 In a dog-drawn sledge o'er frozen snow.

Where are the men to guide us on?  
 Men! in these deserts there are none.  
 Men come not here unless to track  
 The ermine white, or marten black.  
 Here we must speed alone.—But hark!  
 What sound was that? The wild wolf's bark!  
 The terrible wolf! Is he a-nigh  
 With his gaunt, lean frame and blood-shot eye?  
 Yes! across the snow I saw the track  
 Where they have sped on, a hungry pack;  
 And see how the eager dogs rush on,  
 For they scent the track where the wolf has gone.

Oh, the horrible wolves! methinks I hear  
 The sound of their barking drawing near;  
 Down from their caves they come by day  
 Savage as mad dogs for their prey;  
 Down on the tracks where the hunters roam,  
 Down to the peasant's hut they come.  
 The peasant is waked from his pine-branch bed  
 By the direst, fiercest sound of dread,  
 A snuffing scent, a scratching sound,  
 Like a dog that rendeth up the ground.  
 Up from his bed he springs in fear,  
 For he knows that the cruel wolves are near.  
 A moment's pause—a moment more—  
 And he hears them snuffing 'neath his door.  
 Beneath his door he hears them mining,  
 Snuffing, snarling, scratching, whining!  
 Horrible sight! no more he sees,  
 With terror his very senses freeze;—  
 Horrible sounds! he hears no more;  
 The wild wolves bound across his floor,  
 And the next moment lap his gore!  
 And as the day comes o'er the hill  
 The wolves are gone, the place is still,  
 And to none that dreadful death is known  
 Save to some ermine-hunter,  
 Who in that death foresees his own!

Or think thee now of a battle-field  
 Where lie the wounded with the killed!  
 Hundreds of mangled men they lie  
 A horrible mass of agony!

The night comes down—and in they bound,  
 The ravening wolves from the mountains round,  
 All day long have they come from far,  
 Snuffing that bloody field of war;  
 But the rolling drum and the trumpet's bray,  
 And the strife of men through the live-long day,  
 For awhile kept the prowling wolves away.  
 But now, when the roaring tumults cease,  
 In that dreadful hush, which is not peace,  
 The wolves rush in to have their will,  
 And to lap of living blood their fill.  
 Stark and stiff the dead men lie,  
 But the living—oh, woe, to hear their cry,  
 When they feel the teeth of these cruel foes,  
 And hear them lap up the blood that flows!  
 Oh, shame that ever it hath been said,  
 That bloody war is a glorious trade,  
 And that soldiers die upon honour's bed!  
 Let us hence—let us hence, for horrible war  
 Than the merciless wolf is more merciless far!

*Sketches of Nat. Hist. by MARY HOWITT.*

## TWICE FOUND.

(Continued from p. 379.)



**R**IGHTER days began to dawn upon the Watsons. Better help than alms-giving was found for them: Mr. Grey gave William work himself, and persuaded his friends to try him. And Betsey hugged the baby to her bosom, and with tears of thankfulness acknowledged that God had been very good in helping them, so that Bill would not starve. But though that trouble was over for the time, another was in store. A baby-girl was born, and poor Betsey, whose health had suffered during the hard winter, lay weak and ill upon her bed. It needed all Watson's courage to bear up now; with his cheery, active wife on a bed of sickness, and with two babes to care for, how could he get on? Then for the first time did William really pray: the clergyman had spoken in his visits lately of the loving Saviour who cares for the needy, and to that Saviour William told his troubles, and prayed that he might not be left to go through life alone. The prayer was heard, and answered in God's own way; the mother's life was spared, but the infant He took to Himself. Betsey recovered, but very slowly; it was long before her thin, white fingers could ply the needle again, and longer still before she was seen with the baby Bill doing her weekly marketings once more. Ah! that baby was a blessing to her now; her own little one had been taken from her, and her mother's heart gave a double portion of love to her adopted child. But we will not linger over Bill's infancy. He grew a healthy, happy child. William and Betsey, if they could not talk about education, at least had one very good principle. They made the child *obey*: what "daddy" and "mammy" said, was done. Betsey

was firm, though gentle in her manner, and the child learned it was in vain to struggle to get his own way.

It took the Watsons many long months before they quite got over the drawback of Betsey's long illness; but, by dint of working early and late, and great economy, they did get over it at last: the rent was paid up, the green plaid shawl found its way back to the drawer, and one Saturday evening Betsey had sixpence to drop into the tea-cup.

Another winter passed—a long, hard winter too, but brighter than the last, for Betsey had friends now. Mr. and Miss Grey did not lose sight of them, and every now and then managed to find a job of tailoring for William, or some needlework for Betsey, and now and then a warm garment for the child. March came, and the day Bill was two years old another baby-girl came to fill up the place of the little one that had gone before. This time Mrs. Watson was well looked after.

Nourishing things from the Rectory helped to keep up her strength; she and the baby both flourished, and the happy party again took a little one to the church to be dedicated to God. It was pretty to see the loving, tender ways of the little Bill to his baby sister; his sorrowful, puzzled look if the infant cried; his grieved expression when baby would not notice the ball and other little toys which he brought to please her.

The Watsons had not forgotten all this time that Bill had a father of his own somewhere. So far from forgetting, Betsey seemed always on the lookout; she was constantly fancying that she saw some one with features "like what Bill's will be when he grows up;" but as this was her only clue to the father's appearance, and she did not know his name, it is not surprising that she had not yet made any real discovery in the matter.

#### CHAPTER V.

We must now pass over a long interval in the history of this family, and visit them again when Bill is thirteen years old. Again we enter their room on his birthday—a blustering, stormy March day. We shall not find them now in that little back attic in a Southwark by-street, with their one chair, and the cracked tea-cup for a money-box. They have moved into a front room in a court on the other side of the water, but there are six children now besides Bill, and they cannot afford to pay rent for a second room. Our little baby friend has grown a tall girl, and has learned to help her mother to clean, and mend father's and brothers' clothes. Then there is another girl two years younger; then come the twins, delicate boys whom their mother scarcely hopes to rear. Next to the twins, is the blue-eyed, sunny-haired Lucy, and then a big boy between three and four, but still called "Baby." All except the baby go to school, for the parents are determined their children shall be better scholars than they are themselves. Watson looks as if he had known care since we saw him eleven years ago, and Betsey has lost her lively manner, though she still keeps her good-tempered face. As she comes in now, however, with

a basket of washed linen, there is an anxious look upon her brow as if she had caught the shadow of some coming trouble. "Father, I hear the Joneses next door have scarlet fever, what shall we do if the children get it?" A half-sigh escaped Watson, but he has learned some lessons in past years. "Don't let's meet trouble half-way, Betsey. God fits the back to the burden, let's trust Him still."

But though they knew it not, the enemy was there. Little Lucy, the merry pet of the family, had been playing two days before with the child who now lay tossing in feverish restlessness next door. Before many days she, too, was moaning on her little bed, her face flushed with the burning fever, her lips dried and parched, her throat so sore she could not swallow. Seven days and nights Watson and his wife watched by their child, and with aching hearts tried to soothe her as she raved in delirium, or listened as in quieter moments she muttered the sacred words she had learned at school. At last the fever left her, but the mother's heart died within her as she saw the white wan face, and marked the failing strength, of her little one. It was now that Betsey felt herself repaid indeed for all the care and kindness to the orphan Bill. He had had a mild attack of the disease in early childhood, and was able to help his mother (as he called her) in her duties of nursing. The fever laid a heavy hand upon most of these children. While Lucy was gradually fading away from the weakness after the fever Jane was cut off in the midst of the fever.

That week was a terrible one to Mrs. Watson and her husband. Before the end of it, Lucy had gently breathed out her weary spirit, Jane was laid in her grave, and the others were all in the different stages of the fever.

When the next Sunday came round, they were a sadly reduced household. Watson and Betsey looked round on their diminished family with a very sorrowful gaze. There was Bill, their adopted son, who had proved himself a son indeed in the last few days of trial. There was Emma, the second girl, white and thin, but recovering. Joseph and Benjamin, the twin boys, had struggled through the fever—one sank from exhaustion, the other, Benjamin, lived, but was likely to be crippled for life.

And the baby on his mother's knee—he had lost his rosy cheeks, his once sturdy legs refused to carry him, but the light of health was returning in his eye, and Betsey, with a full heart, thanked God that He had not taken all her treasures. Mrs. Watson had not been left without sympathy and help in this season of trouble. Many of her neighbours were suffering in a greater or less degree from the same cause, but those who were not remembered Betsey's kindness in many an hour of need, and were ready to help her. Kindly voices cheered her at all hours of the day and night; kindly hands ministered to the sick children when the mother could not leave the dying, and many a tear of true sympathy with the bereaved parents was shed as, one after another, their three children were borne to the grave.

(To be continued.)





The Great Lake near Nankin.

**ABOUT CHINA.**

**O**UR picture represents a beautiful scene on the Tai-hoo, or Great Lake, near Nankin, in China. China is nearly twelve times the size of the

British Islands; but large as it is, it is too small for its inhabitants, which number over four hundred millions. If all the people of the world could be brought together, and then be divided

into three equal parts, and one of the parts were placed in China, its population would not be greater than it is now. China is also the oldest nation in the world.





A Traveller exhibiting Himself.

Before the o'd empires, as we call them, of Greece, Persia, and Rome, began, China was a settled nation, having the same written language as is used at the present time. The Chinese found out printing, paper-making, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and canals, hundreds of years before they were invented in our part of the world.

The Chinese are very proud of this, and look upon all other nations as upstarts and barbarians. They call their own country "the Middle Kingdom of the Earth"—"the Central Flowery Land"—"the Celestial Empire," and other names, which are more fanciful than true.

When a white traveller penetrates into the interior of the country, a few miles from the coast, his appearance makes a great sensation. The news quickly spreads that a white man is in the place, and crowds turn out to see the wonder. Perhaps the stranger is very tired and hungry, but he is compelled to put away rest and food for a time, and come forth and exhibit himself to the people. Even at night he has sometimes to do so, when the people, to see him better, bring lanterns.

If the traveller happen to know the Chinese language, he is obliged to hear the remarks which the people make about himself, and which are not over-polite. He will hear some say, "Oh, what a white ghost!—what a long nose he has!" "What a nice-looking foreign ghost! See his large ears!" Then they will ask him questions, very tiresome ones—

"What does he travel for? how does he get his rice?" (that is food; meaning, what is his calling?) "what family he has? whether his wife is handsome?" and so on, no part of his dress or person escaping remark. An English gentleman, a short time back took his wife and child with him to the city of Hangchow. The excitement caused by a white lady and a child was intense. The quays were packed with thousands of gazers, as the party moved along the river in a boat. When they landed, the expressions "Queitse-peh-quei!" (White ghost! foreign ghost!) were general; and when they saw the lady and child they cried out, "See the little foreign ghost"—"Peh-quei." "It has red hair!—O the barbarian!"

Although the population of China is so enormous, there are not above a hundred surnames for the people in the whole empire. In one town the entire population is named U. In another, which contains twenty thousand inhabitants, the name of everybody is Dzing! When we heard this stated first, we were reminded of an anecdote which Sir Walter Scott used to be fond of telling:—A poor woman begging in one of the villages of Annandale, and finding no pity from its people, cried out—"And are there nae Christians in this place?" The oldest inhabitant of the village overheard her, and thinking she had asked for some persons so surnamed, answered, "Nae: there are nae Christians at all here; we are all Johnstones and Jardines."

B. W.

## THE STORY OF A PIN.

(AS TOLD BY ITSELF.)



THOUGH my name consists of only three letters, my history might fill three volumes! I scarcely know how or where to begin my story. I think it shall be with an incident which excited a little pride in my heart.

A carriage drove up to the door of a draper's shop, and a lady stepped out, and after making purchases to the amount of several pounds, she was "so very glad" she had not forgotten to ask for some pins, she did not know of anything so useful or so valuable in its place as a pin; she had been taught from childhood never to throw away so much as a pin, and her poor, dear grandmother valued a pin so much, that she always carried a pincushion in her pocket, and had taught her to do the same."

Well, I was one of the pins in the packet which she bought, and was packed tightly up in a parcel and sent home with all the other purchases; and in the evening, when my lady went up-stairs to dress for dinner, I was released from my place of confinement, and played a very useful part in her toilet. Unfortunately, however, my owner being rather a fidgety person, I was moved by degrees out of my place, and fell on the carpet, there I lay wondering what would be my lot.

I remained in darkness and solitude all night. Early next morning, Betty, the housemaid, picked me up, exclaiming, "Just the thing that I wanted! My cap will not keep on my head without a pin," and much to my confusion, I spent nearly a whole day in her cap, which was not one of the cleanest. What a downfall! from a lady's rich silk dress to a housemaid's dirty cap; and she does not value me so much as the lady did, thought I. I trembled for my future fate, and wished myself once again amongst my bright companions in the paper. I dreaded spending a whole night in Betty's bedroom, which I fancied would not be much cleaner than her cap, but, luckily for me, as she was running up-stairs to her room, I dropped from my high quarters into a snug corner, feeling glad to lie for a time useless, rather than remain in Betty's cap. Such, however, was not to be the case beyond a single hour. Children's eyes are sharp, and as little Mary came running at the call of her brother to have a game at croquet, she spied me, and stopped to dig me out of a crevice with her finger-nail.

"What are you doing?" cried Henry, impatiently, "I've been waiting such a time for you!" "I'm coming in a minute," said she, merrily; "I'm just trying to get such a beautiful pin from between the boards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Henry. "Why, I heard one of the servants say the other day that you can buy three rows of pins for a penny!"

"Well, but Miss Sandford tells me never to waste anything, and says that she would not see even a pin

on the floor without stooping to pick it up; now just let me put it in my pincushion, here it is!"

I found quite a new home in the little child's pocket. I had a happy life there, though I could not see at all; I could hear her merry voice always ringing—for she sang all over the house like a bird, and her very laugh had music in it. "Well," thought I, "where shall I figure next?" I spent one day in a doll's frock, which could never (at least so Mary thought) have been put on so neatly without me; another day I was wanted for a piece of patch-work, and each time put carefully back into my proper place. At last poor Mary found a much more important use for me, though not more important to her thinking. Her eldest brother, with whom she was a great pet, was dressing to go out to an evening party, and, as his way was, had left himself very few minutes for doing so. He had every thing that heart could wish provided for his comfort, but he was most careless in leaving his things anywhere but in their proper place. Well, he began to dress, but, in his hurry he forced one of the studs of his wristband too roughly into its place and broke the connecting link; what was to be done? He thought of tying it with a bit of thread, but that did not seem likely to answer; then he called from the window to little Mary, who was playing in the garden, to find him a pin, and she came and brought me, and I was bent and twisted to make a link between the two studs.

Next morning, Mr. Frank called his little sister to him, and said, "Mary, was that pin we had so much trouble with last night the one I heard you and Henry talking about in the morning?"

"Yes, it was, Frank; but why do you ask?"

"Because I have learnt two lessons from a little girl and a pin, which will, I hope, be of use to me; I never valued a pin before, and never thought I could learn anything from a little girl like you, but now I mean to try not to waste even little things, and also to have 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.'"

## PRIDE WILL HAVE A FALL.

A MIGHTY Lion, lord of all the wood,  
Having his hunger thoroughly satisfied  
With prey of beasts and spoils of living blood,  
Safe in his dreadless den him sought to hide:  
His sternness was his praise, his strength his pride,  
And all his glory in his cruel claws.  
I saw a Wasp that fiercely him defied,  
And bade him battle, even to his jaws;  
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth draws,  
And his proud heart is filled with fretting ire:  
In vain he threatens his teeth, his tail, his paws,  
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire;  
That dead himself he wisheth for despite:  
So weakest may annoy the most of might!  
... If that Fortune chance you up to call  
To Honour's seat, forget not what you be:  
For he that of himself is most secure,  
Shall find his state most fickle and unsure.

Edmund Spenser, 1553.

## A CONTRAST;

OR, HOLIDAY-KEEPING WITH DRINK OR WITHOUT IT.

IN New York, on New Year's night, a year ago, a party of young men who had spent the whole day, as thousands of others had done, in visiting their friends, and where they had partaken freely of the various drinks with which many a table had been spread, entered a drinking saloon to finish the day's carousals. A disturbance ensued—hard words led to blows, and finally to weapons, when one of the party was shot and the rest were arrested.

In Canada, on New Year's eve, the inhabitants have a custom of going in sleighs, from door to door, singing songs of charity made for the occasion, and receiving such articles of food as are tendered them. They persevere until their sleighs are full, and on New Year's morning they distribute these gifts to the needy. Another beautiful custom of theirs is the assembling of the different members of the family on the morning of New Year's day to receive the father's blessing. Often this occurs before day-break. The children, when assembled, kneel down, and the aged sire kisses each, and then pronounces his benediction, after which they breakfast together, and then go forth to celebrate the day.

Now, children, look at these two ways of keeping holiday, and say which is best. The drinking way is ever doing evil; the other is ever doing good—good to ourselves and to our neighbours.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

## CAST ADRIFT.



ONE evening I was standing on the quarterdeck of a steamer leisurely watching the sea-gulls, and now and then a lazy porpoise rolling itself over on the gentle wave. The rest of the passengers were chatting together in little groups of two or three. The captain was pacing the deck in a thoughtful mood, a slight breeze just filled the sails, and we were making way by the help of wind and steam as fast as possible.

There was no appearance of a storm, and yet from the look of the captain's face I judged there was something amiss. At last he came near me, and as I knew him very well, I said, "Captain, I am no judge of weather as you are, tell me, is there a storm brewing?"

"No," said he. "No! why do you ask?"

"Simply because I see you look anxious and not like your old merry self, I thought something was the matter."

"Oh, no, nothing is the matter," replied he; "I was only thinking of by-gone days, and on certain occasions one's thoughts make one feel a little sad." He saw I looked interested, but of course I did not venture to inquire into his private sorrow, but he began, "This evening is the anniversary of the death of my father. Thirty years ago to-day he died—he was murdered!"

"Do not tell me about it," said I, "if it harasses your mind."

"Yes, I will tell you if you care to hear the story, it will do me good to tell it this evening:—"

"My father was the captain and owner of a small trading vessel bound from Liverpool to America. We had on board a cargo of hardware from Birmingham which was consigned to a merchant at New York. My mother had died, and my father had determined to take me with him. I was fond of the sea, and therefore I was delighted to go the voyage. Our crew consisted of six men, one was a Spaniard named Lopez, one a Dane, a Scotchman, and three Americans. They were a quarrelsome set, but we could get no better. The Spaniard was a man I very much feared; the Dane was the quietest of the crew, and I had got into his favour by teaching him several little things, and by assisting him in his efforts to speak English. My father was a stern and severe man, and during the voyage had punished the Spaniard for laziness and neglect of his work. I could see plainly that the man hated my father, and hatred in a Spaniard's mind is certain to bring the keenest desire for revenge. The Spaniard seemed also to hate me, because I was my father's son, but whilst the Spaniard was my enemy the Dane was my friend. During the voyage, of several weeks, I taught him much of my language, and he was grateful to me and kind. It happened one evening my father was very unwell and not able to come on deck, he had been taken with a violent fit of sickness, and cold shivering fits came over him constantly. I was much alarmed and gave him brandy, it seemed to do him no good.

"Norman, my son," he said, "I have been poisoned, and Lopez has done it. To-morrow the ship will be yours, but I fear they will not give you peaceable possession. Take these papers, and if you ever escape the treachery of these bad men the papers may be of some use to you."

"That night my father died, and Lopez took the command of the ship. The first thing he did was to take possession of all the spirits on board, and he drank deeply himself, and handed it freely to his mates. When all the sailors were well heated with brandy, Lopez suddenly thought of me. I had endeavoured to hide myself, but was soon dragged forth, and after I had been beaten with the rope's end by order of the brutal Lopez, he commanded the sailors to throw me overboard.

"This order would have been obeyed immediately, but my friend the Dane came to my rescue. He whispered a few words to the captain, the order was countermanded, and I was set at liberty. When we got within about twenty miles of the coast, the captain told the Dane it was quite time to get rid of me. This man made every effort to save me, and saw at last only one hope. He told Lopez that the crew would not quietly throw me overboard, because they were too fond of me; that if he attempted to give the orders again they might rebel and perhaps put him overboard instead. This enraged the Spaniard, and he drew his dagger and very nearly put an end to the man's life, but the Dane avoided the blow. My friend then





Norman cast Adrift.

made this suggestion, and said, 'Let us put him into the boat under some plea, and then sail off and leave him.'

"Next day the boat was lowered, and a line and baits were put inside, and I was told to fish from the boat, which was fastened by a rope to the stern of the vessel. Very shortly I felt a fish on the line and began pulling it up, it was a large one, and gave me great trouble; at last, however, I succeeded in bringing him on board, when, to my horror, I found myself alone. The ship had sailed away and I was alone in the boat. I shouted, but they gave no heed. I expected at first the ship would 'heave to;' but, disappointed, I seized the oars, and rowed with all my might. It was useless. I was soon exhausted, and gave myself up to despair.

"Under the seat at the stern of the boat I found

some salt meat, some biscuits, a flask of brandy, and a stone bottle of water. I then began to feel I had not altogether been forgotten, and thanked God and prayed as I never had prayed before.

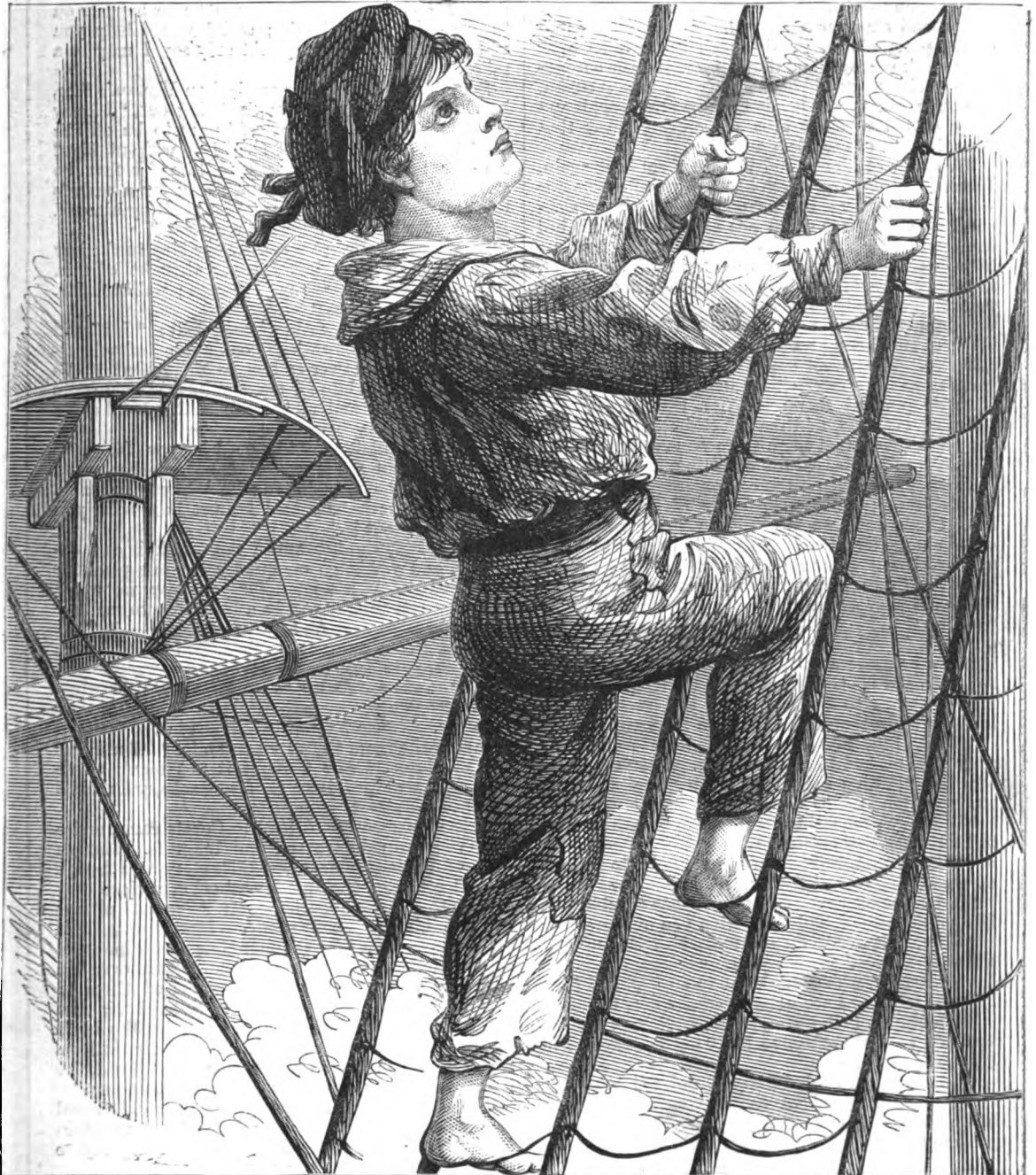
"But I will not weary you with further particulars, and I see I am wanted. A word will bring me to the end. After passing a night of terror and anxiety, such as I have never felt before or since, I was picked up in the morning by an English schooner which was towing my father's ship. The Dane had signalled her and told the English captain the history of the last few days, so all the sailors were taken prisoners and put in irons. Shortly afterwards we were landed at New York, where Lopez was hanged, and the rest rewarded according to their deserts. My ship was sold and the Dane returned with me to England." W. M.

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# Chatterbox.



## TWICE FOUND.

*(Continued from p. 387.)*

## CHAPTER VI.

**W**ILLIAM and Betsey had no time to sit and hug their sorrows, nor could they afford to be idle; and well for them it was so. As by degrees work began to come in again, and the children grew better and stronger, a more hopeful look appeared on the parents' faces; and though in the quiet hour when work was over and they drew round the supper-table, their eyes would be drawn to the vacant chairs, and their talk would be about Jane and Joseph and Lucy, still it was not in a murmuring spirit that they thought of their late affliction.

This time of illness had thrown them back again. When Lucy was first taken ill, they sent for a doctor whom they knew; but as one after another sickened, they felt they could not afford to pay his bill and applied for the parish doctor. Watson had but little work, for people were afraid of the fever. Betsey could not leave her children to earn anything, and often the only money at the week's end was the six shillings brought home by Bill as his wages. He was errand-boy at a large bookseller's very near at hand. The small sum in the Post-office Bank was drawn; the rent got behindhand; Watson and his wife pinched themselves for the sake of the suffering children, and many little comforts which they had got around them since we saw them in the attic had to be pledged for absolute necessities.

Happily for them, their landlord was a kind-hearted man; besides, he knew his lodgers were honest folk, and he was willing to wait for his rent, or take it by instalments in weekly payments. By-and-by, Benny grew so much better that he could be left in Emma's charge, though the doctor gave no hopes of his ever being a strong boy again with the proper use of his legs. Still, Mrs. Watson could get out for a day, or half-a-day now and then, and bring in a few pence or a shilling to help, and so managed to get free of debt. One Monday evening, Bill came in from work to find his father and mother with brighter looks than they had worn for many a day.

"Well, Bill, my boy, the landlord came this morning, and had his last shilling. Thank God, we owe him nothing now, and we'll try hard and keep straight with him."

"I'm very glad, father, for now you'll have courage to hear what I've got to say."

"What's that, Bill? You haven't got into trouble surely?" interrupted Betsey, with an anxious look.

"No, no, mother; I haven't got into trouble, but I'm afraid, maybe, I'll be putting you in some."

"Why, Bill, what do you mean?—speak up and tell us."

"Wait a bit, wife; let's come to supper, and then Bill will tell us; I see he's got a good deal to say."

Seated round the supper-table, Benny, in his accustomed place close to his "big brother," Bill began his story:—

"I made up my mind I would not tell you what I've been thinking about for ever so long, till you had quite paid the rent, and I thought you did not want my earnings so bad every week."

"Why, Bill, they've never sent you away?"

"No, Benny, they've not sent me away, but I'm thinking of sending myself away;" and turning from the bewildered child, "Father, mother," cried Bill, "I must go to sea; let me go to sea! There, it is out now," he went on, as neither of them spoke. "I've longed for it,—I've thought about it; I've read books about the sea, and I should be far happier on the sea,—I know I should; and I would help you when I came home, if you'll only say I may be a sailor."

Surprise and grief were marked on Watson's face, but Betsey burst into tears, sobbing out, "I knew it,—I knew it! I was sure he'd want to be off like his father. My boy, what shall I do without him? I never talked about sailors to him for fear he should think of it and take a liking for a sailor's life, and now he's taken up the fancy all by himself. Must we let him go, William; must we?"

"I suppose, wife, we must not say Nay to the boy if he's set upon it, but I never thought of this. We won't decide in a hurry, though; we'll ask Mr. Allen what he thinks."

"I've done that, father," said Bill; "I stayed after the other fellows had gone out of school yesterday, and talked ever so long to Mr. Allen: that's what made me so late for tea, and he said he'd come and talk to you and mother about it. He'll come to-morrow, I'll be bound."

"Did he think it would be good for you, Billy?"

"He did not say it would be bad, mother, and I don't think he thought so; he told me he had a brother at sea; but he said I must hear what you had to say about it."

"Well, Bill, mother and I must talk it over together, and you'll go on quietly in your place for the present. If it's good for you, boy, we won't refuse you, though it will be a black day to me that takes you from us. As to your mother——"

His sentence was not finished, for Mrs. Watson's sobs were infectious. Poor Benny was crying quietly, and wondering what he should do when those strong arms, ever so ready to help him, were far away. Emma had busied herself in the furthest corner of the room that her tears might fall unseen; and Bill himself, who thought it not manly to be seen crying, gulped down the rising sobs, and rushed out into the street.

Next afternoon Mr. Allen the Curate came, and a long visit he paid Watson and his wife. Though most of the neighbours knew Bill's story, and though he had attended the Sunday-school ever since they came into the neighbourhood, Mr. Allen had always thought him to be Watson's eldest son. This afternoon he heard for the first time, and with great interest, the boy's history; he talked over his character with the Watsons, and advised them to let him go to sea. "It will be a hard trial, no doubt, to you, but I think it may be for the boy's good; he seems so set upon it, that he will be unsettled if you keep him at home, and it may be that he will come across his own father that way."

Then Mr. Allen told them that an old friend of his had lately called upon him; he was captain of a merchant-vessel, and would be sailing before



long; he would write to him and make some inquiries. "Meanwhile," Mr. Allen advised, "let Bill work on as a steady errand-boy, and send him to school as usual."

So Watson and his wife made up their minds to part with their adopted son, and Betsey and Emma set their fingers to work that "they might not be behindhand with his shirts." Benny, whose fingers had been taught to be active, since his feet must be still, was eager to knit him some socks. Johnny was too young to share in what interested the others so deeply, and was often puzzled to see tears in his mother's eyes when he came to tell her all he had been doing at school.

By-and-by Mr. Allen called again. The captain to whom he had written wanted a boy himself as cabin-boy, and would gladly take one recommended by Mr. Allen even without seeing him.

He would be ready to set sail in a month's time, and Bill must join him at Liverpool. So the busy fingers worked harder and harder, and the loving hearts grew very sad, as week after week of the short month passed away. The vessel was to sail on Sunday, and Watson was to take his boy down the morning before. The train started very early, when it was barely light, so, though all would be stirring before he left in the morning, the last quiet words must be spoken on Friday night. Mr. Allen brought Bill a Bible and Prayer-book to take with him to sea; and his mother with many tears begged him that he would read his Bible, if only one little verse, every day, and that he would keep from swearing and using the bad words he would often hear.

Monday evening came, and the little party welcomed the husband and father home, anxious to hear tidings of Bill. Many questions were asked and answered; and Watson told of the large ships he saw in the dockyards at Liverpool, of the swarms of blue jackets about the streets, of the bronzed face and bluff, though kindly manner of Bill's captain; of the clean decks and orderly arrangement of the ship; and of Bill's affectionate messages to his mother, and brothers and sisters; and, though he fairly gave way and cried like a child as they talked together in their small lodging on Saturday night, he kept well up when he parted; and how manfully he went up the rigging, and so forth. Over and over again the story had to be told, and Benny could not be satisfied without hearing the last thing that Bill had said: "My love to Benny; tell him when I come home, I'll manage some sort of carriage for him." Benny's dreams that night were a strange mixture of ships and sailors and small carriages, and everywhere he seemed to see Bill's face.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Three years had passed since that day. Once or twice letters had come from Bill, cheerful letters they were, telling them of the wonders he had seen, and the busy life he had to lead; of the kindness of his captain, the rough friendliness of some of his mates, and the jeerings of others; above all, telling them that he had kept his promise to his mother, and intended to go on keeping it. The last year no tidings had reached them till the morning before,

when a few lines from Liverpool informed them of the arrival of the vessel, and that Bill would be with them the next night.

Now we know the reason why William and Betsey Watson could not remain at home on that summer evening, but must go out into the park to calm their excited feelings. We can guess what they are talking about as they sit together there with their children around them. They are recalling the events of the last three years in their own family. They have one more child in heaven and one more on earth since Bill went away. A little girl had smiled upon them for a few short weeks and then was taken home, and Bill had never heard of the little fellow now trying his infant steps by their side. The years had passed tolerably smoothly on the whole. Their baby's death had been a sore trouble, and the funeral an expense; and there had been ups and downs. Work had been scarce in the winter, and in the summer there was much to make up for, so that the sum in the Post-office Bank grew slowly; but now they could say they were free from debt, and they were in a more prosperous condition than for some time. Emma had learned envelope-folding, and brought in a small sum every week; Johnny was in a National School; the crippled Benny had turned his knitting to some account, and often had orders for as many socks as he could make.

Eleven o'clock struck, and father and mother were anxiously expecting "their Bill." A young fellow in a sailor's dress enters the court—hasty steps mount the staircase—there is a knock at the door, and the long-looked-for meeting is come at last.

Bill has indeed, as he said in one of his letters, "grown quite a man"—tall and broad, his muscles developed by constant exercise, and an honest, good-tempered look on his sun-burnt face—"Ah!" Mrs. Watson thinks, "if his poor mother could have seen him now." Bill has many thoughts working in his head. He has a strange story to tell his adopted father and mother, but he has to put it off until he has seen and consulted with his old friend Mr. Allen. Bill had heard the Curate's words before he went to sea, "He may come across his own father," and those words had stuck to his memory. He never knew his father's name, for all agreed that Smith was only a name taken by his mother, and he had been shipped as "Bill Watson." Hopeless as the search might appear, Bill never gave it up. But he shall tell his own story.

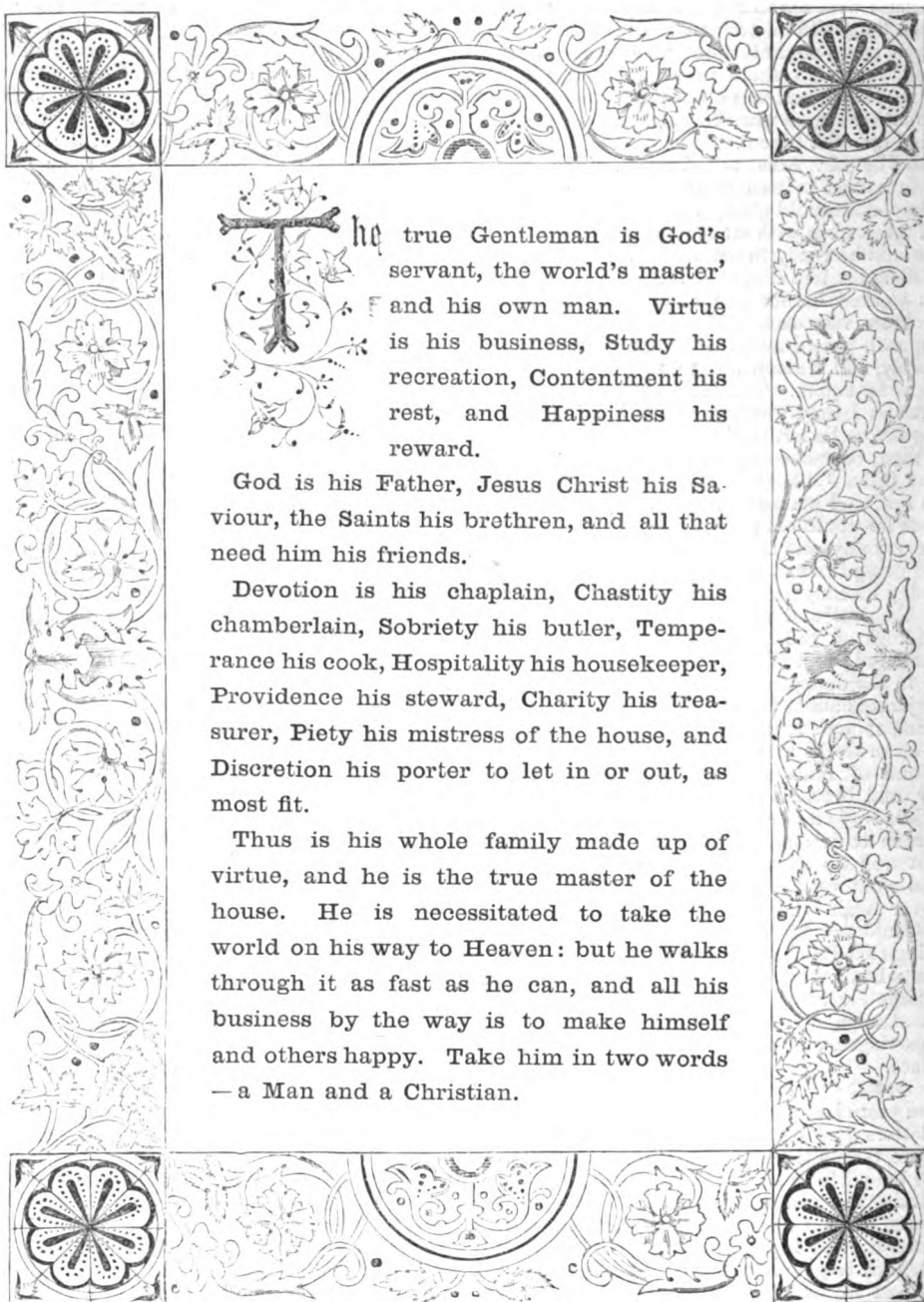
(To be continued.)

#### THE CHIEF AND THE ANT.

**T**IMOUR, the famous Asiatic chief, having on one occasion, taken shelter from his enemies in a lone building, saw a little ant trying to carry a grain of wheat, larger than itself, up a high wall. Sixty-nine times did Timour see the grain fall to the ground, but at the next effort the ant carried off the prize. "I was in despair," said the chief, "but the sight of the ant gave me new courage, and I have never forgotten the noble lesson which it taught me." There is an old proverb which says, "Perseverance conquers all things."

## THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

THE following sketch is called the portrait of a true gentleman. It was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting-room.



**T**he true Gentleman is God's servant, the world's master' and his own man. Virtue is his business, Study his recreation, Contentment his rest, and Happiness his reward.

God is his Father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the Saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends.

Devotion is his chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter to let in or out, as most fit.

Thus is his whole family made up of virtue, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to Heaven: but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words — a Man and a Christian.





### FALL DOWN A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

**T**HE love of climbing is born in some persons.

Few boys can resist a tree with tempting branches, while some rejoice all the more when the

branches are few and far between, and nothing but the smooth stem offers itself for their efforts. Henry Upton was one of these latter; the more



difficult the enterprise, the more he liked it ; the more danger others saw, the more sure was Henry to be the foremost in the expedition.

There was not a tree within miles of Infield that he could not climb. His powers of jumping, too, were astonishing ; with his long pole he would clear any brook in the neighbourhood as easily as his companions could jump a ditch. When he grew to be a man, his love of adventure was stronger than ever. As he had both time and money, he determined to see the world. In Germany he hunted the wild boar, and in India he chased the savage tiger. But climbing rather than hunting was his chief delight, so, after much travel and adventure in the hot countries, he returned to visit the icy mountains in Switzerland.

One morning at six o'clock he set out with a party of travellers and guides to ascend Mont Blanc. Mont Blanc, many of my readers know, is the highest mountain in Europe. The ascent is generally made from a village called Chamouni. The difficulties and danger of the ascent are very great.

The men are all strung together in a row. The first guide has a rope passed round his body, then another at a few yards distant, and so on, until the whole party are tied together. This is the reason—as the travellers are obliged to pass over great fissures, or splits in the rock, many hundred feet deep, and as the ice over which they pass is very slippery, sometimes one of them slips down. If he were alone he would be lost, but being fastened to the others he is borne up and saved. Sometimes the travellers pass along precipices so narrow that they are not able to walk straight forwards, but they walk along sideways, like crabs, and place their backs against the mountain on one side whilst they look down upon the fearful abyss below. This sight makes some of the travellers tremble so much that they cannot help shutting their eyes. Mr. Upton, however, looked over with the utmost coolness ; his head was not giddy, and his limbs were as firm as if he were walking on the highroad. The guide next him, Jacques Clermont, watched him with admiration, and said, “Sir, I would go anywhere with you ; I have never seen you show the least sign of fear, although you say this is your first ascent up our mountain.”

“I never fear, Jacques,” said he ; “and if you are willing, we will go where none have ever been before. What do you say to trying a new route down the mountain ?”

Jacques shook his head at this, and declined running so great a risk : but after making promises of high pay, Mr. Upton succeeded in gaining the guide's consent.

The party reached the summit in safety, and had a most glorious view. When these two men proposed to leave their companions, the rest of the party tried all they could do to dissuade them from their rash enterprise ; but the desire for adventure was so strong in Upton that he would not listen to advice, and he and his guide parted from the rest, saying they would be the first to reach Chamouni.

For the first hour the parties were within earshot of each other, but after this time the sound grew

fainter. The guide at the beginning of the journey took Upton along very easily, and they made for a point the man knew very well. As they were about half-way they heard a fearful noise above them, and they looked back and saw what appeared to be a whole mountain coming upon them : this was an avalanche of snow, that had got loosened from the rest, and came rolling down like thunder. Most fortunately, however, it took a turn about a hundred yards above the place on which they were standing, and passed them and went roaring down into the valley below.

But scarcely had the avalanche passed them before a new danger appeared. They came to the edge of a huge chasm, many feet wide, and having no ladder they knew not how to cross it. At last they found a bridge of snow, and the guide said they would try that, so he crept along for some distance, feeling his way with his alpenstock ; but before he had got far, the middle of the bridge gave way with a crash, and descended into the frightful chasm. Upton, seeing the bridge give way, pulled his guide back just in time, and saved him. At last, however, they found a narrow part, which they both thought they could jump. The guide cleared it, and then came Upton : but, alas ! he gave too much of a spring : he cleared the chasm, but the force of his jump took him so far that he slipped upon the icy mountain and dragged his guide after him for several hundred feet, at a most fearful pace. Just as they came to the edge of a precipice the rope broke ; the guide managed to save himself with the staff, but Mr. Upton fell over into the snow beneath. It was indeed a marvel that he was not killed, but the snow on which he fell happened to be soft, and not very deep. Yet he lost all consciousness for a long time. It was not until the next morning that his guide, with a party of mountaineers, reached him. The poor man was nearly frozen to death, but by the help of brandy poured down his throat, and the rubbing of his frozen limbs, he recovered.

This adventure cured Mr. Upton of foolhardiness, and when his children grew up around him, and wished to show themselves wiser than their parents, he used to remind them of his adventure on the Alps, and of the wise man's words, “Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.”

W. M.

### WATCH-CHAINS.

THE small steel chain which winds round the fusc of a watch is about eight inches in length, and contains upwards of five hundred links riveted together. It is not thicker than a horse-hair, and the separate links can only just be seen by the naked eye.

These watch-chains are made at Christchurch in Hants, the links are punched out by girls from plates of steel, and very little lasses pick up the links and rivet one to the other. Making watch-chains has been the staple work of Christchurch for nearly a century, in fact, ever since pocket-watches began to be in common use.

## PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

A TRUE STORY.

IN one of the most beautiful hilly districts of the north of England there lived not long ago, a good-natured postman. He walked many miles every day with his bag on his back, and knew all the boys and girls along the road. They often ran to have a chat with him, for the postman was very fond of children; but he could not loiter, and keep people waiting for their letters; so if the boys and girls had anything to say to him they must manage to keep up with his pace while they said it.

Now on the beat of this good-natured postman stood the summer residence of a gentleman living near a neighbouring town. The house was at some little distance from the highroad, so, to save our friend time, a letter-box had been fixed to the gate opening on the carriage-drive. There were not often letters to drop in this box till the middle of summer, but it happened one spring that the gentleman's family paid a short visit to their country-seat, and in course of time letters came for them. The postman pushed and pushed, but he could not get his despatches into the box.

"What's this?" he said, "there must be summat in." So he took out his key and opened it. "Eh! dear, what mischievous things boys be!" said the good-natured postman, as he turned out a quantity of bits of stick and hay. "To think o' their pokin' sich mess as this into the letter-box. There's nothing like 'em in the world for mischief; it's hindered me five minutes."

A short time after he had more letters to deliver there, and again the box was stuffed up.

"Well, now, I didn't think there was a boy in the parish as would serve me sich a trick twice over," said the postman, quite hurt; and as he continued his journey he shook his head at all the boys he met. He didn't know which were the offenders, but he felt sure their consciences would speak to them, and tell them that he had found them out. When, however, the "mess" was in the box a third time, he began to turn matters over in his mind, and instead of disturbing the twigs and other odds and ends, he carried the letters up to the house, and walked the rest of the way rather quicker to make up for lost time. He was quite sure no boy in the country would serve him such a trick three times. He peeped in now and then, and kept his secret to himself.

By-and-by, snugly concealed in the letter-box, was a little nest, full of Tom-tit's eggs. "I expected as much," said the postman, shutting the door and locking it; "and you deserve to be left in peace, you little birds, for your perseverance."

So they were left there, and in course of time the young ones, full fledged, flew out at the hole in the top, and joined the feathered warblers of a neighbouring thicket.

My children, if you should ever find a duty so hard or difficult that you are half tempted to give it up in despair, think of the Tom-tit's nest in the letter-box! Try again, and, like the birds, you shall certainly be rewarded for your perseverance. N. H.



## THE YOUNG ORCHARD ROBBERS.

ONCE knew a boy about eight or nine years old, who went with two other boys, one about his own age, the other some three or four years older, to rob an orchard on a Saturday afternoon. The oldest boy was the ringleader in this act of dishonesty, and should have set a better example to his companions, who were younger than himself.

But so it was: and the result of this exploit I will briefly state, as a warning to boys who may be so tempted. We had just climbed the fence and begun to gather the apples, which this leader of mischief had previously knocked down with stones and sticks, when the alarm was given that the owner of the orchard was in sight, and preparing to rush in upon and seize us. No time, of course, was lost in making the best of our way over the fence, as near as possible by the way we had entered. This, with some difficulty, was effected, and in the meantime our tempter quickly disappeared. Escape, however, by the two younger, was not so easily accomplished. Between the orchard and the meadow across which we had to run to get into the lane leading to the town was a broad moat or ditch, the common sewer of the town. This ditch, though not now full of water, was, at least in most parts, up to the knees in black mud. Fearing we should be taken if we attempted to cross this ditch and follow our leader, we agreed to skulk, and see if we could not find a place of retreat lower down. Accordingly we stooped and crept along as well as we could, every now and then slipping, and nearly sticking fast in the sludge, till we succeeded in finding, at some little distance, a hiding-place among some bushes which overhung the bank. Here, for an hour or two, we lay concealed in breathless suspense. At length, like guilty culprits, we stole forth, and taking different directions, steered for our respective homes. The writer of this exploit, now finding himself alone, the thought occurred, as he hurried on, what must be done with the apples in his possession, and with which two or three pockets were crammed full. To eat them all was impossible, and to take them home might lead to detection. Two or three, therefore, were dropped under one tree, and three or four under another, and so on till only a few were left; and thus lightened of his ill-gotten load, he at length reached the town. The next thing to be considered was, how the shoes and stockings, plastered with mud, were to be cleaned, so as to avoid a good whipping after all. Only one plan suggested itself, which was to stay out till it was dark, and then, steal off to bed supperless, first taking care to brush off the clods of dirt as well as he could.


Now I am a man I can easily see how foolish I was to listen to that bad, big lad who enticed me to go; for if I had not consented I should not have been so frightened when I ran away and skulked under the bush. My apples did me no good. They did not taste nice. They were turned sour by my





guilty conscience. I would rather that night have had my basin of bread and milk, and my mother's smile before I went to bed, than a hatful of apples.

And so I found out that "the way of transgressors is hard," and what good advice that is, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

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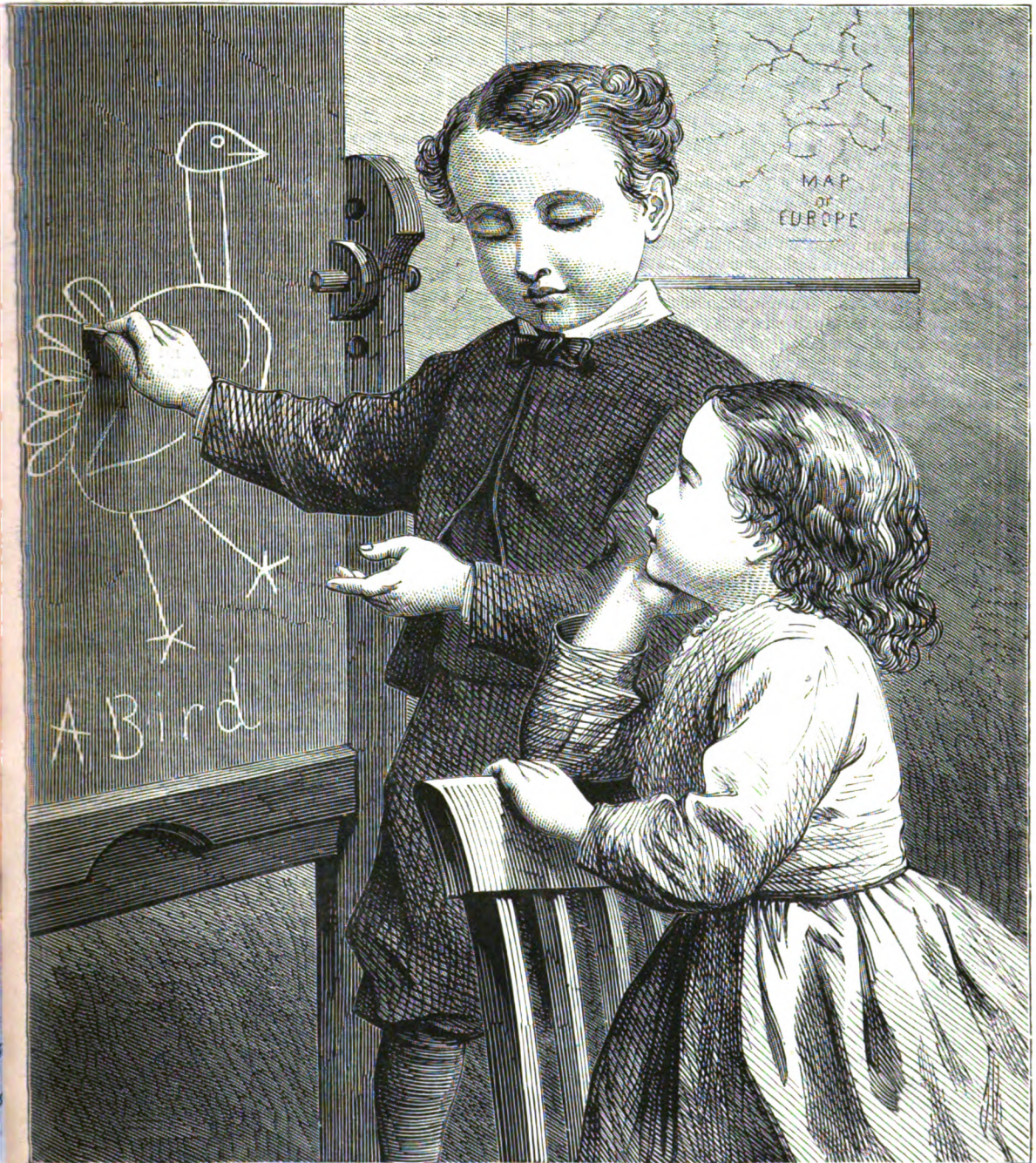
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# Chatterbox.





## THE YOUTHFUL ARTIST.

EVERY beginning is weak, and it is only by *patience and perseverance* that we learn to do things well.

The first attempts at drawing of our most celebrated painters were very much like the bird sketch of the young would-be artist in the picture, yet patience and perseverance have produced the results that we see in our National Gallery, and are in the habit of seeing year after year at the various picture exhibitions.

Who has not heard of Sir David Wilkie? some of whose works are to be seen in castles and cottages—in the homes of rich and poor. The painter of "The Blind Fiddler," "The Rabbit on the Wall," "Blind Man's Buff," "The Cut Finger," "Distraint for Rent," and numerous others. David Wilkie was born in an obscure village in Scotland, and had to work hard before he became even known; yet his works have made a name for him which *lives* although he is *dead*. Turner, who may be called the prince of landscape-painters, was the son of a London hairdresser, and he laboured under many difficulties. It is stated that he could barely get the common necessities of life while he was persevering in his studies, but his untiring labour yielded him at last a princely fortune, and his genius left a name which will never die.

I could tell you of very many great artists who, by these two virtues, patience and perseverance, raised themselves from an humble life to become the companions of kings and emperors.

When I see a boy or girl "give up" a lesson because it is too difficult, I conclude that he or she will never become great. Every difficulty is to be got over by patience and perseverance, and we should never forget whilst we are learning our tasks that all the great men in art, in science, and so forth, who have lived before us, or who are now amongst us, have gained their position by *patient working*.

J. J.

## TWICE FOUND.

(Concluded from p. 395.)



ATHER, I want to talk to you to-night; I haven't said half I've got to tell you."

"No, and we haven't heard half we want to hear, Bill; so if we ask questions, I hope you won't be tired of answering."

As soon as Emma came in from work and they sat down to supper, Bill began,—

"Father, do you remember what Mr. Allen said about my finding my own father,—not but what I look

upon you and mother as my own, and always shall?"

"Why, Bill," interrupted Mrs. Watson, anxiously, "sure you've not found any one who'll take you away from us?"

"Wait a bit, mother, it's a long story; let me tell it my own way."

"Go on, then, Bill."

"You know, mother, I've been away three years, and all that time I've never forgot those few words of Mr. Allen's. I've had in my head that I should find him who is really my father—not that I felt to want any but you—but I thought he'd like to know how kindly I've been treated, and then I could tell him about mother. Well, every port we went to I looked out for some one who'd be like what I thought to see—for I have pictured to myself what he'd be like. Months and months passed, and I never saw any one I felt could be father; still I asked ever so many whether they had ever lived in London, and if they had left a wife behind them. Some were angry, and said, 'What's that to you?' and some told me they knew better than to get married when they were going to spend their life on shipboard. Still I went on. I always managed to get on deck if any sailors were coming on board. At last, only the other day, we were coaling off Cadiz, in Spain, and the captain sent some of the men on shore. He was always very good to me, and this time I was allowed to go in the second boat with the mate. We landed, and were walking about wondering at everything we saw, our mouths watering at the sight of the beautiful oranges and grapes growing all around us. Suddenly Jack (that was my chum) calls out, 'Why, Bill, I say, look at that fellow there! He's as like you as one pea is to another.' I looked, and the moment I clapped eyes on him something told me he was my father."

"Just you wait here a bit, Jack," says I, and in a minute I was by the man's side, offering him some of the grapes I'd just been getting. 'Why, young 'un,' says he, 'what's that for? Don't you like those grapes, that you're so ready to part with them?'

"To be sure I do," I answered; 'but it seemed to me you looked tired, and might like some.'

"Tired! sure enough I am tired. Here I've been walking hours, and in this country, too, where a fellow can't stir without being baked or boiled alive. Here, give me some of your grapes. What are you about here? What's your ship?"

"I told him I belonged to the *Caroline*, under Captain Davies, and how the man did stare when he heard that! 'In the *Caroline*, boy, under Captain Davies? Is he to be seen? Take me to him directly.'

"I told him I could not take him till the time came for us all to go on board; but the man kept close to me, though he seldom spoke. At last I got up courage, spite of his silence, to ask him my usual question, 'Are you married? and did you leave your wife in England?' I thought I should have run away next minute, for he turned on me as black as a thunder-cloud, and said, 'What do you mean, lad? Who sent you to torment me?'

"I didn't mean any harm," I said, though I trembled so I could hardly speak.

"Whether you meant any harm or not, I don't care; just tell me what makes you ask that question," he replied, more gently. 'If you'll tell me, perhaps I'll answer your question.'

"Well, I wanted so much to know something about this man that I made up my mind to tell him my story. I told him all I had heard so often about mother being run over, and dying so soon, and how you had taken care of me ever since; and I told him all I could remember about myself. He did not say a word, but I could see he shuddered when I told him of the accident. Then he stopped me suddenly,—'Boy, what's your name?' 'Bill Watson,' I said; 'at least that's what I'm called, but it's not my real name.' 'Who cares what you're called? tell me your real name.' 'That I can't do,' says I, 'for I don't know it. Mother, who was killed, was called Mrs. Smith for the little bit she'd been in those lodgings, but people didn't seem to think that was her name.' 'Why, what did they think it was?' 'Well, they saw a book of hers once, and it hadn't Smith in it at all: there was Margaret in it, but the surname was torn out—all but the first letter, and that was —' 'What? speak!—quickly, boy!—What was the letter?' 'E.' 'E!—Margaret Evans! Yes, it was my Peggy!—mine, whom I left so cruelly! Oh, God, I am punished indeed!' and he walked on, taking no notice of me, but groaning and sighing. I couldn't help feeling disappointed that he had nothing to say to me, but he seemed taken up with sorrow at what I had told him."

"And so he ought," said Betsey: "a man ought to feel having left his wife; he only got what he deserved when he lost her."

"Hush, hush, wife! maybe he's repented now. Go on, Bill."

"Well, father, at last I ventured to say, 'Your wife left a son,—father!' It seemed so strange to call any one but you father, but I thought it would rouse him. I was sorry I did, though, for he turned upon me,—'Yes, a pretty father I've been to you! What have I done for you? What right have I to be called father by you? You'll hear what Captain Davies says to me when he sees me. I shall go back in the boat with you; but hark ye, not a word about what you know of me. You have told me what I wanted to hear from Captain Davies, and very likely more than he knows himself.'"

"Well, how strange things do come about, to be sure! who'd have thought of our Bill meeting his father in them outlandish places?"

"Not so outlandish either, mother, if you'd seen them."

"But, Bill, I want to hear the rest," said Emma, who had been listening, with her eyes greedily fixed on her brother.

"Yes, I'll go on. When the time came for us to go a-board, I begged the mate to let me take a chap along with me who wanted to see the captain. Directly we came near I saw the captain staring hard; his quick eye soon discovered we had an extra hand on board. No sooner had we reached the deck than orders came for the stranger to be taken to the captain's cabin. I can't tell you what happened there, for I never heard. I only know that not a sight had we of the captain for three whole hours, and then I was sent for. I went, wondering what it could all mean. When I opened the

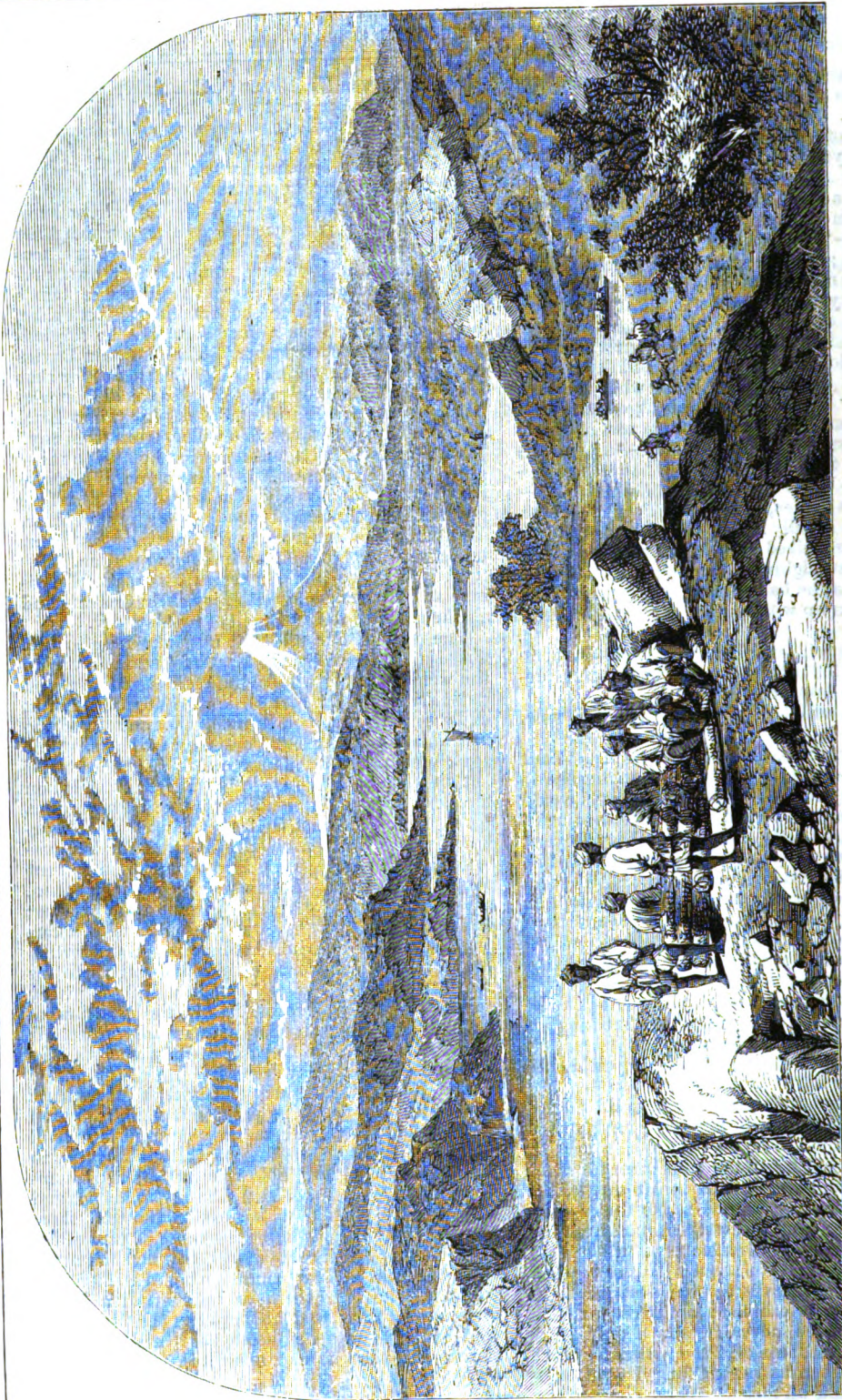
door, there was Mr. Evans (that's father, you know, only I'm strange to it yet); he took me by the hand. 'My boy, will you forgive your father and try to love him? I used your mother badly; I quarrelled with her, because I was a suspicious, jealous wretch, when God knows she was a good, faithful wife to me, and I left her—oh, my Peggy! And now I find her boy, my ill-used Peggy's boy, on board her own brother's ship!'... You may well stare, mother; so did I, I warrant you.... 'Her own brother's!' I exclaimed. 'Do you mean the captain's my uncle?' 'I do indeed, boy; and it's for your sake, because you've been a good lad, that he forgives your poor, wretched father.' Then Captain Davies spoke for the first time. 'No, Evans, not for that lad's sake. I forgive you for the sake of One who has forgiven me a life of sinful deeds against Him. Ask His forgiveness, too: He will not turn from any.' Then I must tell you, mother, what he said to me—don't think I'm conceited. 'As to you, Bill, shake hands with me; my boy, I'm proud to think I've got such an honest, brave lad for my nephew. You'll make a sailor some of these days, and your uncle won't be behindhand in helping you on.'"

Very full were all their hearts that night of pleasure at Bill's good character, joy at his return, and all the mingled feelings excited by his story.

The end of our tale will not take long to tell. Captain Davies and John Evans found their way to the worthy couple who had nursed the infancy and cared for the boyhood of their newly-found relative, and soon all were good friends. Evans had led too wandering a life to have any means of helping his son's benefactors, but Captain Davies' gratitude did not spend itself only in words. Before he sailed on his next voyage he established the Watsons in a comfortable house not far from their old neighbourhood, where Watson could still work for his customers, with the happy feeling that he had no rent to pay for a year. Emma was placed in a school where she would be trained for domestic service; and the crippled Benny was presented with a carriage, in which he could be drawn out, and with a box of tools which would employ his fingers to his heart's content. The captain, in a truly forgiving spirit, offered his brother-in-law the position of mate in his ship; an offer Evans gladly accepted: "for," as he said, "to be with his boy was the only happiness he could have now."

The last evening has arrived before the three start on another voyage. The party is assembled round the Watsons' table. Evans has been reserved till now: but to-night, as they are about to part, to meet again they know not when nor where, his reserve thaws, he can restrain himself no longer, and with a voice choked with emotion he tells them how the sight of their happiness reminds him of the happiness he had thrown away; how he shall never cease to repent and mourn his rash and wicked conduct; and he begs them to believe in his hearty gratitude to them, and he implores the blessing of God on those who had acted the parents' part to the orphan-babe he had not cared to cherish.





Gulf of Yeddo.

### JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

**T**WENTY years ago there were several large countries which were shut out by their own laws from the visits of foreigners, but which are now open to all. Japan is one of these countries.

Two hundred years ago, however, there was a considerable traffic between Europe and Japan by the Portuguese, the English, and the Dutch. This intercourse was suddenly put a stop to be-

cause of the treachery of the Portuguese, and all foreigners except the Dutch were forbidden to trade or even land. The reason why the English were excluded, was, that King Charles the Second,





Natives of Japan.

who reigned at the time, had married a Portuguese queen.

Several attempts were made at different times to regain an entry, but all were in vain; until the American ships, in 1852, forced the Japanese authorities to open their ports. England followed up the demand, and Japan became as open as China.

One of the attempts of the English to enter Japan was in 1808. It was unsuccessful, and had an unfortunate ending, for the governor of Nagasaki and twelve of the chief officials were compelled by the custom of their country to slay themselves, for having ventured to treat with foreigners. This very singular custom of self-murder still prevails in Japan. When any one has offended against the laws, he is sure of death; and to save being publicly executed, he kills himself. If the offender waited for the course of the law, all his property would be seized, but by sacrificing himself his property goes to his family. Nay, more, this self-murder is considered as a compliment to the emperor, and it often happens that in consequence of the father's act, his sons are promoted to good offices. This self-murder is called "the Hari-Kari," or happy despatch.

From the practice of this dreadful custom, we can judge how dark the minds of the people must be. No ray of light, or of a hope beyond the grave, ever penetrates a Japanese mind, unless it be learnt from the few Christian teachers that have found access to this strange people.

In many respects, the Japanese are a remarkable

people, and quite equal in civilisation and even refinement to other nations of the East. They are acquainted with many arts and sciences; and in drawing surpass their neighbours the Chinese, as they have a better idea of perspective. They are gifted also with a rare power of imitation. Show them a telescope or a watch, and explain its construction, and straightway they will set about imitating it, and will not give up till they succeed. When a steamboat first appeared on the waters of Japan, a native nobleman immediately undertook to build a steamboat for his own use.

Our pictures will give an idea both of the scenery and of the people of Japan. The first represents the Gulf of Yeddo, up which the American expedition sailed in 1852; and the view looks toward the interior of the country. In the distance is the great cone-like mountain, Fusi-yama, said to be 10,000 feet high, and covered with perpetual snow. It is considered a holy thing to make pilgrimages to this mountain; and in most of the native writings allusion is made to this. The Fusi-yama appears generally as an important feature on fans, cups, transparencies, and such like.

The other picture is a group of men. The chief figure, whom the umbrella is held over, is a courtier; one of similar rank (both wear swords) is paying his respects. Next to him is a soldier with his bamboo lance, and beyond him again, a sailor, in a strange dress, having trowsers like a chessboard, and a jacket adorned with fringe and loops.

B. W.

## A CHATTERBOX WITH A MUZZLE.

MY name is Dash. I don't know that I ought to call myself a Chatterbox, exactly. Perhaps I should apologise for thus putting myself, a creature with four legs, on a level with those who can manage with only two. But this does not come from conceit; it really does not. I am not a conceited dog. I have observed that my master's children are called Chatterboxes when they bring their little grievances before the public: and in this sense of the word I am a Chatterbox, too; or, at least I would be if I could, but—I am muzzled.

It is hard to tell why. I am sure I have not the least intention in the world of biting anybody, and I don't think I am likely to go mad; unless, indeed, the tight strap bound round my jaws should in time drive me mad. I have been told that my muzzle is for the public safety; and as I am rather a young dog, the thought that I was of so much importance to the public gave me at first a feeling of pride in my strap, and an impulse to trot off down the street in order to show how much more formidable I was considered than my fellow-dogs. I need hardly say that I returned from my ramble with my tail depressed, my ears hanging, my tail limp. I had found out that my importance was altogether a mistake, since all the dogs of my acquaintance were also muzzled. This in itself was a blow to me, but it was not the worst feature of my case; for whilst I and some others went about with our straps feeling tighter and tighter, we met here and there a dog with his nose in a light and airy sort of wire cage, which left him much more free, while it provided equally for the safety of the public. This, you will acknowledge, was hard. My life, usually so joyous, had all at once become a burden to me. I was hot. My teeth seemed to have begun to grow together. I could no longer relieve myself by hanging out my tongue; I could not even yawn. I began to think of all sorts of terrible diseases, and to wonder if I had caught one of these. For who could tell what vagrant dog might have had my muzzle on before? One with distemper, perhaps; and it might be that from his dead jaws they had taken the strap to bind mine. These thoughts produced a fever in my veins, and at the sight of a little pool of water on the road-side I stopped eagerly. Alas! I could only look at it. In vain I sniffed and whined. In vain I turned round and round, and danced and scratched on the brink. The only effect which this impatient behaviour had, was to make the bigger of two lads who had stopped to look at me draw back and pick up a stone.

"He's fighting at the water," said this two-legged creature, with a grin. "That's a sign he's going mad. I'll shy a stone at him."

Which he did. I confess with shame that now, I believe, for the first time in my life, there came upon me a terrible desire to—bite. Was there wise precaution in the muzzle after all? The next moment I felt a shudder of remorse, as the lad who had not shied the stone looked at my eyes, and said, "Stuff! He's thirsty, that's all. Let's undo his muzzle and give him a drink, poor beggar!"

Now, I am no pauper, but a most respectable dog with a private kennel—that is, a private shelf in my father's kennel; for we do not sleep on the ground-floor, this being liable to give us a tiresome disease in the ears; and I knew at once that the boy who called me "poor beggar" was a vulgar boy. Still, passing this over for the sake of his kindly meaning, I wagged my tail as politely as I would have done to my own master, and whined.

It was misplaced courtesy, however. The first and more vulgar boy drew his companion on, saying, "Let the cur alone."

I can recall still the sense of pain with which I heard this offensive name. Cur! Of course I hold my own opinions about my class, and I cannot help saying, that I think the retriever—my family being retrievers—is equally superior in sagacity to the much-boasted Newfoundland, and the light and trifling spaniel; to say nothing of the numerous other branches of the dog tribe. The Newfoundland has his good points, to be sure; he has a certain amount of dignity, but then he is sleepy and supercilious: while the spaniel—ah, yes! the spaniel is a Chatterbox, if you like. It is difficult to help feeling a sort of pity for the frivolity of the animal, yet I would not be ungenerous even to one of these. Indeed, I once lived with a spaniel whose familiar ways amazed me much. I did what I have observed human beings of dignity do to their obtrusive fellow-creatures—I "put him down." In spite of this, when the little frisky thing was once wounded and suffering, I lay down by him. I endeavoured to show, by my own quietness, how much better it would be if he would curb his restless fretfulness; I even put my paw upon his shoulder, and expressed my compassion in my face, and was moved to tears.

I hope—here I am addressing my young gentlemen readers—that none of you will smile at the notion of a dog's sorrow. If you do, I would humbly suggest that you observe the face of your dog when he has done wrong and is corrected for it. You will read there shame and remorse as plainly as ever they were written in the face of a naughty schoolfellow; that is, supposing any of you ever are naughty, which may not be the case.

But I am rambling a little, and must collect myself. When the draught of water was, so to speak, dashed from my lips, I tried to curb my anger and disappointment. I am afraid that I was not very successful. I know that when I reached home, and laid my case before my aged father, lying dreamily in front of his kennel, I was betrayed into using exceedingly strong language. At first he only scratched his nose and yawned, but finding that I continued to chafe he gave me a lecture upon my want of patience under the trials which we, as well as our masters, have to bear.

"I was young and strong," he said. "What should I think if I had to put up with stiff joints, deafness, and half-blindness, as he had?"

"Yes," I replied; "but you have no muzzle." My father retorted. "And if you would be content to stay at home instead of prowling about the streets and quarrelling with other dogs, perhaps you would have no muzzle either."



I was a little angry at the accusation of quarrelling; but, after all, my father was a wise old dog, and generally knew what he was talking about.

"But still," I grumbled on, "when you want your meals you haven't to wait to be set free from a pinching strap."

"When your bones are brought to you," said my father, with grave dignity, "you can crunch them like so many flies. I haven't a tooth in my head, and can hardly eat a mash."

"But you can take as long as you like at your meals. You have nothing to do," I answered.

"I have done something in my time," said my father, quietly, stretching out his nose between his forepaws with a sigh, as if tired of the subject.

His speech made me feel a little ashamed. He had been a very clever dog. As a puppy he had suffered cruel ill-usage from a trainer, who required from him a steadiness not natural to puppyhood. For puppies cannot all at once be wise old dogs, any more than the curly-headed little chap up at the nursery window can be a sage old man. This same curly-head is very troublesome at times, he tries to ride upon my back; and I have wagged my tail till it was quite tired by way of remonstrance, but that was all. I should not have thought of biting, or even snarling at him. This patience I must have inherited from my father, who never turned upon the cruel trainer; though exceedingly glad to get away from him to follow his young masters, Mr. Tom and Mr. Frank, with their guns. He says that they used sometimes to laugh at his performances. For my part, I do not consider that they were anything to laugh at, but rather to be admired. I believe my father's main idea was "property"—his master's, not his own. He considered himself in a measure responsible for its safety. It is not, perhaps, usual for dogs, even of our sagacious class, to retrieve the eggs from the farm-yard; but it was a habit my father took to. He would carry a fresh egg in his mouth, leap over the shrubbery fence with it, and never rest till he laid it down beside the mistress of the house. If he could not find her downstairs, he would scratch at her bed-room door till she opened it; and it is one of his boasts, that out of the dozens of eggs which he carried home he never broke one.

Neither would he allow any liberties to be taken with his master's property by the cats. He has been known to keep guard for hours over game left carelessly in the reach of these mischievous animals. Not that he was savage, or stormy towards them. He would simply lay his paw upon the article they intended to steal. There would be a little spitting at him, as is the ungraceful fashion with cats, but of this he took no notice. I do not mean to say that he was perfect, of course. Once, indeed, he took to running after his master's lambs, and gambolling with them. "It was," he says, "only his play;" but then the lambs did not understand this, and so got frightened, and sometimes hurt. To prevent this, a heavy clog was fastened round his neck, which he found very uncomfortable. He considered a little about it, however, and finally picked it up in his mouth and trotted away with it into

the midst of the lambs, scattering them, I am afraid, more boisterously than ever. Afterwards they shut him up for a time, and this was worse. Indeed, there are few greater punishments to a dog than to be deprived of his liberty. He bore it patiently until the first of September set him free again. This was in its morning the most joyful day he had ever known, though it ended with sharp self-accusation and remorse. He had been on his legs all day, and was tired; and when, for about the fiftieth time, as he thinks, he was required to fetch a bird, he refused. Refused more than once. A sort of brief madness must have come over him, he supposes. Not, of course, anything like that terrible scourge to which I owe my muzzle, which men call by the long name of *hydrophobia*, but a momentary confusion and stupid temper. He heard Mr. Frank say angrily, "You won't, eh? Go home, then!" and he slunk away home at once, overwhelmed with remorse. Neither did he recover himself till in the evening one of the youths said to him, "Ashamed of yourself, old boy? Well, fetch it now, then;" when he immediately started off for the covert and brought home the bird, tired as he was.

Another time, when the two young men set off for a bathe in the river, and gave him the towels to carry as usual, he grew tired of his burden. He says his mouth ached; and as they took a different road from their usual one he argued, that probably they were not going to bathe after all, and so he hid the towels in a hedge. At the river's brink, however, he was asked, "Where are they, sir?" in a tone that sent him flying back across the fields to fetch them. This was his last disobedience, and he used to take occasion to impress upon me that rebellion and disobedience are certain to be followed by punishment and sorrow.

He was sorely tried many times afterwards, but never wilfully disobedient. It was his habit to fetch his master's slippers at night, for instance; and one evening Mr. Tom came in a little cross or tired, and sent him for them. Now, there was only one pair of slippers to be found in the usual place, and these were Mr. Frank's, not Mr. Tom's. My father smelt about and hunted vigorously, but he could not find the right ones, so he went back and put his nose on Mr. Tom's knee, who said,—

"What's that about, sir? Where are they?"

That was just what my father wished to know. He fidgeted with his legs, and snuffed a little, and finally went off again. It was to no purpose, however: he couldn't find them. At last Mr. Tom got so angry that my father saw something must be done; and he seized the pair of slippers he had found. Not for Mr. Tom, though. My father brushed past him with a sort of beg-pardon look, darted into the garden where Mr. Frank was working, and put them down close to him. You see he felt that something must be done with somebody's slippers, yet he would not give Mr. Frank's slippers to the wrong owner. His sense of justice is worthy of remark, since he certainly liked Mr. Tom personally better than his brother, though he tried hard not to show it, and was perfectly obedient to both; and gentle, even under





neglect or unkindness. I know that some people speak of us as savage brutes, and are afraid of us; but it is a great mistake. We are, of course, bound to protect the house and property. If a stranger made his appearance, we should certainly examine him and follow him to the door, to see that his presence was known to some one in the house. After that we should walk away. But if, instead of

going up honestly to the door, the stranger shrinks back, it looks suspicious, as if he were about no good. We should then, perhaps, show our teeth in warning. We might probably growl a little; perhaps, bark. If after this he runs away, it is a sign of guilt, and we must follow him. We might even "pin" him until some one came.

(Concluded in our next.)

❧ "CHATTERBOX" VOLUME FOR 1867 IS NOW READY.



# Chatterbox.



The Sow and Her Young-ones.



### THE SOW AND HER YOUNG-ONES.



**P**IGGIES are familiar to the minds of all children; they are almost the first thing we hear of. Before we know what sort of a thing a pig is, our little pink fingers are taken hold of by the loving hands that are around us in our babyhood, and shaken one by one to the sound of "this little pig went to market," and so on. True enough there is a great likeness between the little podgy, roly-polies which for ever find their way to things and places they were never meant to hold or reach, and the little fat piggies who will have their feet in their trough, and their noses in every hole and corner where it can possibly come to grief; and the old mother pig has often a weary life of it, and grunts herself hoarse and hungry in her piggish way of saying, "Now, baby (or piggy), take care, mind you don't fall, get out of that corner, don't go near that sleeping dog," and sundry other warnings.

Presently we have had our mind enlarged by the sight of a real pig, and we "look at piggie's baby," and learn that a piggie, besides being one of our fingers, is also a funny thing with four legs and a curly tail, and a power of grunting and squealing far superior to that of our relatives when they came to "wee, wee, wee, all the way home." By the way, as this was said when the shaking of my little finger was performed by my small brothers and sisters, it made me feel as if I must squeal too. After we have seen a real live pig we hear with great sympathy the tale of the woman "whose little pig would not jump over the stile." As we advance in life to the respectable age of four and five years and more (I have even heard of a boy of seven who relished it), we derive as keen a thrill of horror from the story of the wolf and the little pigs, as the most stirring novels of the day give to their full-grown readers.

In general, the old pig is a kind and tender mother, ready to brave any danger in defence of her young. I would not advise anybody to touch or cause to squeal the pigling of many an old sow, the honour of whose acquaintance I have had. In my story of the donkeys I told you of honest G. W—, in Gloucestershire, who was so kind to his donkeys. He had a fine old sow with nine piggies. The old animal knew him and followed him like a dog, looking out for dainties, such as acorns, beans, a bit of bread, which he carried in his pocket for her; but even he had to be careful when she had little ones, no stranger must go into the field at that time or she would soon drive him out.

When making a sketch of her and her many-coloured progeny, I was very glad to be outside the gate. As it was, she scuttled up in the most defiant way, but getting convinced that I was harmless, she soon resumed her occupation of head-nurse to her frolicking charges. The fox and the wolf

require all the wit and audacity they possess if they wish to be successful in stealing the freshling of a wild sow. At one time there were plenty of wild boars in England, but they were soon exterminated. As agriculture advances their numbers are diminished on the Continent, since they are terribly destructive to the crops. Some noblemen keep them in parks. One day I paid a visit to the Theergarten (Deer-garden) at Weilburg, in Nassau. The feeder there told me, as he was strewing a liberal supply of oats in a half-circle around me (in order to give me a good view of the herds of wild boar kept there), that when he had the order to catch some young ones for stocking a neighbouring park, that it was very difficult to get them away unknown to their mothers. It was easy enough to catch them at the usual feeding-time as they were pressing around him, but the difficulty was to stow them away and into a sack without their uttering a squeal, since the old sows, as well as the tuskiers, would have charged immediately, which might have necessitated the death of some of the herd. If not offended the old wild sow is glad to keep out of anybody's way; but when having to provide for a family, it sometimes gets bold. One day a woodman had collected a sack of acorns for seed, when an old wild sow attracted by the scent ran after him, and with a blow at the sack made a hole, and then following him peaceably and leisurely, picked up the acorns as they dropped out of the sack; from that time she never failed to meet him during the whole of the season, and he compromised for the safety of his sacks by keeping a few acorns in his pockets which he threw to her from time to time as he went along.

In 1841, during a severe frost, I witnessed a fire at a large farm; a great many of the surrounding peasantry had come to help. The snow was on the ground, and the fire could be seen for miles distant. The horses were let loose to scamper over the fields; many of the cattle were burned, as they could not be let loose in time, and they were too much frightened to move. I saw more than one rough fellow try to overcome a choking sensation when telling me how an old sow which had been removed from the flames, when she heard the cries of her young ones, which they had not been able to extricate, broke away and jumped into the flames, where she perished with those she could not save. All sows are not such good mothers, however, and both tame and wild ones at times get into the habit of devouring their little ones! I remember perfectly the horror with which I looked (when I was about eight years old) at an old pig which had managed to make a breakfast of nine out of fourteen young ones; five were saved, and only allowed to be with her when her master was present. It was with a great feeling of satisfaction that I heard she was going to be made over to the butcher as soon as possible. Little pigs are sleek, little round podgy creatures, very clean and innocent-looking, and children generally like to look at them. I knew a little fellow who, after being made delighted with seeing a litter of pigs at a farm, asked his mother the next morning to let him see "the pig's puppies" again.

## A CHATTERBOX WITH A MUZZLE.

(Continued from p. 408.)

I WILL not follow this branch of the subject further. It is a painful one; and there are limits to a retriever's forbearance. Still, I deny that we are savage. If a man goes honestly about his business we will take no notice of him, except, perhaps, to smell him. We do not like skulkers. If we did not keep some watch upon them, where would be the use of us? And here, a sudden twitching of my father's near foreleg reminds me of the accident in which he behaved so bravely, and which caused him to go lame on that particular leg long before age and infirmity came upon him.

My father, as I have said, certainly did like Mr. Tom better than Mr. Frank: and one day when the two were going different ways, they gave him his choice as to which he would follow.

My father was in a sore strait. He ran from one to the other in his distress. He put his nose into Mr. Frank's hand and whined; he looked up into his face with a look which said plainly enough, "I wish I could go with you both: but since I must choose one, let it be Mr. Tom, and don't you be vexed with me."

He says they both burst into one of those laughs which he found it at times so difficult to understand, and separated.

It was well for Mr. Tom that the choice had been so decided. He went through the oak coppice, the very mention of which always gives a dreamy sort of sadness to my father's recollections, and makes him see in fancy the red sand-burrows amongst the underwood, and the little white skips of the rabbits darting away into them by hundreds at the bare suspicion of his presence. Their road then lay straight towards the river, where the boat lay moored with which they used to paddle across to an opposite wood. There had been a very high flood, which was only just gone down, and the bank for some yards was covered with a deposit of slimy mud. I suppose Mr. Tom never thought of this; at any rate he said to my father, "Now for a race, old boy," and started to run towards the boat. The next thing that comes vividly before my father is Mr. Tom down on his back in the slippery mud, and then a heavy 'flop' into the river. (If this word is objectionable, I ask pardon. It is the only one I can think of to express my meaning.) Mr. Tom could swim a little, but he was stunned by the fall. Almost as soon as he was in the water my father was in too. He has a confused recollection of seizing Mr. Tom by the shoulder, then of a horrible crash close to his ear, of a sharp sting in his own shoulder, as though a knife of fire had gone through it. Yet during it all he never loosened his grasp, nor ceased his desperate efforts to bear up the stunned body which could not help itself much. He made for the boat, as it was impossible to lift so heavy a weight up the steep and slimy bank. He knew nothing more until he found himself dripping and trembling in the boat, with Mr. Tom lying half-exhausted beside him.

"Good old fellow!" said Mr. Tom. "Brave chap! I shan't forget this in a hurry, old boy."

And then Mr. Tom blew his dog-whistle, but if that was for help it did not come, and they got home somehow.

At first they feared that my father's hurt was dangerous, and he thinks there is a shot in his shoulder to this day. But he got over it, and bore all the operations bravely and patiently. It has made me feel quite foolish many times to hear him tell how Mr. Tom would hobble out of the house—for Mr. Tom was ill himself for some days afterwards—and come and lie down with his arm round my father's neck, and whisper that he should have been lying dead at the bottom of the cold river but for the plucky old chap, that never should want a friend while he lived. And my father would lick his face and whine. He knew all about it as well as Mr. Tom did. He would have told him if he could that, even though he might never run after a hare or a rabbit again, still he did not regret the hurt. And to say the truth, he has not been of much use since the accident.

You see I had forgotten all about my muzzle in these thoughts. And I don't know how it was, unless, indeed, it might have been the sight of my father snapping at a troublesome fly; but a sudden curiosity seized me as to whether, amongst his other trials, he had ever had to suffer this instrument of torture. I took courage, and asked him. He looked at me, but only blinked a little at a sun-beam, seemingly not hearing my question.

"I have thought it all over," I said, "and am resolved not to be impatient any more."

"Quite right," said my father, sleepily. "It always doubles trouble to snarl at it."

"Yes; but—after all, would you mind telling me if you ever wore a muzzle?"

My father shut his eyes, and thrust his nose back again between his fore-legs, turning it away from me.

By this I infer that, either he *has* worn one and dislikes confessing to what must have been an indignity put upon him, or else he is resentful even at the mention of such a thing. Anyhow, I dare not question him any more.

And here comes the stable-boy to undo my muzzle for dinner, and—oh, delightful thought!—water!

I will be quite still and good-tempered over the unfastening of the strap; though I *know* he will be clumsy. Perhaps when he sees this he may not put it on again. Who knows? Or, perhaps, some day I may have a wire cage. If any of you young gentlemen know me, would you mind putting in a word for some contrivance a little less hard to bear than the strap? Perhaps you don't know me. Perhaps you have muzzles too, and think my complaint weak. In that case I must be resigned. At any rate, let me assure you of one thing—my strap doesn't feel half so tight now as it did when I was fretting and fuming myself into a rage against it, and I think my father is right; it doubles trouble to snarl at it. And so I salute you all with my very politest wag of the tail, and hope that, at least, I have not been a worse Chatterbox than other dogs in telling my tale.





### THE POOR SHEPHERD BOY.

THE Rev. John Brown, the famous Commentator, when a poor shepherd boy, resolved to learn Latin and Greek, and having procured a few old books, actually accomplished the task, while tending his cattle on the hills. So successful was he, that the superstitious people in the neighbourhood concluded that he was assisted by the "evil spirit." On one occasion he went to Edinburgh, plaided and barefoot, walked into a bookseller's store, and asked for a Greek Testament.

"What are you going to do with a Greek Testament?" said the bookseller.

"Read it," was the prompt reply.

"Read it!" exclaimed the sceptical bookseller, with a smile, "ye may have it for nothing if ye'll read it."

Taking the book, he quietly read off a few verses, and gave the translation; on which he was permitted to carry off the Greek Testament in triumph.

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